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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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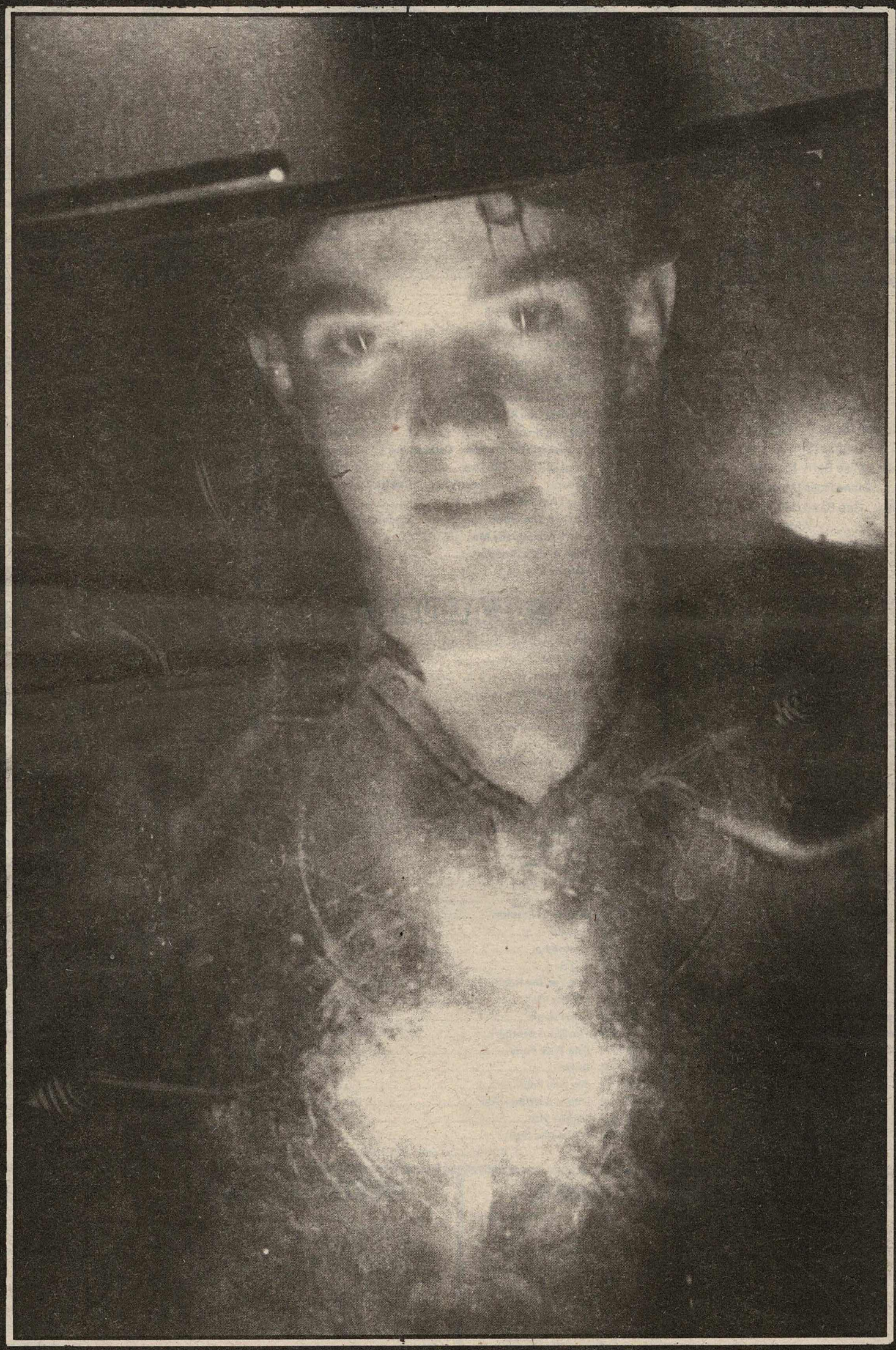


Simon Topping peers through the present darkly. Pic: Peter Anderson.

THE MANCUNIAN CANDIDATES

A CERTAIN RATIO TAKE THE SOUL TEST

EXAM RESULTS SPECIAL

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
September, 6th 1980

Pic: Chalkie Davies.

You're never alone with a Strand. If you don't remember that nostalgic little catch-phrase, you are almost certainly younger than Ian Dury.

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Ashes To Ashes**	David Bowie (RCA)	4	1
2	(2)	**Start**	Jam (Polydor)	2	2
3	(4)	**9 to 5**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	7	3
4	(8)	**Feels Like I'm In Love**	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	3	4
5	(24)	**I Die You Die**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	5
6	(5)	**Tom Hark**	Piranhas (Sire/Hansa)	4	5
7	(10)	**Sunshine Of Your Smile**	Mike Berry (Polydor)	3	7
8	(6)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross (Motown)	7	1
9	(7)	**Oops Upside Your Head**	Gap Band (Mercury)	7	5
10	(3)	**Winner Takes It All**	Abba (Epic)	5	1
11	(29)	**Eighth Day**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	2	11
12	(14)	**Dreamin'**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	12
13	(11)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Brothers)	6	7
14	(18)	**Modern Girl**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	3	14
15	(22)	**Bank Robber**	Clash (CBS)	4	15
16	(19)	**Can't Stop The Music**	Village People (Phonogram)	3	16
17	(9)	**Oh Yeah**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	9
18	(12)	**All Over The World**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	12
19	(30)	**It's Still Rock And Roll To Me**	Billy Joel (CBS)	3	19
20	(13)	**Funkin' For Jamaica**	Tom Browne (Arista)	6	8
21	(25)	**Best Friend/Stand Down Margaret**	Beat (Go-Feet)	2	21
22	(—)	**I Want To Be Straight**	Ian Dury (Stiff)	1	22
23	(20)	**Lip Up Fatty**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	6	14
24	(27)	**Marie Marie**	Shakin Stevens (Epic)	2	24
25	(—)	**It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	25
26	(—)	**I Owe You One**	Shalamar (Solar)	1	26
27	(—)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John (Jet)	1	27
28	(17)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	9	2
29	(—)	**Paranoid**	Black Sabbath (Nems)	1	29
30	(23)	**You Gotta Be A Hustler**	Sue Wilkinson (Cheepskate)	2	23

BUBBLING UNDER

One Day I'll Fly Away — Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)
Years From Now — Dr Hook (Capitol)
Theme From New York New York — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
Searching — Change (WEA)
Dancin On A Wire — Surface Noise (Groove)
Sartorial Eloquence — Elton John (Rocket)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Sailing**	Christopher Cross
2	(5)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross
3	(3)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
4	(2)	**Take Your Time (Do It Right) Part 1**	The S.O.S. Band
5	(7)	**All Out Of Love**	Air Supply
6	(4)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
7	(8)	**Fame**	Irena Cara
8	(6)	**It's Still Rock & Roll To Me**	Billy Joel
9	(10)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
10	(15)	**Lookin' For Love**	Johnny Lee
11	(9)	**More Love**	Kim Carnes
12	(14)	**Into The Night**	Benny Mardones
13	(13)	**Boulevard**	Jackson Browne
14	(16)	**Late In The Evening**	Paul Simon
15	(21)	**Drivin' My Life Away**	Eddie Rabbitt
16	(17)	**One In A Million You**	Larry Graham
17	(18)	**Old-Fashioned Love**	Commodores
18	(20)	**You're The Only Woman**	Ambrosia
19	(11)	**Let My Love Open The Door**	Pete Townshend
20	(25)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	Queen
21	(24)	**Hot Rod Hearts**	Robbie Dupree
22	(23)	**I'm Alright (Theme From 'Caddyshack')**	Kenny Loggins
23	(12)	**Tired Of Toein' The Line**	Rocky Burnette
24	(—)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
25	(27)	**Don't Ask Me Why**	Billy Joel
26	(28)	**All Over The World**	Electric Light Orchestra
27	(29)	**You'll Accompany Me**	Bob Seger
28	(19)	**Take A Little Rhythm**	Ali Thomson
29	(—)	**He's So Shy**	Pointer Sisters
30	(—)	**Jesse**	Carly Simon

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones
2	(2)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne
3	(3)	**The Game**	Queen
4	(4)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
5	(5)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
6	(6)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
7	(7)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
8	(8)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
9	(11)	**Xanadu**	Original Soundtrack
10	(10)	**Fame**	Original Soundtrack
11	(9)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
12	(12)	**Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere**	Rossington Collins Band
13	(13)	**Full Moon**	The Charlie Daniels Band
14	(17)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
15	(14)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend
16	(18)	**T.P.**	Teddy Pendergrass
17	(25)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
18	(16)	**Heroes**	Commodores
19	(—)	**Panorama**	Cars
20	(19)	**S.O.S.**	The S.O.S. Band
21	(21)	**One For The Road**	The Kinks
22	(20)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
23	(23)	**Real People**	Chic
24	(15)	**The Blues Brothers**	Original Soundtrack
25	(—)	**One Trick Pony**	Paul Simon
26	(22)	**Duke**	Genesis
27	(—)	**Joy And Pain**	Maze
28	(30)	**One In A Million You**	Larry Graham
29	(26)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs
30	(—)	**Under The Gun**	Poco

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'

Pic: Ross Halfin.

People like Hazel O'Conner are changing to number six — in the album chart. Number five actually, but that would spoil the caption.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	7	1
2	(2)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	14	1
3	(6)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	11	3
3	(10)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	47	3
5	(4)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	4	3
5	(—)	**Breaking Glass**	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	1	5
7	(8)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	20	2
8	(3)	**Xanadu**	Soundtrack (Jet)	8	1
9	(—)	**Drama**	Yes (Atlantic)	1	9
10	(23)	**Uprising**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	10	4
11	(16)	**Kaleidoscope**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	11
12	(17)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	12
13	(5)	**Deepest Purple**	Deep Purple (Harvest)	7	2
14	(22)	**Glory Road**	Gillan (Virgin)	3	12
15	(28)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	14	4
16	(7)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	7	7
17	(13)	**Living In A Fantasy**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	13
18	(11)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	15	3
19	(15)	**Elvis Aron Presley**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	15
20	(9)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	15	1
21	(26)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)	6	8
22	(27)	**Can't Stop The Music**	Soundtrack (Mercury)	3	22
23	(14)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	10	1
24	(12)	**Searching For The Young Soul Rebels**	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	6	9
25	(25)	**The Game**	Queen (EMI)	8	1
26	(20)	**Ska'n'B**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	4	20
27	(24)	**Bat Out Of Hell**	Meatloaf	3	23
28	(18)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	46	1
29	(—)	**Peter Gabriel**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	12	1
30	(30)	**Dumb Waiters**	Korgis (Rialto)	2	28

BUBBLING UNDER

Warm Leatherette — Grace Jones (Island)
Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)
Wild Cat — Tygers of Pan Tang (MCA)
One Trick Pony — Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
True Colours — Split Enz (A&M)
On The Riviera — Gibson Brothers (Island)

INDIES 33s

1 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Jane From Occupied Europe** — Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
3 **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
4 **The Art Of Walking** — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
5 **Colossal Youth** — Young Marble Giants (Rought Trade)
6 **Cry Tough, Dub Encounter, Chapter 3** — Prince Far I (Daddy Kool)
7 **Shape Of Finns To Come** — Various (Cherry Red)
8 **Voice Of America** — Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
9 **Dome** — Dome (Dome)
10 **Bouquet Of Steel** — Various (Aardvark)

INDIES 45s

1 **Love Will Tear Us Apart (12")** — Joy Division (Factory)
2 **Are You Glad To Be In America** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
3 **Elastic Man** — Fall (Rough Trade)
4 **Final Achievement** — In Camera (4AD)
5 **Shack Up** — A Certain Ratio (Factory Benelux)
6 **Edward Fox** — Smack (Aspirin)
7 **Holidays In Cambodia** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
8 **Transmission** — Joy Division (Factory)
9 **No Message** — Mystere V (Flick Knife)
10 **Not Ready** — Sector 27 (Panic)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

REGGAE

1 **Jumping Master** — Mikey Dread (DATC)
2 **Reggae Sound** — Earl Sixteen (DATC)
3 **Slaving** — Lloyd Parks (Parks)
4 **Africa Black Mans Home** — Sugar Minott (Jabba Roots)
5 **Natty Living Not Easy** — Nacco Waugh (Strugglers)
6 **Dem A Fight I** — Nathan Skyers (Mandingo)
7 **Gimme Your Love** — Dennis Brown (Cash and Carry)
8 **Dry Land Tourists** — Danny Dread (Jay Wax)
9 **Innocent Blood** — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
10 **Music Like Dirt** — Night Doctor (Copasetic)

Chart by: Maroons Tunes, 19 Greet Street, London W.1.

DISCO

1 **Give Me The Night** — George Benson (Warner Bros)
2 **Funkin' For Jamaica** — Tom Browne (Arista)
3 **Upside Down** — Diana Ross (Motown)
4 **I Wanna Get With You** — Ritz (US Import)
5 **Feels Like I'm In Love** — Kelly Marie (Calibre)
6 **In The Forest** — Baby O (Pye)
7 **Be Thankful For What You Got** — William De Vaughan (EMI)
8 **Casanova** — Coffee (US Import)
9 **Unlock The Funk** — Locksmith (Arista)
10 **Steppin** — Shakatak (Polydor)

Chart by: HMV, Oxford Street, London W.1.

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Sailing** — Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
2 **The Last Farewell** — Roger Whittaker (EMI)
3 **I Can't Give You Anything (But My Love)** — Stylistics (Avco)
4 **Summertime City** — Mike Batt (Epic)
5 **That's The Way (I Like It)** — K.C. & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy)
6 **Moonlighting** — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
7 **A Child's Prayer** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
8 **It's Been So Long** — George McCrae (Jayboy)
9 **Blanket On The Ground** — Billy Jo Spears (UA)
10 **Julie-Ann** — Kenny (Rak)

Week ending September 9, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Tears Of A Clown** — Smokey Robinson (Motown)
2 **The Wonder Of You** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 **Mama Told Me (Not To Come)** — Three Dog Night (Stateside)
4 **Give Me Just A Little More Time** — Chairman Of The Board
5 **Make It With You** — Bread (Elektra)
6 **Rainbow** — Marmalade (Decca)
7 **Love Is Life** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
8 **25 or 6 to 4** — Chicago (CBS)
9 **Band Of Gold** — Freda Payne (Invictus)
10 **Wild World** — Jimmy Cliff (Island)

Week ending September 9, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1 **Satisfaction** — Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 **I Got You, Babe** — Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
3 **Like A Rolling Stone** — Bob Dylan (CBS)
4 **Make It Easy On Yourself** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
5 **Help** — Beatles (Parlophone)
6 **A Walk In The Black Forest** — Horst Jankowski (Mercury)
7 **Zorba's Dance** — Marcello Minerbi (Durium)
8 **All I Really Wanna Do** — Cher (Liberty)
9 **Look Through Any Window** — Hollies (Parlophone)
10 **Tears** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)

Week ending September 10, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Apache** — The Shadows (Columbia)
2 **Because They're Young** — Duane Eddy (London)
3 **Please Don't Tease** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 **Mess Of Blues** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
5 **When Will I Be Loved** — Everley Brothers (London)
6 **Girl Of My Best Friend** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 **As Long As He Needs Me** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
8 **Everybody's Somebody's Fool** — Connie Francis (MGM)
9 **Tell Laura I Love Her** — Ricky Valence (Columbia)
10 **Paper Roses** — Kaye Sisters (Philips)

Week ending September 9, 1960

ELVIS OVER THE RAINBOW

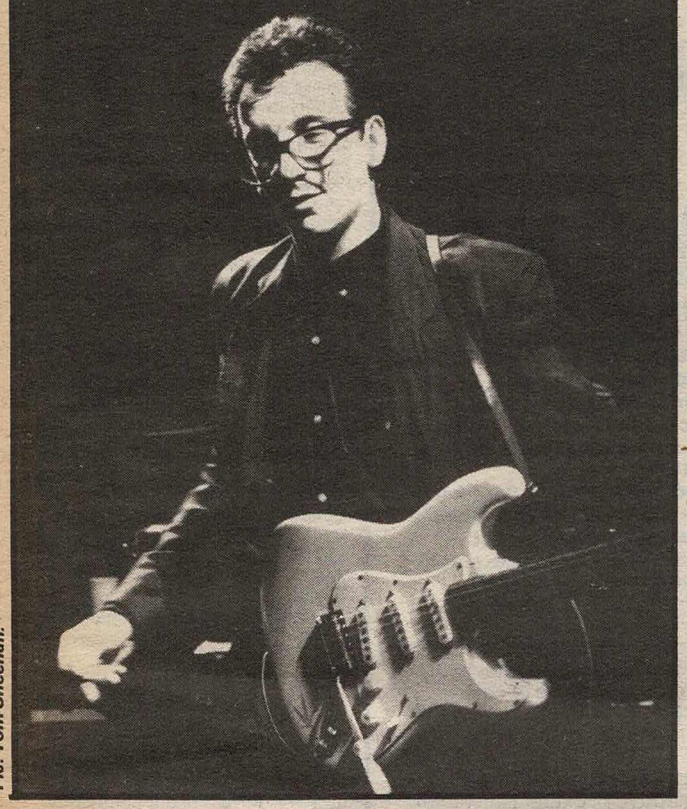
ELVIS COSTELLO and The Attractions play a special concert at London's Rainbow Theatre on Monday, September 29 — the venue's 50th birthday.

The show marks Costello's only scheduled London appearance this year and is to be sponsored by Levi's, who have previously sponsored Rainbow concerts by The Jam, Stranglers, Judas Priest and Whitesnake.

Though no support act has yet been signed, it is believed that The Stray Cats are favourites to make the date.

Ticket prices will be £4.50 and £4.00 and go on sale this Thursday (September 4). The show begins at 8.00 pm.

NEWS



Pic: Tom Sheehan.

The Outsiders: Desmond (outside left), Charley (outside right). *Pic: Alain de la Mata*

SELECTER SPLIT

Out go Desmond and Charley A

THE TURMOIL that has been brewing within The Selecter came to a head this week when the band announced that keyboard-player Desmond Brown and bassist Charley Anderson "were no longer with the band."

No official reason was offered and it is understood that the split is due to personal differences. No replacements are being sought and the rest of the band, who have been laying down basic tracks for an album with producer Roger Lomas, will be using various guest musicians on both the rest of the album sessions and on the band's late Autumn tour.

Norman Watt-Roy is likely to be one of the guests — gigs with the Blockheads permitting.

Hype update: BPI's World of Inaction

THE RIPPLES caused by *World In Action's* chart hype special of August 18 were fanning out in uncertain directions this week.

The trade organ, *Music Week*, apparently summing up industry reaction, describes the show as fundamentally unshocking and even containing "naive misinterpretations of some quite innocent marketing methods."

Many people, it reports in a front page story, seemed to be taking "an apathetic view that we've heard it all before and it won't change a thing."

One man taking the programme altogether more seriously was WEA boss John Fruin, target of many of the more serious allegations. He has invited the BPI's code of conduct committee to visit WEA's offices where they are at liberty to search files.

The BPI, of which Fruin is chairman, were this Wednesday considering the invitation at a closed meeting of the code of conduct committee. The gathering was the first of a series that will amount, says freelance PR Richard Robson, to a "full inquiry".

The committee has met twice before to investigate similar though less serious hype allegations. On these occasions no information was issued as to who was being investigated and why. The BPI still refused to elucidate although they assure *NME* that the culprits were "reprimanded".

It is still unclear whether the results of the latest inquiry will be kept bandaged.

"It is difficult to answer that one," says Robson, "although this time there is a great deal of public interest in the findings of the committee."

On the inquiry panel are: John Deacon, director general of the BPI; a representative of chart compilers BMRB; a dignatory from the Gramophone Record Retailers' Committee, plus a high ranker at *Music Week*.

As an opening salvo the BPI have accused Granada of non-cooperation. A letter requesting the names and addresses of interviewees plus documentary evidence to substantiate the accusations have failed to procure same.

The BPI claim this seriously hampers their investigatory efforts and that without this material they are reduced to limping pace.

Granada might well regard this posture as faintly ludicrous since the BPI are blessed with 30 to 40 ready-primed investigators as part of their own anti-piracy unit as well as a wealth of contacts and inside knowledge that, if deployed, could eclipse a year's worth of *World In Action* investigations.

WIA producer, Geoffrey Seed, however, confined himself to: "Within the bounds of our normal journalistic standards of confidentiality all appropriate assistance will be given."

Seed also reveals that repeated requests were made to Fruin to encourage him to take part in the programme. These continued up the weekend before transmission.

"His office was given the home telephone numbers of four members of our production team in case he changed his mind and wanted to appear.

"Even at that late stage we were prepared to recut the film to accomodate his replies to the allegations of hyping made by former WEA employees."

In this week's *Billboard*, Fruin complains that though he supplied Granada with written answers to their questions they saw fit to use none of them.

Seed retorts: "We do not see written answers to written questions as an adequate substitute for filmed interviews with people who feature in television programmes."

Ructions in RAR

State of armed neutrality reigns

THIS WEEK'S release of Rock Against Racism's debut LP, 'RAR's Great Hits', marks an uneasy truce in a battle of ideas that has been raging within RAR for the past several months.

The debate, about questions of political direction, centred around the formation of a limited company, RAR Ltd, to handle the album finances. Four members of RAR's ten-strong central committee resigned, including the three chief 'Temporary Hoarding' workers Ruth Gregory, Syd Shelton and Dave Widgery, after protesting that RAR was becoming too business-minded and claiming that other committee members had acted undemocratically.

The crux of this accusation was that the prospective company was not accountable to RAR members and that details of its formation had been withheld from delegates at RAR's last annual conference at the behest of managing-director John Dennis.

These questions were thrashed out at RAR's latest quarterly gathering, where it was agreed that only *in officio* committee members — who're elected annually — could serve as directors of the company.

New committee members were elected to replace the resignees, who reaffirmed their belief in RAR's ideals and intend to continue work at branch level. But with 'Temporary Hoarding' in temporary disarray, the conference decided to put the paper in abeyance and plans are now afoot to replace it with a series of Chinese-style wall-posters, specificially geared to local issues.

Although the dispute has left an inevitable residue of personal acrimony, all 'sides' worked together on the new album and RAR plans to be back on the frontline this autumn with an extensive Rock Against Thatcher campaign to rout the Tories.

Michael Chapman injured

SINGER and ace-guitarist Michael Chapman badly injured his left hand while chopping firewood at his home last week. Just how serious the injury is won't be known until later this week when Chapman visits a specialist. Meanwhile, he has asked Criminal Records, who issued his 'Looking For Eleven' album a few weeks ago, to cancel all of his immediate gigs.

THE SKOLARS

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Tuesday 23rd September 1980
Birmingham Odeon, New Street, Birmingham
Ticket Prices: £4.50, £4.00, £3.50. Show Time: 7.30 pm.
Tickets on sale at Odeon box office
from Monday 25th August. Tel No. 021 643 6101
Wednesday 24th September 1980
Manchester Apollo, Ardwick Green, Manchester
Ticket Prices: £4.50, £4.00, £3.50. Show Time: 7.30 pm.
Tickets on sale at Apollo box office
from Saturday 23rd August. Tel No. 061 273 1112
Dominion Theatre,
Tottenham Court Road, London W.1
Thursday 25th, Friday 26th &
Saturday 27th September 1980
Ticket Prices: £4.75, £4.25, £3.75. Show Time: 8.00 pm each night.
Tickets on sale at Dominion box office
from Monday 25th August. Tel No. 580 9562

☐ **ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN** have been added to the Futurama II Festival at Leeds on September 13 — as a replacement for Simple Minds, who are now booked to support Peter Gabriel on his Euro-tour. Bill Nelson has also dropped out of the Leeds line-up and he is replaced by Barry Andrews' League Of Gentlemen, a band that features Robert Fripp. I'm So Hollow, Or Was He Pushed and Boko Bobos have now been added to the list of bands playing on September 13, while Tribesman, the reggae band, will be playing on Sunday, September 14. Tickets for the Festival have been going quickly — 4,000 have been sold already — and promoter John Keenan claims that the event is already a financial success. An enquiry office has now been set up at the Futurama II and punters wishing to have any queries answered are advised to phone Leeds 663252.

Meanwhile, Echo and The Bunnymen's gig at Derby on October 6, will now take place at Romeo and Juliets instead of the Ajanta Cinema, while the Bristol show on September 30 has been set for the Berkeley instead of the Locarno. A new date at the Preston Warehouse (October 13) has also been added.

☐ **THE REVILLOS** have lined up a string of dates to promote their new album 'Rev Up', which emerges on the Revs' own Snatzo Recordi label on September 21. Their circular tour, which begins and ends in Scotland, encompasses gigs at Inverness Caledonian Hotel (September 17), Fort William Milton Hotel (18), West Cauldes Regal Suite (19), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (20), Manchester Rafters (25), Leicester Polytechnic (26), West Runton Pavilion (27), Wakefield Unity Hall (28), Liverpool Gatsby's (October 1), Sheffield Limit Club (2), Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (3), Southampton University (4), University of London Union, Mallet St (10), Bristol Polytechnic (11), Port Talbot, The Troubadour Club (16), Birmingham Aston University (17), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (18), Newcastle Centre Hotel (23) and Edinburgh Night Club (24 and 25). The Revillos' album will be a 20-tracker featuring such cuts as 'Juke Box Sound', 'Cool Jerk', 'Juke Box Sound', Scuba Boy Bop' and 'Bobby Come Back To Me'.

☐ **STRAY CATS** have cancelled their shows at London's Rock Garden on September 6 and The Kensington or September 11, but have added the following London gigs: Dingwalls (September 4), Moonlight Club (10), The Venue (12 and 13).

PLAYING LIVE

PAULINE MURRAY is to team up with John Cooper Clarke in what the duo call their Tour De Force. The tour, which also features The Invisible Girls, the band that not only backs Pauline Murray by has also worked with Clarke on his records, commences at Dundee University on October 3, other dates being: Newcastle City Hall (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Leeds Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), London Lyceum (9), Brighton Top Rank (10) and Aylesbury Friars (11).

A solo album from Murray is scheduled for end-of-September release on her own Illusive label, with Martin Hannett grabbing the production credit. Meantime Clarke is to film two BBC educational programmes this month and is later to take part in the first Poetry Olympics, an international poetry reading competition which is to be held at Poet's Corner, Westminter Abbey.

☐ **TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS,** due to play Britain earlier in the year as part of The Clash tour but dropped because of cost reasons, finally return to this country later this month — the first time the group has played in here since their London Lyceum date in 1976. The Maytals open at Cardiff Top Rank on September 28 and then visit London Hammersmith Palais (29), Coventry Tiffany's (30), Brighton Top Rank (October 1), Exeter University (3) and Aylesbury Friars (4). Tickets for the Hammersmith Palais concert cost £3 and are on sale now.

MCP PRESENTS
THE TOURISTS
LUMINOUS TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN
Mayfair Suite, Sunderland
Thurs. 18th Sept. 8.00 p.m.
Advance Tickets £3.00. At door £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0783 57568
H.M.V. and Spinning disc Sunderland and Pete Edmunds South Shields.
City Hall, Newcastle
Fri. 19th Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 612606
Apollo Theatre, Glasgow
Sat. 20th Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 041 332 9221/2
Capitol Theatre, Aberdeen
Sun. 21st Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0224 23141
Odeon Theatre, Edinburgh
Mon. 22nd Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 031 667 3805
City Hall, Sheffield
Tues. 23rd Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295/6
Assembly Rooms, Derby
Wed. 24th Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0332 31111
Guild Hall, Portsmouth
Fri. 26th Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0705 24355
Rainbow Theatre, London
Sat. 27th Sept. 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 263 3148
Premier L.T.B. and Virgin Ticket Unit
Odeon Theatre, Hammersmith
Sun. 28th Sept. 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081
Premier, L.T.B. and Virgin Ticket Unit.
Gaumont Theatre, Southampton
Tues. 30th Sept. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0703 29772
Colston Hall, Bristol
Wed. 1st Oct. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 291768
Odeon Theatre, Birmingham
Fri/Sat. 3rd/4th Oct. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 021 643 6101/2
St. Georges Hall, Bradford
Sun. 5th Oct. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0274 32513
Apollo Theatre, Manchester
Mon. 6th Oct. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 1112/3
De Montfort Hall, Leicester
Tues. 7th Oct. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0533 544444
Victoria Hall, Hanley
Thurs. 9th Oct. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.00
Available from Mike Lloyd Music Shops Tunstall, Hanley, Newcastle under Lyme and Lotus Records Stafford
Empire Theatre, Liverpool
Fri. 10th Oct. 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel: 051 709 1555/6
Special Guests
barracudas

☐ **THE MOONDOGS,** the Derry band who supported The Undertones on their mid-summer tour, undertake their first headline tour of the UK this month, opening with a gig at London's Hope And Anchor this Saturday (September 6) and then playing London Moonlight Club (8), Sheffield Moonlight Club (11), Retford Porterhouse (12), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (13), Thorne White Hart Hotel (14), Dundee Technical College (17), Fyfe, Glenrothes Hotel (18), Edinburgh Nite Club (19), Paisley Bungalow Bar (20), Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill Hotel (21), Manchester Polytechnic (24), London Marquee (October 2), Scarborough Penthouse (3), Dudley J.B.'s (4), Uxbridge Brunel University (6), London Marquee (9) and Keele University (15 — with Gary Glitter).

☐ ACTION SPACE, the London theatre venue, will be running a music season from September 14 through to October 4. Headliners on the gigs so far set are: **The Associates** (September 17), **VIPs** (18), **Flux Of Pink Indians** (19), **Barry Ford** (20), **The Au Pairs** (21), **Poison Girls** (24), **Tour De Force** (25), **The Mistakes** (27), **Nik Turner** (October 2), **Essential Logic** (3), **Doll By Doll** (4). Rock Against Sexism and No Nukes Music are among the organisations promoting gigs.

☐ **ZOOT MONEY,** who releases his first album in 10 years on September 26, performs a special concert at the London Venue on that date to celebrate the event. The album 'Mr Money' which features such musicians as Dick Morrisey, Jim Mullen, Martin Drover and Francis Monkman, is the first of a trilogy of Zoot Money albums for Magic Moon Records.

KEEF HARTLEY also makes a reappearance when he leads a band at his own Riviera Club, at Maidenhead, on September 25. Hartley, who has been operating a carpentry business in recent years, opens the club on September 12, when the Morrisey-Mullen Band headline. Thereafter, there'll be a jazz and R&B night each Thursday, with Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia playing a date on September 18.

☐ **NINE BELOW ZERO** have added the following gigs: Weymouth Drinkleave Drill Hall (September 6), Leeds Warehouse (10), London Marquee (12 and 13), London Hope And Anchor (17), Crystal Palace Hotel (20), Norwich Cromwells (25), London 100 Club (26), London The Venue (30), Woolwich Tramshed (October 2), Sheffield Polytechnic (3), Strathclyde University (4), Redcar Coatham Bowl (5), Carlisle Hicks (6), Cardiff University (8), Aberystwyth University (10), North East London Polytechnic (11), London School of Economics (17), Southend Shrimpers (19), Bristol Carwadines (22), Thames Polytechnic (25), New Cross Goldsmiths College (30), Nottingham Trent University (31) and Leicester Polytechnic (November 1).

☐ **YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS** play a trio of No Nukes benefits at Edinburgh Nightclub (September 10), Stirling Albert Hall (11) and Perth Riverside Bar (12). Support at all three dates will be **The Thompson Twins** and **Local Heroes.** The band's other gigs include Nottingham Boat Club (16) and London Rock Garden (17).

☐ **TONY WILLIAMS** and **False Alarm,** featuring Alan Holdsworth, line up for a one-off gig at London's The Venue on Monday, September 8. Tickets are set at £3.50.

☐ **THE BARRACUDAS** have three London gigs this week — at The Greyhound (September 4), The Marquee (5) and Crystal Palace Hotel (6).

☐ **BEN E. KING,** the one-time Drifter whose 'Stand By Me' proved a soul hit nearly 20 years ago, returns to Britain this month for a short series of dates at Sheppey, Island Night Club (September 12), Stanmore Middx and Herts Country Club (17), London The Venue (19), Colchester Windmill (20), Chester Wilderspool Leisure Centre (21), Manchester Fagin's (25, 26 and 27), and Lewisham Town Hall (28).

BLURT'S Jake Milton and The Fall's Mark E. Smith will be among those presenting the musician's point of view during 'The Inside Story' (September 17), one of the series of talks that accompany ICA's forthcoming rock week. Other talks include 'The Music Press', which will feature NME Editor Neil Spencer and other rock journalists, and 'The Record Industry' (September 10). Tickets are £1 from ICA, The Mall, London SW1.

● A collection of rock photographs by NME's Pennie Smith is on display in the foyer at ICA until September 14.

☐ **HALL AND OATES** are to play an extra date at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 23. All seats for the September 22 gig at the theatre have now been sold.

☐ **THE LUTHER ALLISON Blues Band** play a gig at London's 100 Club on September 9, the first-ever British appearance by the U.S. blues guitarist.

GARAGELAND AND RECORD NEWS ARE ON PAGE 52

DKB PRESENTS
The ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
IN ASSOCIATION WITH CAPITAL RADIO
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WEDNESDAY SEPT. 10 & THURSDAY SEPT. 11 AT 8 pm
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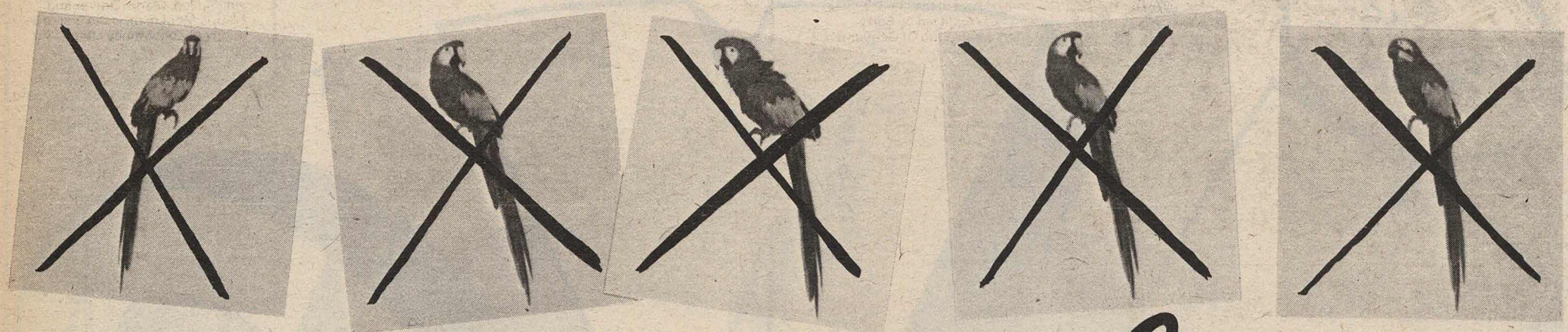
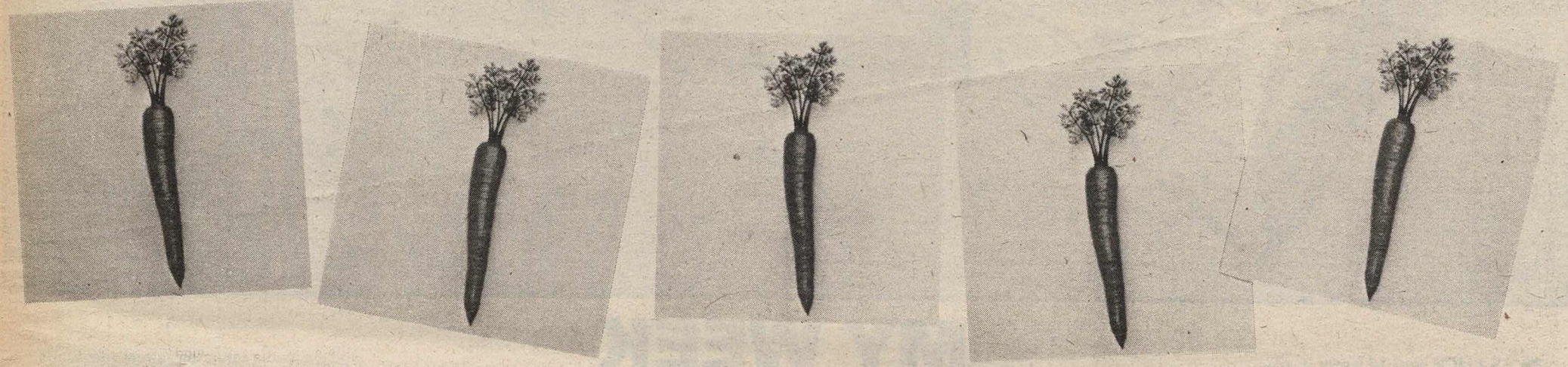
Available from Box Office 01-263 4568 and usual agents.



24 Carrots



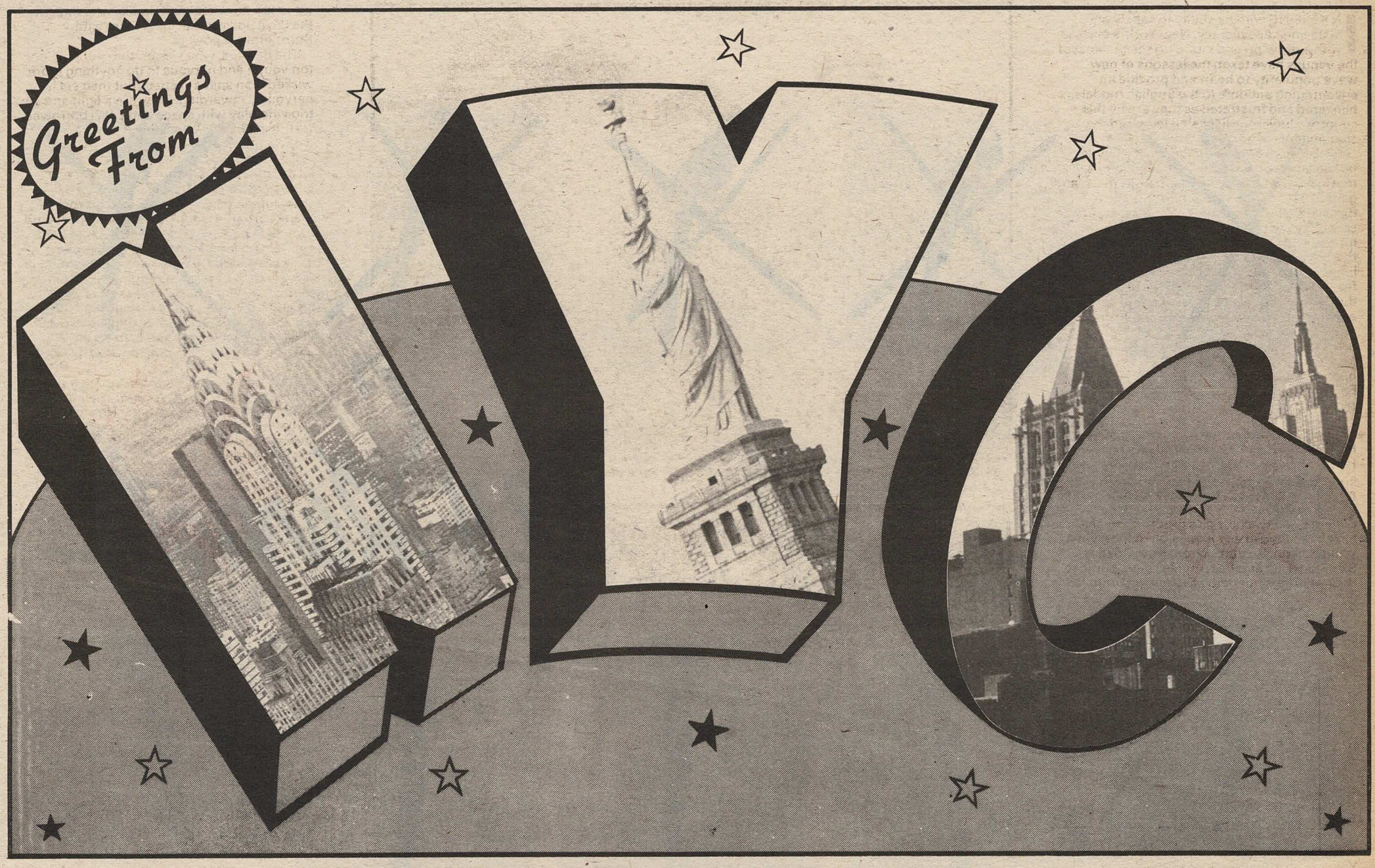
Packed with Punch

The new album from Al Stewart

AND SHOT IN THE DARK

includes the new single "Mondo Sinistro"

RCA



MY WEEK AS A WORM IN THE BIG APPLE

By MAX BELL

AS LUCK would have it, my plane ticket to New York City's JFK Airport is open and coincides with the two major jawing topics obsessing the USA in recent weeks.

First off everyone from the taxi-driver to the shoe shine boy is trying to deal with the oppressive heat wave; take a look at the overhead digital temperature charts that stud the avenues and you'll notice that although it's 7.30 pm and the sun is setting, the temperature is 92 degrees of sticky brain boggling hotness. I call that funkier than Kurtis Blow and don't feel too inclined to move much, especially as unnecessary demonstrations of the motor system and sixty per cent humidity lead to an osmosis of unpleasant gluey fluids.

I've been to NYC before and never considered it a rest cure, but this weather dictates a certain modification of natural pace. Daylight hours are given over to groaning and the frequent restoration of bodily juices; night time is for partying as the ethnic population would say, that and the wanton abuse of the local liquor establishments, so arranged that they draw the hapless visitor on a merry route. You never know where your next drink is coming from.

On a more cerebral level, New York is playing host to the Democratic National Convention, a piece of grand guignol circus every bit as enthralling (and irritating) as the elemental phenomena: heatwave, Hurricane Allen, Mt. Helen, Ronald Reagan for President — no wonder the recently arrived Cuban refugees are hijacking themselves back to Fidel Castro at every available opportunity.

Atmospherically speaking I'd like to sneak into the DNC at Madison Square Garden but settle for the floor show on tube and street. On my third night Columbia Records International book me into the Hilton which doubles as a high rise expensive slum and HQ for the delegates. Federal agents patrol the thirty or so stories of corridor with dogs and guns. These regular checks and the presence of so many hick democrats wear down the nerves after a while. Working on the crackerbarrel assumption that if you can't beat 'em . . . I find myself in the Hilton lobby sniffing out Jimmy Carter's agricultural policies.

Mr Carter himself is not in the Hilton but the Sherry-Netherland, an altogether more voluptuous hidey-hole that's so high rent it's considered bad form for the Georgia po'boy. You need the appropriate ID to broach this establishment. I stay on the sidewalk nattering with the button hustlers selling official merchandise at a rattling rake-off while blacks on rollerskates zoom past muttering "dump Carter" and the doorman supplements his income by bartering autographed breakfast menus ("watchoo gimme for Amy Carter? Mondale on a napkin?").

The big issues inside the Convention are whether to open it up to the people (fat chance) or whether to let the delegates have a free vote on the subject of Carter versus Kennedy. No matter that the Open Convention is really a glorified media distraction to the pressing world problems faced by the Carter administration (as even now the *New York Times* is deliberately leaking its suppressed report that America will invade Iran in October).

No matter that the crucial vote is turned into a glorified piece of television drama where instead of getting on with the business the delegates soak up the spotlight like spoiled children, especially when it's their turn to deliver the goods. Introducing "California, home of the giant redwoods . . ."; Pennsylvania "Famous for Betsy Ross"; "Milwaukee . . . we got the best darn'd beer". Eventually you realise that these idiots are deliberately witholding their block votes: "If it pleases the chairperson, we, err, we're doing a recount right now".

These people are eking out a pantomime whose eventual outcome is will we ever make 1984 intact and it's all a huge joke, a power struggle amongst viziers, based on who gets to cast the deciding net.

There are many protests against this kind of infantile behaviour, some more prosaic than others. The Yippies make regular jaunts out of the Bowery on their gaudy anarchist emblazoned lorry to distribute literature and point hosepipes outside the Garden while every now and again a procession of demonstrators for communist groups, women's right and gay radicals block the congested streets to grab a slice of the network pie.

"What *they* got to protest about I jest don't know," my black cabbie wonders aloud as a particularly outrageous bunch of nighthawks hold up the traffic. "Man *they* do whatever they want." He meanders onto 42nd street, sleaze capital of the world, where the transvestites ply their trade and every other person could be termed psychologically suspect. "Hey lookitthat, would you sleep withat? Man, Jack the Ripper — he'd have loved this place!"

IT'S HARD for the visitor not to fall foul of New York's fantasy celluloid image; easy to wander around this melting pot maelstrom in a culture shocked daze. But you don't begin to stretch the borders of cliche in realising that the city is evolving by reverse process to that state of disorder epitomised in certain third world and Middle Eastern locales. Except here, progress and its afterbirth, high technology breakdown, are not evoked by starvation and disease so much as the brinkmanship of moral uncertainty. Hence great art and murder and the fight for survival co-exist in twisted combinations. In fact the reality of the place is extraordinary.

The rich, anaesthetised from the excesses of everyday reality, might hide inside their electronic self-sufficiency for a while but eventually they'll experience the perverse extremities of paranoia and comfort which characterise the urban cycle at its edge.

Unlike London, New York is beyond the stage of suppressing its grosser social contrasts behind tradition, phlegm and formality. Maybe you visited the Picasso retrospective in the Museum of Modern Art, where the world of fine art was reduced to the commonplace ("Well, that's a famous one") and the media saturated vultures descended on the lithographic reproductions rather than absorb the impact of *Guernica* and its contemporary apocalyptic vision. And maybe the cab you took was driven by a semi-illiterate immigrant, an outcast from the current census that the government knows will reinforce its conviction that the city's population is over the estimated seven million.

Characteristically, New Yorkers like to bemoan *and* glamorise awareness of their surroundings. There are six thousand cops policing the seven million (one to 1200 as opposed to the one to 600 in London that our Police Federation find unacceptable) but real politics are noticeable closer up. In sewers and fire hydrants that explode like geysers, on the city walls all smothered in graffiti, in attempts to attain notoriety in a town where the education drop-out rate is over sixty per cent and dozens of TV channels are spouting garbage worse than anything on the sidewalk, with adverts every seven minutes and archaic reception.

Despite, or because of, this saturated pace, diversion and entertainment in New York is equally violent on the senses, loud and exciting. After you've exhausted the stock responses of horror and European superiority it's more profitable to take advantage of the life this city offers.

The street is hot and swinging and no one wants to be anonymous. From SoHo to Greenwich Village to Madison Avenue everyone has an act or an attitude, whether they're jogging or skating down the middle of the road or singing doo-wop or playing rock and roll live for passers-by through portable amplifiers.

The things that get people in England arrested pass as acceptable diversions here; the guy who strums his guitar on the London underground wouldn't be worth a second glance.

Because you have to go out of your way to make an impression it's possible to bend the rules. While I'm reading about an off-duty cop murdered outside his home in Brooklyn (the fifth victim in seven months) an Irish drunk from the downstairs bar is haranguing some even tempered 5th Precinct patrol officers. The drunk is pushing his luck, promising imminent demotion for the cops and then the threat of death. The cops, unimpressed, give the drunk back his watch and wallet and tell him to have a good night, huh? The drunk staggers over to the car window and bangs on the glass. "Go fuck yerself yer motherfucker."

The car drives off. After all there are more important things to worry about and more fantastic things to look at. Like 11th Street turned into a '30s film set for the shooting of *Ragtime* (with Jimmy Cagney hauled out of retirement), or Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese in the Village making *The Gangs Of New York* fifty years on.

Joe 'Captain Snaps' Stevens shoots the shots.

IN KEEPING with its ability to satisfy any taste and idiosyncracy, New York is blessed with a growing and vital club scene. Most of the venues have taken the lessons of new wave popularity to heart and provide an encouraging antidote to the English models, blinkered and frustrated as they are by this country's ludicrous licensing laws and the shenanigans of bodies like the G.L.C.

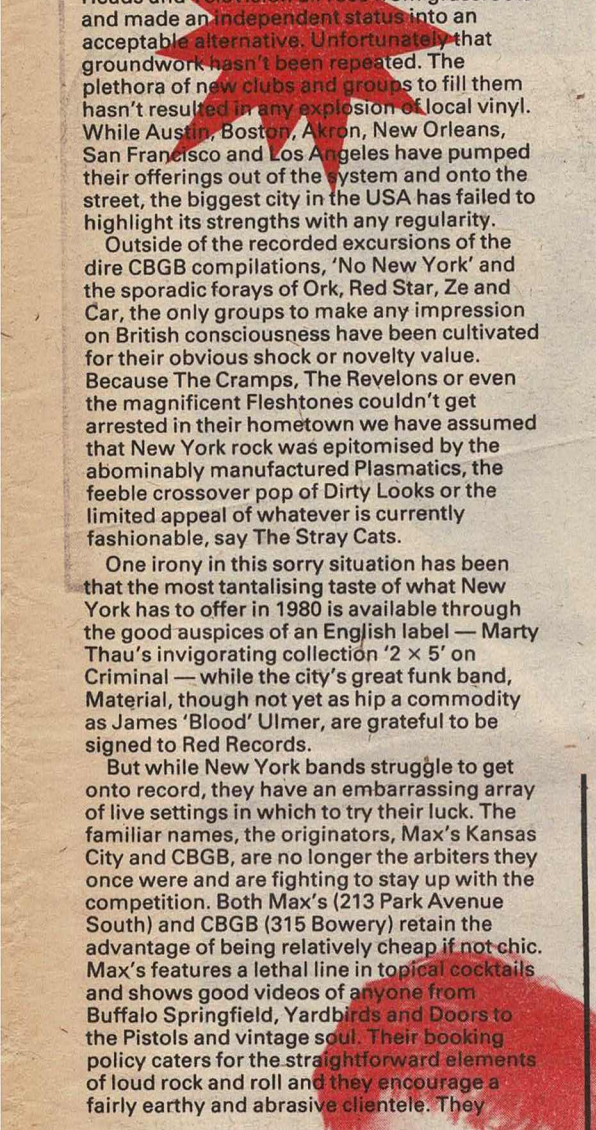
All the more surprising then that a city previously renowned for its influence as a musical epicentre (for anything from the avant garde 1922 fringe to the seminal hustle of Richard Hell and the Dolls) should now appear so indifferent to its local talent. The British Invasion 1977 style has had much to do with this uncertainty. The clubs resound to imported sounds and the omni-present videos feature regular foreign delicacies regardless of their merit. The least convincing groups are apt to ape their British counterparts with an attention to life style that is hilariously misguided while the genuinely inspiring and aspiring New York bands struggle to make headway, hoping for the break with the English elite that guarantees a little recognition.

Everyone knows that four years ago New York vibrated with the promise of something happening. Blondie, The Ramones, Talking Heads and Television all rose from grassroots and made an independent status into an acceptable alternative. Unfortunately that groundwork hasn't been repeated. The plethora of new clubs and groups to fill them hasn't resulted in any explosion of local vinyl. While Austin, Boston, Akron, New Orleans, San Francisco and Los Angeles have pumped their offerings out of the system and onto the street, the biggest city in the USA has failed to highlight its strengths with any regularity.

Outside of the recorded excursions of the dire CBGB compilations, 'No New York' and the sporadic forays of Ork, Red Star, Ze and Car, the only groups to make any impression on British consciousness have been cultivated for their obvious shock or novelty value. Because The Cramps, The Revelons or even the magnificent Fleshtones couldn't get arrested in their hometown we have assumed that New York rock was epitomised by the abominably manufactured Plasmatics, the feeble crossover pop of Dirty Looks or the limited appeal of whatever is currently fashionable, say The Stray Cats.

One irony in this sorry situation has been that the most tantalising taste of what New York has to offer in 1980 is available through the good auspices of an English label — Marty Thau's invigorating collection '2 × 5' on Criminal — while the city's great funk band, Material, though not yet as hip a commodity as James 'Blood' Ulmer, are grateful to be signed to Red Records.

But while New York bands struggle to get onto record, they have an embarrassing array of live settings in which to try their luck. The familiar names, the originators, Max's Kansas City and CBGB, are no longer the arbiters they once were and are fighting to stay up with the competition. Both Max's (213 Park Avenue South) and CBGB (315 Bowery) retain the advantage of being relatively cheap if not chic. Max's features a lethal line in topical cocktails and shows good videos of anyone from Buffalo Springfield, Yardbirds and Doors to the Pistols and vintage soul. Their booking policy caters for the straightforward elements of loud rock and roll and they encourage a fairly earthy and abrasive clientele. They



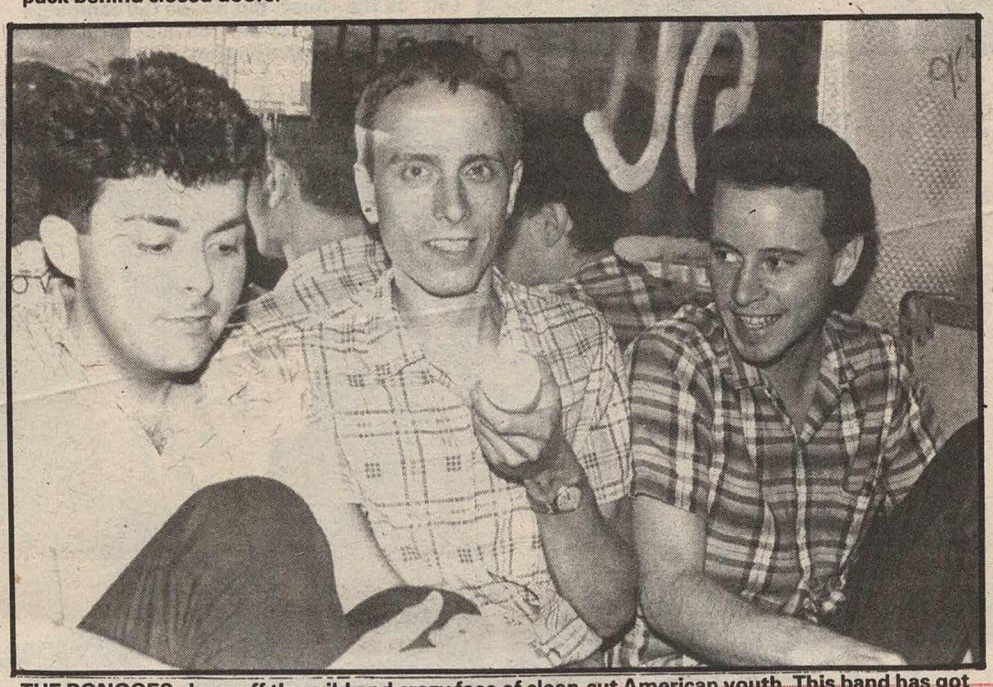
The Fleshtones and their sax totin' pals The Speath Brothers cross their arms and wait for what is rightfully theirs. Lead singer Peter Zaremba has the maraccas . . .

advertise themselves as a r&r club, not a rock disco, and bands like The Senders (formerly Johnny Thunders' backing band) go down well after midnight.

Hilly Kristal still makes it his business to sit in his booth and observe the kids coming into CBGB. After you've avoided the street corner drug dealers, the Bowery bums and the odd gaggle of bikers the club is another reasonable oasis, narrow in size but with an exceptionally good sound system and recording equipment that needs dusting off and using again. Time was that everyone wanted to play CBGB but the imported English bands and the local names tend towards more upmarket watering holes nowadays.

Hurrah (36 West 62nd Street), right on the nose of Central Park, is too uptown for the kids who can't afford cabs, don't have cars and aren't about to use the subway (a 24 hour service but not to be recommended out of daylight hours). The booker Ruth Polski visits London regularly (the week I was there, Secret Affair and Magazine played), but she also reflects a healthy selection of New York bands. Hurrah has one super-efficient bar, a packed dance floor and strings of videos that concentrate on advertising kitsch and recent events (if you'd missed Magazine you could catch excerpts from their set four days later).

BUSH TETRAS! Pat Place, Dimitri Papadopulous, Cynthia Sley and Laura Kennedy sinking a six pack behind closed doors.



THE BONGOES show off the wild and crazy face of clean-cut American youth. This band has got rhythm. Who could ask for anything more?

EARLY IN the week, New York's classiest non-aligned funk quartet Material gig at Hurrah, supporting the wildly over ambitious Manhattan Project. Material would be something special in any era but their brand of modern jazz stands a great chance of clicking with anyone who has started approaching the genuine article via the haphazard noodlings of all those cats who drop the names of Ornette Coleman and James Brown as if the very breath guaranteed musical integrity.

While James 'Blood' Ulmer is enjoying a taste of this voguish afterglow (quite rightly) it doesn't seem right that Material could only drag a sprinkling of the uncommitted front stage. Their guitarist, Warren Harding 'Sonny' Sharrock, is a serious talent who has pioneered a style in his forty years on the planet. Sharrock is known by the buffs for sessions with Miles, Mann, Adderly and Coltrane but he's incapable of being type cast by association. Periods of Be Bop and rhythmic expansion alongside Sun Ra and the Nigerian percussionist Olatunji have resulted in a technique that is a plain combination of innovation and applied genius. A small black stocky guy, Sharrock shows no disappointment at the meagre response to Material although the white rhythm section of Bill Laswell (bass), Fred Maher (drums) and Mike Beinhorn (synth) are slightly deflated at the lack of enthusiasm.

When these three aren't snaking around Sharrock they back Fred Frith's Massacre and are already quite a hit in certain European circles. So far, Red Records have released a fairly unrepresentative single 'Discourse'/'Slow Murder' (without Sharrock and Maher) but a forthcoming 12" ought to filter through to a larger audience. Their compositions, free flowing rather than free form funk, including 'Conform To The Rhythm', 'Stupid Heart', 'Unauthorised' and 'Disappearing', are propelled by one of the most dangerous bass and drum teams extant (the seventeen year old Maher is a fully fledged prodigy) while Beinhorn's synth and tape additions are outrageously experimental without resort to dilettante flash.

"Whatever you do please don't compare us to the Pop Group," bassist Laswell smirked over a back room beer. I also promised not to mention A Certain Ratio because Material's wild aural trip is unrivalled.

A few days later Hurrah plays host to a quite different collection of talent. It's a benefit night for George Scott the popular and very dead bassist with the Contortions, John Cale, Raybeats and Eight Eyed Spy. George O.D.'d on heroin the week before.

The benefit turns out to be a mixed compromise as none of Scott's most famous cohorts even bothers to show up. One cynic mutters that he wished all the week-end junkies would do the decent thing together sometime and so avoid occasions like this. There is a very real heroin epidemic in New York as quantities of pure skag from Iran (sic) start going the rounds at affordable prices. Unfortunately the casualty list among local musicians is too high for comfort and the place is a haven for junk freaks who imagine the devil powder will instil them with Burroughsian powers.

The Bongos, who kick off the evening, look too young and nervous to do anything more wicked than split a six pack but their set is nervously rewarding. They are a light and airy trio who play with space and a few borrowed textures. They'll do just fine if they're left alone to distill an identity.

No such hope can be held for the W2's, an all girl group who manufacture a dull and derivative set modelled on the pretentious amateurism that passes as valid art rock in many corners of England. Most people stand around in a haze of indifference as the W2s sink to new lows with songs about boiling eggs and tending cauliflowers and coming to grips with the essential *me*. It's all genuine rubbish and fully backs up a Lester Bangs article in *the Village Voice* (August 13-19) which suggests that a lot of English rock is exerting an influence, and earning an attention, quite out of keeping with its actual worth.

Chris Stamey and the dB's have been excellent as in a long time ago. Their dual guitar front (Stamey and Peter Holsapple) wanders in and out of softly engaging pop and some refreshingly hard edged melodic improvisation. They were able to combine a lyrical verson of 'My Back Pages' with more demanding and original melodies like 'Soul Kiss', 'Black And White' and the oblique 'Ash' while encouraging a feeling of well being, smiling and generally jumping about. Their real strengths lie in Stamey and Holsapple's penchant for delivering witty and intelligent ideas against a backdrop of instrumental variety leaving Will Rigby and Gene Holder to rock the rhythm section without pose or orthodoxy. I'd see the dB's play any night of the week.

The evening ended on an over emotional note with a predictable jam tribute, someone consulting a Bible and many tedious solos; straight from the heart but they fell like crocodile tears. Afterwards there's a video showing of Lydia Lunch's Eight Eyed Spy, originally intended as some requiem for the leading lady's prima donna retirement; it happens to be George Scott's last stand instead. Experimenting with heroin doesn't entitle you to any sympathy I guess and it certainly doesn't make you an artist.

Even if the squalor and the emotional turmoil associated with hard line drug abuse aren't enough to deter the casual flirter there is an anti-soft drug movement gathering force in America at the moment. New York State has recently decriminalised marijuana possession but a television special chaired by respected media statesman William Buckley draws some cold and frightening statistics that reveal the instance of dope smoking amongst kids of primary school age. Without stooping to sensationalism or distortion Buckley points to the level of automobile accidents and industrial tragedies traceable to indiscriminate marijuana use — not to mention its cancerous side effects.

NO DESCENT on New York's teeming clubland is complete without at least one paramilitary assault on the sophisticated portals of the infamous Mudd Club (if the face don't fit you don't get in). This haunt, run by the legendary Steve Moss, suffers from its socialite entrance policy but does tend to showcase off-beat entertainment, some of it predictably outre, some of it surprisingly enjoyable.

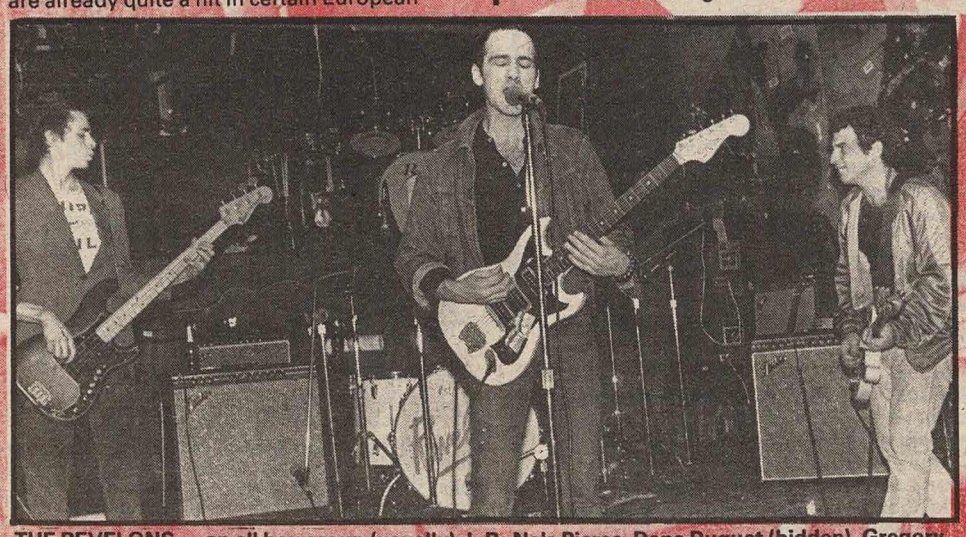
The live highlight of the week for the poseurs is a one off from Nina Hagen who has been walking around the West Village in nothing more than a see through shirt (and definitely not tipping), but I plump for a word of mouth extravaganza from Secret Rocker, a hilarious five piece who send up dead and alive stars with savage flair.

Secret Rocker are the kind of band New Yorkers love to ignore, especially as lead singer Jay Burnett and writer Douglas Kelley fuse their pastiches of style with a venemously snide put down of fashion. In content the band inhabit stomping grounds as broad as those trodden by fans of Jim Morrison and Gary Glitter and I found them hugely satisfying. Other folk in the Mudd reckoned they stunk the place out. No such thing, I've been playing their independently produced single 'Rock Drill'/'Lin Piao' (SIR Records) non stop ever since they disdainfully threw it into the crowd — and it brings back warped memories every time. The Gang Of Four can never seem the same after Secret Rocker.

If Secret Rocker isn't Kelley's passport to fame and riches, he hopes to grab early retirement by writing for The Colors (whose demos were produced by Blondie drummer Clem Burke). Meanwhile he's limited to dating girls under 20, the others refuse to ride the subway, and is half-way towards realising his greatest dream — to turn New York into a tax free shelter for showpeople called Secredonia. Kelley was kind enough to interrupt a late supper of water and dry noodle in order to hum a few bars of the anthem which went something like this:

"Hail, Hail Secredonia / Land of the few . . . / It's got a nightlife / And some spotlights/ That illuminate the pool."

But some of Secret Rocker's tunes — 'Better Than Phonies', 'Quit Your Job' and 'Class Enemy' struck me as more palatable fare and I was forced to tell him so.



THE REVELONS — an all boy group (usually). L-R: Nels Pierce, Dana Duquet (hidden), Gregory Lee Pickard and Jimmy Wynbrandt.

☐ Continues over

Other advantages of the Mudd are its multi-tiered video and dance rooms (where you can watch the population explosion in the corridors) and Moss's uncanny taste in rock and roll, past, present and future. Once his diminutive bespectacled figure gets behind the console John Peel sounds about as contemporary as Alan Freeman — a night here is worth ten dollars of anybody's money.

Not so the disappointing Lone Star (61 5th Avenue), a converted ice cream parlour that brings country music into a city that can't get enough of them good ole boys and then subjects its patrons to abysmal listening and watching conditions, with rude barmen and high admission to boot. So unless you're enamoured of sixteen stone rednecks and bouncers who keep you hopping out of their lunkish way, then steer clear of the Lone Star and head for Texas proper. By way of an interlude to the youthful exuberance manifest elsewhere in New York I caught Asleep At The Wheel here and rather wished I hadn't. They've gone through one line up too many and now sound like a heartless parody of their former swinging selves.

A bad night with the rustlers is later redeemed when a bunch of us crash a party given in honour of Ted Kennedy by his younger activist campaigners. Old Ted doesn't actually arrive in person but Bobby Jnr is there so we goggle at the hordes of lurching preppies smothering their rosettes over the nearest moving female. Altogether a disgusting debacle and we're too late for the juice. We had to leave in a hurry, but the human interest quotient made it nearly worthwhile.

Danceteria (252 West 37th Street) lies in the heart of the garment district capital of the world (bar Hong Kong and Malaysia). In the daytime exploited labour trundles thousands of racks of high fashion and cheap tat into triple parked trailers or sweats out the cloth on a million machines. At night the workers go home to catch a few hours sleep and the night people move in to hang out. The club, a barely furnished converted warehouse, is rumoured to have some dodgy South American connections but this appears to be better left unresearched.

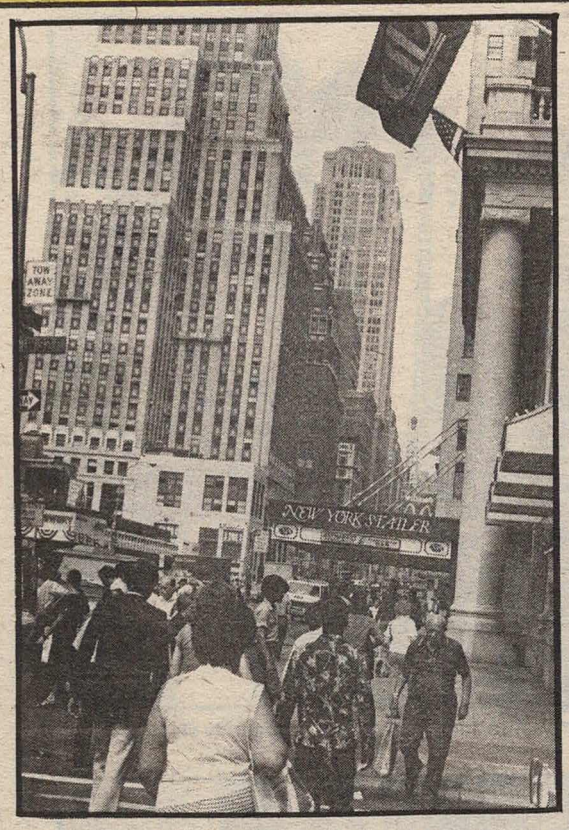
While I still have the use of both kneecaps, it's worth pointing out that the clientele is, uh, a trifle on the bizarre side of odd, comprising punks, narks, transexuals, dreads and the usual crowd of people without ears. Danceteria is a scene haven sans equal in New York and booker Jim Fourrat isn't afraid to exploit its image in order to feature some of the most diverse talent in the town. One night the respected salsa merchant Tito Puente is on stage, the next it's Bush Tetras, NYC's answer to The Slits. Mistressminded by guitarist and occasional Contortion contributor Pat Place the Tetras (that's a tropical fish if you're interested), specialise in a brand of cold feminism that requires you leave your sense of humour in the cloakroom. The three gals, and drummer Dimitri, eschew the normal channels of media patronage and are reckoned to play at their best when everyone has packed up and gone home (this may be hard to verify). During waking hours they can be seen wandering around the bohemian Village arm in arm.

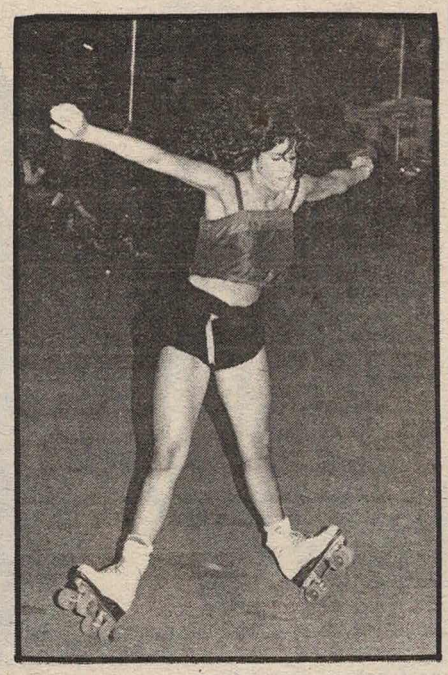
NME photographer and all round rock and roll encyclopedia Joe Stevens loves them to death and word has it that their forthcoming American tour will make The Sex Pistols' jaunt seem about as eventful as the mating season of the barnacle. These girls are not your average switch-hitters and when they get back from the deep south they should have medals to prove it.

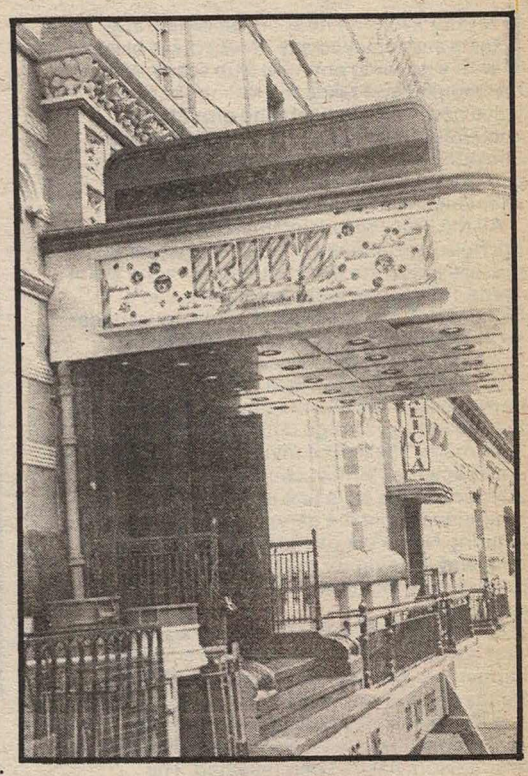
Danceteria started out as a weekend joint but it's picking up into a regular dive. They have three floors of multi-media choice and one toilet. The Rolling Stones threw their 'Emotional Rescue' party here.

Along with Roselands (big bands and disco) the Ritz (119 East 11th Street) is New York's largest dance club and has a video screen bigger than what most English Odeons can boast. The Ritz is operated by Jerry Brandt, the man who ran the Electric Circus (a Velvet Underground gig) and who came a cropper trying to offer an alternative to Studio 54. His plan had been to combine a Broadway show with the atmosphere of a sharp disco. The difference between Brandt's venture and Studio 54 was that they let *anyone* in whereas the disco Snortergate had such a stringent doorman that the night Johnny Lydon arrived (and they'd been dying to get *him* in) the maitre de refused to believe he was his real Rotten self. Anyway Brandt's attempt failed after two days, the critics called it a flop and $15 admission was too steep.

The Ritz ain't exactly cheap but it's an experience. The massive vibrating dance floor and chintzy period decor are reminiscent of the Lyceum except they have waitress service. Brandt books big names, top flight acts like Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis and the increasingly popular Savannah Band as well as featuring a more reasonable "rock against depression" night.







Left: on the streets but not on the campaign trail. Above: part of the free floor show. Right: The Ritz: expensive but fun.

MATERIAL: Something special in any era.

TO UP the profits and grab a bit of business press The Ritz is used during my stay as a reception centre for the Canadian Heatwave Festival. Stevens drags me along on the assumption that we can freeload, do some hustling and make contact with the early stages of the event the promoters (Larry Weinstein and Lou Weinstock) are calling the new Woodstock. Sure enough The Ritz is packed to the gills with assorted hacks eating and drinking themselves stupid. There is little choice but to join in and hunker down for the big cheese speeches. Over in one corner Elvis Costello's North American accountants are talking money (one hundred thousand dollars worth to be exact — not bad for an hour's work) and it's already confirmed that The Clash have nixed Heatwave, or punkstock or Weinstock or Woodpunk or whatever.

Eventually the promoters take to an impromptu podium and start waffling about market factors and crowd control and how Toronto is now the new wave capital of the world, nauseous guff to be sure but after several stiff Bloody Maries and a fruit cocktail I could see the funny side. Take a sample from the press kit and you'll see that the organisers were treating Heatwave like some pre-ordained miracle of promoterly benevolence: *"We're offering people an opportunity to see and hear new wave in a large venue rather than the small halls it has previously been associated with. And to our surprise, the people buying up the tickets have not been what you would class as typical "new wavers". In fact, they represent a cross-section of the population, everyone from families with children to business people. But this makes sense when you consider that everyone, young or old, enjoys a good time and that's what rock'n'roll is all about. New Wave is a rejection of everything else your so called "fat" musicians exploited. And there is absolutely no comparison with punk. Punk was simply street politicians who were not very good musicians. That movement paved the way for new wave."*

So now you know. And while we're here let's sort out the little matter of the film rights and the book and the merchandise. And with tickets at twenty dollars apiece and 75,000 fans, that's a few so called "fat" promoters I'd say. As this charnel house of hypocrisy grinds to a creamy halt the promoters are proud to present one Toronto attraction, The Kings, live on stage. A little taste.

Needless to say The Kings are a bad hype, loud heavy metal posturing dressed up in satin and tat. The nub end of fag rock. Their manager, an L.A. executive type (but no shark) comes and sits with us and can't hear our insults over the din. After a while he departs to talk turkey, leaving his expensive leather suitcase on the seat.

All of a sudden me and Stevens are branded as the English connection and hauled off before some TV crew who insist on interviewing us for a Canadian rock programme. After telling them that the whole idea reeks of quick bucks (just add spurious integrity, it's cheap these days), that The Clash withdrew because they didn't want to ruin their image, that it would probably be like Altamont, I shut up and let Stevens act the New York straight man. Chauvinism wells up at times like this. But Stevens, who had consumed a vast amount of beer, suddenly starts ranting and shouting the odds too. The interview ends abruptly with the mad photographer leering into the lens and telling the viewers that the only good thing about Canada is Margaret Trudeau's crotch.

Smelling a lynching we decide to vamoose but not before Stevens notices that the Kings' manager's case is still where he left it. "We can't leave this here," he says.

"Why not, he did."

"Naah, you can't trust anyone in this town, especially the press, if we leave that case here someone will steal it for sure. We'll take it, it's the only decent thing to do."

Which is how we left the Ritz, plastered and with somebody else's plush case full of God knows what? Contracts? Money? Bolivian Flake? We never did manage to open it up.

At the end of the week we return the way dogs and criminals are prone to do to the scene of our earlier crime. The New York weekend is still the appropriate time for letting it get crazy although I never could work out how the natives managed to put in a steady nine to five at the desk, factory or boutique scarcely minutes after one of those customary all night binges which characterise the 24 hours existence.

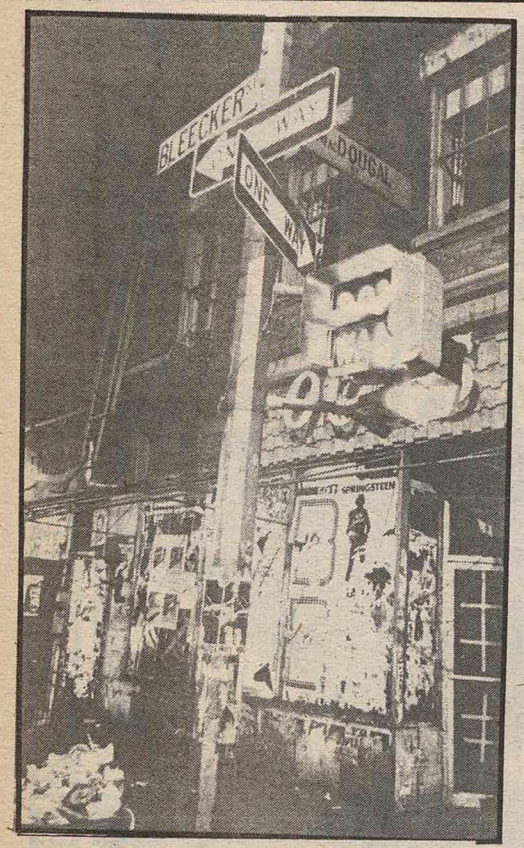
SATURDAY NIGHT is cursed with alternatives — Like Trax, the in club for the industry, right next to Dakota flats where John Lennon keeps an apartment and the superstars like to be seen, is easy access for accepted faces: Willie Nile, Jim Carroll, Mink De Ville. Tonight it has the double fisted promise of Joe Bidewell and the resurrected Richard Lloyd, a partnership as potentially influential as Television's once was.

Or Great Gildersleeves, a hall which asks for double I.D. and reputedly housed PiL's most informally succesful gig.

Or TR3, in the Tribeca loft area, a street level haunt patronised by reggae afficianadoes and hard core import punks lured inside by Hillary, the 18 year old booker.

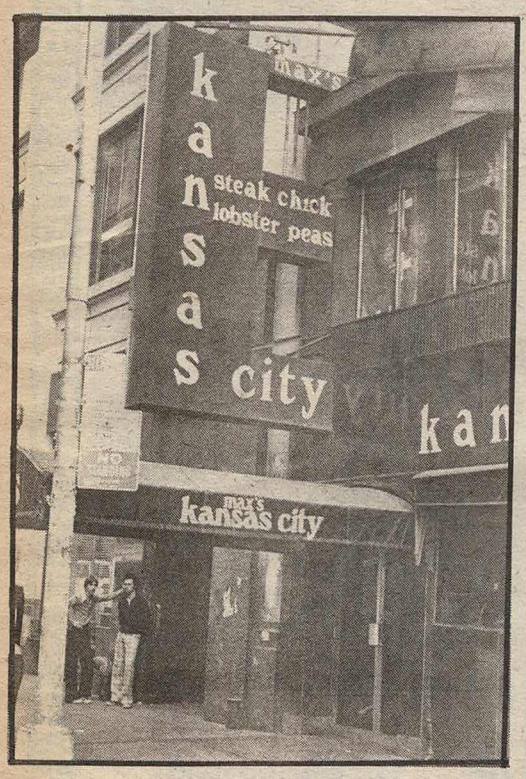
Or even the boring old Bottom Line or the sprawling jazz scene (the Village Vanguard, Sweet Basil, Wells and the opportunity to catch Richard Davis, Jaki Byard, Arnett Cobb or Sun Ra in total comfort).

Perhaps this plethora of choice, the spoils of an obviously vibrant musical wealth, are what determines the inhabitants cool reaction to the luxuries on their doorstep. Perhaps the vast majority stay politely in their seats, swaying now and again, because they're too wrecked to move, and maybe they'd rather be watching Numan or Sting or Strummer after all. Why not? But there's room for alternatives and the time must come when New York wakes up to realise that it has all these clubs, all these bands and nothing tangible to remember it by and it'll have to get off its ass and show some



Above: all roads lead to Greenwich Village — eventualy.

Below: Max's Kansas City; not ours but someone else's.



commitment and some pride.

The lack of urgency is admittedly complemented by a healthy lack of moronic tribalism and the subsequently relaxing club atmosphere, yet the surfeit of energy felt elsewhere is absent when the best bands in town are the electrical focus.

The Revelons, live at CBGB's are victims of this dispassionate malaise. Never properly represented on record (an Ork single 'The Way (You Touch My Hand)' / '97 Tears', two tracks on '2 x 5' and a Jimmy Destri produced disaster of a demo), The Revelons are enthralling onstage. Lead singer Gregory Pickard burns with an unhinged intensity that would rival a Bowie or Byrne if the chemical charge was the two way process it ought to be; the subtleties he and Jimmy Wynbrant conjure on their twin Gibsons, the patterns traced by the band when they're augmented by their female percussionist, the sheer element of menace and depth in their material and presence, all these factors would guarantee them some kind of fanatical following in England. Tonight in CBGB it's impossible to separate the fans from the casual visitors. It's not that they couldn't care less, they just don't care enough. At this level performance deteriorates into visual charades and bands like The Revelons fade from view into the annals of what might have been or ill-deserved cult appeal. They deserve so much more.

The short hop back to the Ritz illustrates New York's compulsive charm, the ability to catch more than one good thing a night. The evening stretches out like a month in London or Manchester or Birmingham and the dark horse towns where people are grateful for what they can get when they can get it.

The Ritz is packed out too, close on three thousand dancers hoping to pull before they pass out. Less than one per cent of them have any inkling that the group on stage, The Fleshtones, fires an impact charge as explosive as anything it's cool to like. They're not The Clash or The Buzzcocks or Joy Division or Echo — they're The Fleshtones, an original result of the state of punk art at its basic boggling height.

People say that Springsteen has energy, that The Who and early Stones had it, that on a good night the Clash City Rockers have it, that ability to strip off physical inhibition and surrender to the rhythm — well The Fleshtones are catalysts for that naked essence too. They are simply sensational, living proof of what constitutes the absolute greatness of the rock'n'roll sound, an aesthetic based on release, not on competition and the race to be the Next Big Thing. Fleshtones pulsate with their own anthemic glory as epitomised on their one and only single release in five years (overnight success?) 'American Beat' — no call to arms this but a final statement of intent. They don't want to hear you put it down and you wouldn't if you saw them.

For five years The Fleshtones have fought good naturedly to realise their vocation. Vocalist Peter Zaremba, a soulful harp player and prowling streak of sensuality, has never got himself in a rage either, though there have been precious few moments of that ego-gratification which English groups expect as read, the review, the obligatory interview, the chance to get not very much off the chest, discarded pearls of snotty wisdom and after six months they can afford their very own advertising space! It's amazing how the new wave at its worst made young boys into big self-important men.

The Fleshtones have never been able to take themselves that seriously although in another place they could. Zaremba and guitarist Keith Streng and skinhead bass player Jan Marek Pakulski prefer to do their talking in a more appropriate setting, not with sycophancy or humility but with the homemade garage ethic gone riotously wild.

They too appeared on the inevitable Thau compilation, were long term associates of his Red Star project. Today Fleshtones need to make albums and singles that make up for the lost time and capture their dazzling power. They must be shared around — a group this fine cannot be stuck in relative anonymity any longer.

I LEFT New York still buzzing with that beat, the equation of causes without effect impossible to shake off. And while I couldn't pretend to understand the city or know why and where and when it ticks, the opinions and the impressions are mostly mine (with several tips of the green eye shade to Joe Stevens, a colourful researcher and local expert, who could have done it real justice, and without whom . . .).

Out of the whirl I take responsibility for attitudes which may not tell a native New Yorker a damn thing he doesn't already know except to take a look beyond the end of his own nose. I didn't start out to end with a definition, I forgot to mention The Necessaries and Public Servant or The Dance or Science, The Strain, Lounge Lizzards and Escalators or The Nite Caps, Information or Mofungo, mainly because I don't know a damned thing about any of them.

No New York? Time's up for that cynicism Jim. Let's get this under wraps and catch some long overdue sleep. The afternath of '77 is receding into the mist, I haven't come to bury its exponents or to praise them. Something else is happening now that warrants a rub of the lamp and unless the people with the influence start working closer to the bull instead of protecting their flabby interests no-one will believe there is life after Talking Heads, that you *can* forget Blondie awhile, that Television don't exist. Their vacant places are up for grabs, there is after all movement in the heart of the beast. It isn't all kulchur and insensitivity and eighteen lanes of bland mediocrity.

To wit: At least you know while you're in New York that you really are alive and kicking and you can get all dressed up *and* have somehere to go. During times like this it pays to shore up all the fragments you can lay your grubby hands on.

A New York punter relaxes in the heatwave.

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14th September Rainbow London
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23rd September Top Rank Birmingham
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Thrills

Ms. Smith narrowly avoids being the main subject of a self-portrait in which she displays her legs and bizarre platform shoes for the first time.

Smithsonian Institute

THE CENTRE of London was sealed off last week as the capital buzzed on the opening day of Pennie Smith's photography exhibition in The Mall! The Prince Of Wales was invited to open the exhibition but a prior engagement forced him to decline. As a replacement, the landlord from The Duke Of Suffolk was rushed over in a mini-cab.

Ms Smith began her career in 1969, then again in 1973 and finally in 1975. Immediately she was alongside Cecil Beaton and David Bailey in that small dark room — although she was still on her way up. Penny explains: "I was sharing a lift with them in Bridlington when all the lights fused." It wasn't long before she discovered the style she was to make her own. "One day I was changing the film in my Tonkins Auto Wind Fully Focussed Snapshooter when I accidentally pushed the shoot button. When the prints came back from Boots stone me if I didn't have this shot of a lonely road with some spindly trees at the side and some obscure rock drummer's hand in frame but out of focus. Absent-mindedly I left it in the free Tudor Foto-Album I showed to *NME's* editor at the time, 'Rangey' Dick Logan. Dick was on his 'art for the kids' kick at the time — not to mention a regular Valium prescription — and thought that shot was fantastic. To be honest, I still can't see the appeal but it's a good earner for me — went to Japan last year y'know."

And what of that much rumoured association with The Clash?

"The Clash? Is that who they are? I thought that was the *NME* staff — I was beginning to wonder why there were so many outings."

Is she a rich woman these days?

"No, not at all. I consider onyx camera straps and a fur sink necessities in this game. I use The Planetarium as a dark room simply because I find the space relaxing."

And of the future?

"Actually, Morley — my butler — is out at the moment buying my ticket to Argentina. I plan to settle there for a while and have bands flown out for photo sessions. I figure if I stand them in the middle of the Pampas I've every chance of capturing a couple of elbows and the odd strand of wind blown hair. That, basically, is what the public is after."

LEN SCAP

Pennie Smith's pictures will be on display until September 14 at the ICA, Nash House, The Mall, London SW1 (930-3647). Opening times are 12-8 pm from Tues-Sat (closed Monda)

INSIDE THRILLSPAN: DANGEROUS VISIONS OF 'DALLAS'

Pic: Robert Sharp

MORE STUNTS ABOUT BUILDINGS & GREED

Richard O'Branson and Megamart gig Glasgow

IT DIDN'T exactly choke Central Glasgow with abandoned cars, but the old rock-band-on-a-roof stunt still pulls a crowd, even though most onlookers would stare with equally blank curiosity at a potential suicide, and there's always the chance of seeing somebody famous get arrested.

So thanks to Virgin Records for making last Saturday morning in Glasgow different and we're all going to buy everything we need in your new Megastore from now on.

Here's Richard Branson half way up a flagpole six floors above Union Street. He's holding a Virgin Megastore windsock for affixment to the pole, waving, grinning, throwing money (free records would slice limbs off people), and having difficulty in his attempts at mooning the assembled populace below. It's Europe's youngest, wackiest alternative society capitalist tycoon up to those high-jinks again!

On the roof, I balance precariously on bricks across a puddle to make sure photographer Robert gets a few shots before he hits the ground.

Robert's been taking pictures of Richard Jobson — who's dancing, bravely but cautiously, along a *very* narrow ledge at the edge of the building. Skids' new bassist, (ex-Zones) Russell Webb stands getting dirty marks off a fence 3 feet back.

Guitarist and drummer Stuart Adamson and Mike Baillie are playing their half of the songs on the floor below.

Ian Gillan is signing autographs somewhere.

On the roof it sounds like a solo voice backed by the plucking of elastic bands, while Skids singles are played in the next room.

While to the people watching on video inside the store it probably looked quite impressive.

It's a shame Jobson missed the chance to recite poems about the Battle of Culloden and the industrialisation of agrarian Germany to some people who might appreciate them. Not like those dumb pop kids what don't recognise proper culture.

At Bloggs Record shop up the road, they reckoned they wouldn't lose much trade once the novelty had worn off. At least it'll allow punks to hang out out of the rain on Saturdays.

Later, after not being arrested by the police who surprisingly failed to show, The Skids went off to play a secret gig at the Bungalow Bar in Paisley with the highly impressive Visitors. All this in one day! Even better than the time Micky Dolenz came to Glasgow to buy bagpipes.

GLENN GIBSON

HOT GOSPEL

Sisters Snookie and Tish Bellomo (Blondie's ex-backup babes) debate the First Church of Rock and Roll's rules on spanking.

BOB DYLAN'S so piqued about the savaging of 'Saved' that he's reportedly buying back all unsold copies. Attendance at US gospel workshops is up 10% (highlights are mass consecrations and communions) and trades papers are beginning to refer to this and that fellow as "the contemporary Christian recording artist".

So meet the Reverend Joel Agnew, whose white dog collar is tastily set off by a black satin bomber jacket embroidered in gold with 'THE CHURCH Of ROCK AND ROLL' (that's the back; on the front over his heart is says 'THE REV').

Thirty-two year old Agnew *is* genuinely an ordained minister — in the Universal Life Church. He's also the owner and director of a bill collecting agency in Oakland, California. (The First Church of Rock and Roll itself operates from Niles, a peaceful little town, and houses its congregation over the Munoz Liquor and Grocery Store 'downtown').

Like Jim Jones, Agnew started small and ethnic — in '78 he started an organisation called Buena Familia. BF quickly established their own nightclub — oops, sorry, *fellowship hall.*

The First Church of Rest and Recreation — *sorry,* Rock and Roll — boasts a current flock of over 200. Many stagger in on stilettoes and huddle fraternally under leather jackets; others suit up in the more customary Californian denims and Hawaiian prints. Everyone's cosmetics are scrupulously on-the-town — especially many of the lads'.

Agnew tells the California press that he eschews "dogma and stuff" and founded his sect purely because "God intended people to have a really goooooood time". His tithe, collected on the door at each gig, never exceeds $2 per worshipper. And the fever's spreading: there are First Churches scheduled for Florida, Hawaii, and — you guessed it — Dallas. *New West* magazine also reported some suspicion that the church was inching into the recording biz; with an effort entitled 'Doing the Unholy Roll' by local rocker Cornell Hurd. The church's label will be called Behemoth Records.

Caught on the bop by reporter Michael Branton, the Rev Agnew admitted that some folks might see his congregation "as degenerates — you know, sex and drugs and rock and roll. But for thousands of years now the devil has been getting credit for Saturday night and for all the wonderful things that we do to enjoy ourselves. Rock and roll has always been a religion — an alternative to the bullshit."

Amen, brother!

CYNTHIA ROSE

Thrills

TORIES HALVE STATISTICS (and half of human race)

HI. LAST Sunday everyone's favourite Sunday paper, the *Express,* ran an article by the Tory MP for Aberdeen Sth. In it, Mr Ian Sproat revealed that there are *not* in fact 2.1 million unemployed. Oh no. And why? Well savour this stunningly perceptive quote: "out . . . of 2.1 million unemployed no less than 659,000 — or just over one third — are women. Now, of course, some of these will be single women genuinely unable to find a job, but the vast majority are housewives who are not the main family breadwinners."

Mr Sproat suggests 750,000 is a more accurate figure for unemployment. So all you women you don't seem to matter that much and now you have it straight from HQ. *Thrills* wouldn't mind seeing one woman in particular out of a job — on the statistic book or off it. And one not so harmless male bigot who . . . well, we'll leave his fate up to you.

IVOR SOLUTION

ROLL YOUR OWN, cont . . . Bronze enters anti-taping arena

ACCORDING to reports in the music industry trade journals and an article in last week's *Sunday Times* (31 August 1980) a small London based record company, Bronze, is some way towards perfecting a spoiler system that will prevent the dreaded home taping.

Design Electronics, affiliated to Bronze, make no claims yet for their system (a high frequency signal) because past efforts to thwart what Director Gerry Bron calls a practise "that is not only illegal but destroying a business that record buyers love" have not met with much success. The RIAA body in America reckons that the industry is incapable of preventing home taping in such a way whilst the BPI's commissioning of the Wolfson Institute for Noise and Vibration Control — at Southampton University — did come up with a signal but jettisonned the idea due its detrimental effect on recorded sound.

There have been other more basic obstacles; radio transmission is effected by high frequency signals and many broadcasters are loathe to adopt any practise which interferes with their usage of pre-recorded tape. Gerry Bron believes that the industry might have to stop making cassettes altogether as a final solution.

Bron hasn't patented any system as yet and doesn't think that Design Electronics expertise will help recoup all the lost sales. He admits that the tape companies are inevitably working on decoding systems of their own to jeopardise any spoiler signal but insists that the home taping problem is pushing industry into a corner where the loss of assets and the steady drop of profits will necessitate further increases in the price of vinyl.

MAX BELL

The Lone Groover — ***Benyon***

HA! TH' PLECTRUM IS MIGHTIER THAN TH' WRITTEN WORD — EH BRIAN?
— THIS 1984 STUFF IS ULTRA DEPRESSO — BUT IT WON'T HAVE MUCHO IMPACT —
— I MEAN Y'VE READ IT BRIAN! .... BRIAN?
NEW SWINGING POSE FOR 1980'S.

Pic: Chris Love.

Livvy prepares for cold reception back home.

Disorder Down Under

More Aussie Antics

FOR HOW much longer, demands *Thrills,* must Margaret Thatcher's and Jimmy Carter's most creative young men and women be treated by the Australian media in a manner more appropriate to a sheep-shearing contest.

Last week the traditional contempt shown to musical artists by the Oz hacks yet again reared its sinister head — when these drink-drenched journalists attempted to gag the free speech of the delicious Olivia Newton-John.

Here, though, there was a strange, jackbooted twist: the luscious Livvy is herself a native of Australia. Was this an airing of that notorious Oz inferiority complex at the sight of a former country-woman who has made a mark on that world outside of the Antipodes?

The incident was as follows: Melbourne *Sun* photographer Marc Fallander was attempting to philander photographs of the magnificence that is Livvy when he found himself assaulted by her manager, and former live-inlover, Lee Kramer. Alleged the wimpish Fallander: "He just said, 'I'm Lee Kramer, Olivia's manager. If you try and take any pictures tonight I'll shove your camera down your throat."

Accordingly, in pathetic imitation of the manner in which it reacted some years ago when Frank Sinatra (tired and emotional from a long flight) "insulted" one of their colleagues, the Australian Journalists Association banned coverage of the siren. This ban, in a typical unmanly action, was later retracted.

What *Thrills* says is: We've cut down on Australia's mutton — it's about time we show we've had enough their comments, too. It's time to take tough action!

Livvy is now granted membership to an exclusive coterie of entertainers who have come close to seeing their Australian careers crumble thanks to the castigations of these typewriter tyrants and their henchmen.

In the '60s Judy Garland was pilloried by the press for an appearance "claimed" to be as emotional as Sinatra's. Later in that decade, The Who, The Small Faces and then Manfred Mann were asked to leave the country, once again on account of their apparently tired states during a plane flight (conspiracy buffs may be intrigued to note that the airline in question was owned by none other than Rupert "Digger" Murdoch).

Meanwhile, at the beginning of the '70s, crusty bluff Joe Cocker was claimed to be in possession of "gage" while in Adelaide and declared persona non grata in Oz. And only last year both The Stranglers and Elvis Costello were given "a hard time."

Predictably, the aptly named Police received a heroes' welcome all the way down the Anzac Highway.

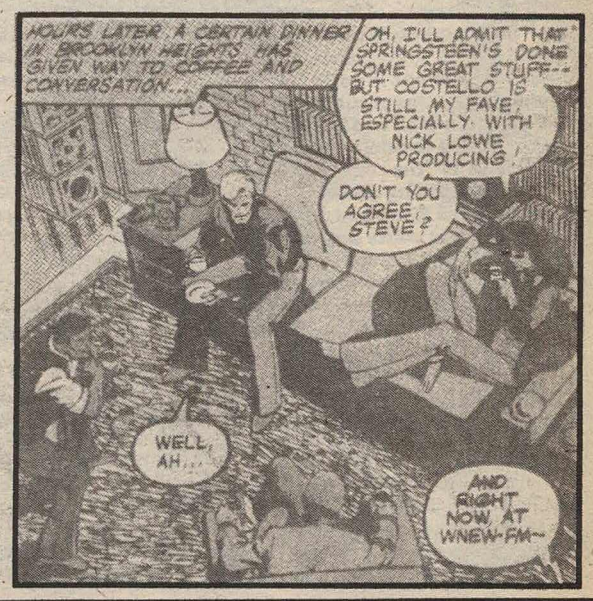
Livvy is only the latest to be treated in this now traditionally contemptuous manner.

What *Thrills* suggests is: Australia gets just about everything it wants from Taiwan. Now let's just see them try and get good entertainment!

Boycott Australia!!!

KERRY PACKER

And in Captain America (August 1980 ish) listening choices are firm . . . at least among the female sector.


HOURS LATER A CERTAIN DINNER IN BROOKLYN HEIGHTS HAS GIVEN WAY TO COFFEE AND CONVERSATION...
OH, I'LL ADMIT THAT SPRINGSTEEN'S DONE SOME GREAT STUFF-- BUT COSTELLO IS STILL MY FAVE, ESPECIALLY WITH NICK LOWE PRODUCING!
DON'T YOU AGREE, STEVE?
WELL, AH...
AND RIGHT NOW, AT WNEW-FM--

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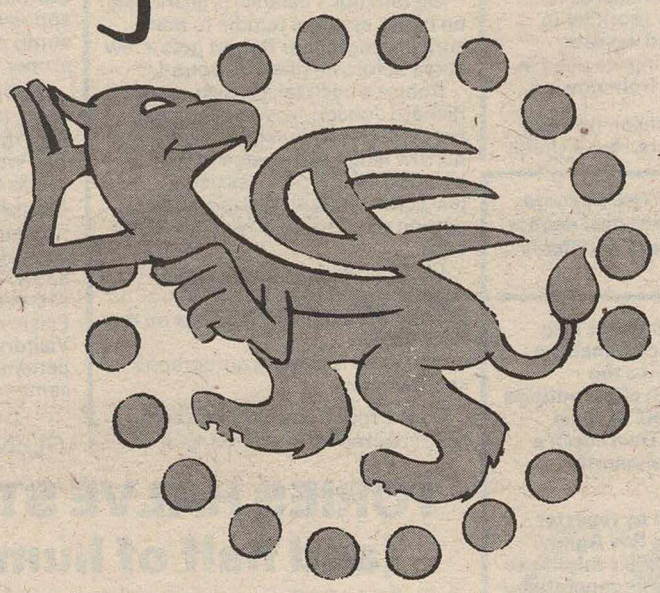

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MANCHESTER
Apollo 7th-8th

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Deeside Leisure
Centre 24th

BIRMINGHAM
Odeon 4th-5th
Matinee 6pm 5th

COVENTRY
Theatre 22nd

TELETOUR '80

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BOHEMIAN RAPS

A reader recently wrote to *NME* asking 'Who hasn't heard of The Plastic People?' Answer: A lot of Czechs who aren't allowed to.

"GENUINE artists have always been those who have drawn attention to the fact that things are not in order. This is why one of the highest aims in art has always been the creation of unrest."
Ivan Jirous.

ON 1st July 1980 Karel Soukup was arrested in Prague and charged with "singing various songs of anti-socialist content, ridiculing the police, especially the State Security, and using vulgar expressions in his songs" at the wedding party of a friend. Far from an isolated incident, Soukup's arrest was the latest in a solid onslaught of such incidents stretching back ten years, which have centred round a group of musicians who have refused to conform. The Plastic People Of The Universe, despite harassments, arrests and imprisonments, have succeeded in maintaining a true underground culture in Czechoslovakia. Their message is clear: it is better not to play at all than to play as the establishment demands.

The first Czech band was The Primitives in 1967, who drew on The Fugs, Zappa, Beefheart and The Doors as inspiration. The Plastic People themselves came together only a few weeks before the Russian invasion in 1968 and have been a thorn in the side of the establishment ever since.

For a while they were tolerated but in 1971 a crackdown began and a new licensing system for bands was introduced. The following were not allowed: English lyrics, English names for groups, long hair, eccentric dress, high volume, pessimism, funk.

Rather than compromise, the Plastic People went underground, even to the point of building their own sound equipment. Around their creative centre, singers, poets and artists got together to produce a stream of samizdats, clandestine exhibitions, secret concerts. One statement reads: "The aim of the underground here in Bohemia is the creation of a second culture. A culture that will be totally independent of official channels of communication, social recognition and the hierarchy of values dictated by the establishment." In 1973 two new groups were spawned — Midsummer Night's Dream and DG307 (named after Diagnosis 307, a term used by the official regime for 'psychiatric disturbance') — but that same year saw the first arrests. Ivan Jirous, artistic director of The Plastic People, was jailed for 10 months — for "insulting a member of the secret police in a pub".

The first big bust came in February 1976 at Jirous' wedding. Police raided the party, searched homes, seized tapes and arrested 19 people, who were charged with breach of the peace. Twelve were released after six months investigative custody while seven others were tried, convicted and sentenced to prison terms ranging from eight to eighteen months, in the case of Jirous. He was arrested again in October 1977 and sentenced to eight months in April 1978. This was increased to 18 months upon appeal.

Further official restrictions on music were revealed in Document 13 from the famous group of Czech dissidents known as Charter 77. This states: "A number of magazines dealing with popular music have been banned outright. Certain popular music critics . . . are not allowed to publish articles or lectures on pop music. All newspapers are provided with lists of performing artists that they may or may not write about, and they are even told, in some cases, how they must write about them."

The first Plastic People album, recorded in a Czech castle, produced in France, pressed in Ireland and printed in England, is now available through Rough Trade. Called 'Egon Bondy's Happy Hearts Club Band' (after the radical Czech poet whose work is featured on the album), it's disturbing music. The LP also contains a fat booklet entitled *The Merry Ghetto* which comprises poems and samizdats from the underground.

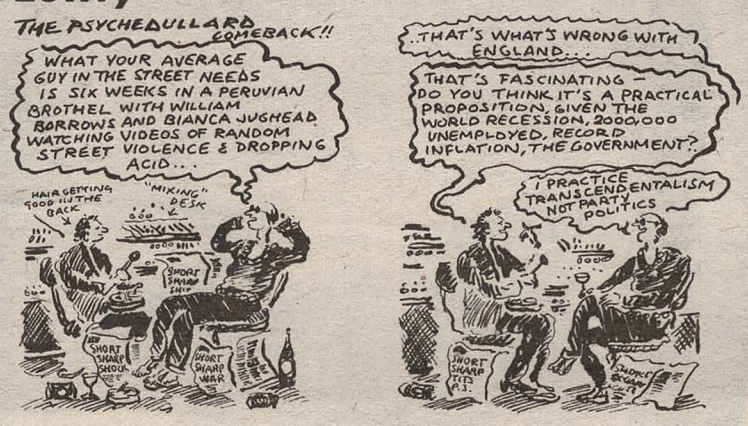
The sleeve notes read: "This record is not a cry of protest. It is a deliberate statement of what is possible, even in what seems an impossible situation." We need messages like this in these frightening times. Hopefully the People's second album, 'Passion Play', will also find a way to the West.

DICK TRACY

DG 307 in illicit concert at Prostupice.

Pic: Amnesty International.

Lowry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I PRACTICE TRANSCENDENTALISM NOT PARTY POLITICS
SHORT SHARP TIT
SUDOKU

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HERE, AS IN SO MANY OTHER AREAS, EASTERN PHILOSOPHY IS THE KEY TO ENLIGHT-ENMENT...
LIKE... IF NUCLEAR WAR'S INEVITABLE, LIE BACK AND ENJOY IT, MAN!!! PICK UP ON THOSE AMAZING COLOURS!!
WHAT VIBES!!
THAT SUNSET!!
TRIPPEE!!
WOW!!!
IF I CAN GET A VIDEO OF THIS!! MORE ACID!
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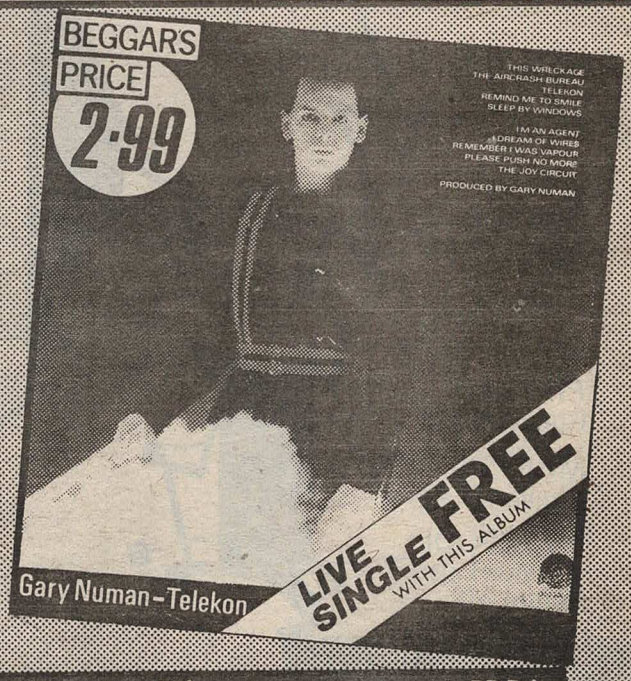

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Skids	The Absolute Game	–
Specials	More Specials	–
Joe King Carrasco	Tuts The King	–

Artist	Title	BB Price
Madness	Absolutely	–
The Professionals	The Professionals	–
Martha and Muffins	Trance and Dance	–
Police	Zenyatta Mondatta	–
White Spirit	White Spirit	–
Quartz	Stand Up and Flight	–
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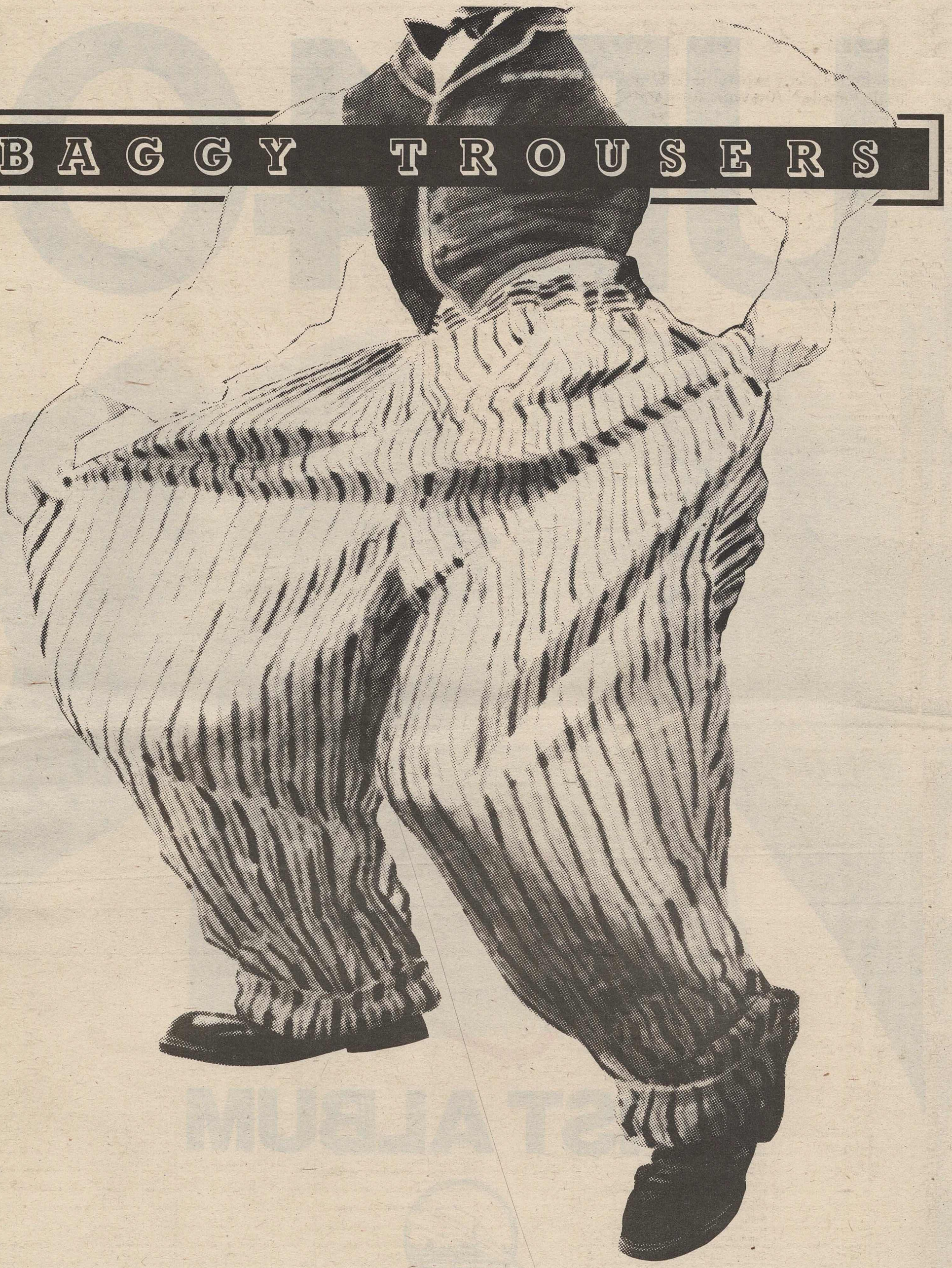

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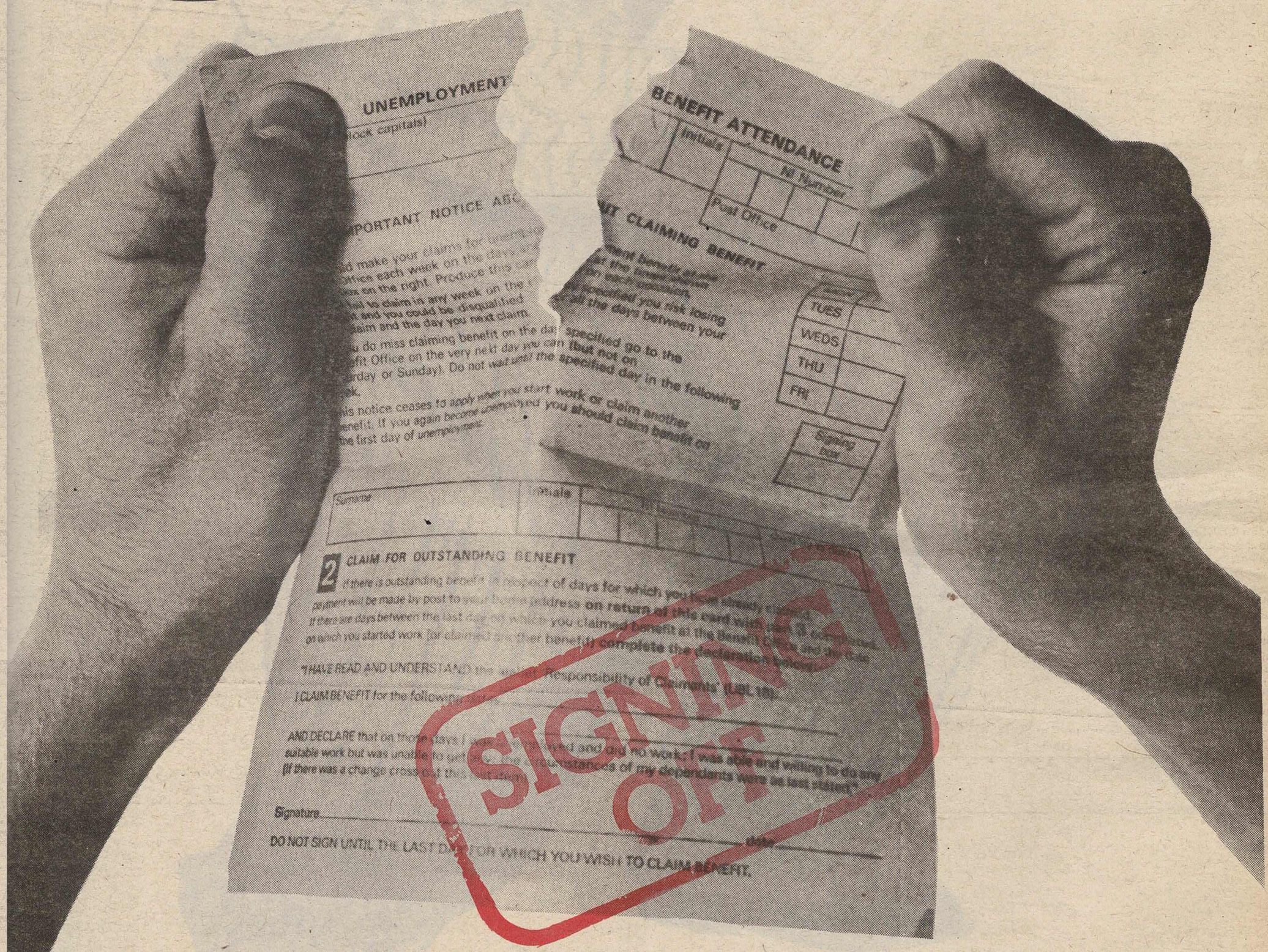

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DANGEROUS VISIONS

SEVEN EPISODES are not a WEEK

Dallas and the thriving art of the Soap Opera

ALISON Cotterill's looking-glass gaze is the most melancholy thing on television. She sits brooding between Uncle Reg's grim sermons and Benny's stunted Samaritan one-liners, guileless in pastoral inertia. Tired, dejected amid farmhouse time-tables, she, like Durer's *Melencolia*, props up her head and stares into Lack, because in time-honoured *Crossroads* fashion progress from stasis begets and gives birth to stasis in progress.

The naif seduced: she's going to have a baby, and the ne'r-do-well jet-set father is stranded in Algeria, being held on suspicion of currency smuggling. Chris Hunter (for it is he) has just sent her the necessary money for an abortion.

In a moment she will rise to her feet, unfold some tangled housework, make the tea, circle some important crop dates and — only when on her own — play an idyllic monogamous Utopia, in which cheerfulness will be compulsory and gossip strictly forbidden.

Soap Opera is nothing more than a continuum of domestic muggings, and nothing less than a popular, low brow metonymy of the psychoanalyst's couch. Melodrama, psychodrama, call it what you will — watching, the illusion is that of a parallel universe, a real continuous living social world of which the viewer is a regular visitor. Nothing ought to interrupt (Noele Gordon/Meg Richardson was outraged to the point of calling the Olympics a "tupenny ha'penny sporting event" when *Crossroads* was suspended for their two week duration).

Seeing how my favourite, the ontological and thoroughly gripping *For Maddie With Love* seems to have withered away and died somewhere in the pricklier recesses of television's annual summer drought, I've been forced to study the alternatives.

Maddie, however, was streets ahead of all rivalry. Tucked into two (variable) afternoons ITV schedule a week, it had Nyree Dawn Porter quivering expertly in the title role — a middle-aged, middle-class, married woman who finds out she's dying of cancer. Her effervescence in the grip of entropy put paid to Reich's notion of the disease as a spiritual tumour; a *"stagnation of the flow of life energy of the organism"* she ain't.

Maddie was standing room only — like a serious, sensuous version of the last few episodes of *Soap* when Jessica had to face the cruel nothingness of mortality and Bert's sobbing. Immaculately scripted, circulating around its none-too-obvious conclusive subject — euthanasia — *Maddie* was irresistible, quality television. Thames, who know a good trend when it suits them, are threatening to re-run *Maddie* in a prime time slot — although rumour has it that Ian Hendry (Maddie's husband) quit under the metaphysical strain and, suitably enough, killed the series.

If *Maddie is* re-run I'll lay very good odds on it outdoing the new series of *Dallas* for mass-hysterical popularity. You couldn't back two more different serials.

Dallas is as rivetting, sure, but in an opulent, voyeur's outside-looking-in-and-the-inside-is-outsize way. It was particularly — oddly — adept of the Beeb to repeat *Dallas* in coincidence with the nascent American Election (sort of 'catch the context' writ in day-glo) and the Billygoat affair. Everyone's coming up creepy whisky-sodden kid brothers! Could the great Programme Controller in the sky get the shooting-of-J.R. episode to fall neatly on the same day as a major assassination? (Would J.C. shoot his brother? Would his brother shoot Ronald Reagan? Would Gerald Ford shoot himself?).

If they'd got the two events to within an hour of each other it would have beaten even the time when Alex Higgins was just about to sink another red and Princes Gate blew: in a prize bit of unintentional (?) black humour, pre-empting the full S.A.S. story, BBC2's snooker coverage cut to BBC1's outside broadcast unit — but *only* via a clip of The Western on the latter channel. The Cavalry, of course.

Dallas is the apotheosis of Big Time dime-store melodrama. The South Fork ranch of the oil-rich Ewing family is The Church of the Holy Trinity of money, alcohol and sex — power is implicit and corruption permeates. It's a surprisingly frank (if grossly sublimated) piece of self-diagnosis by the Deteriorating American Dream. Take one part Chappaquidick, the labyrinthine deceits of Watergate and stir in just a nightcap of Billy Carter: what's the word? *Scandal!* and, two out of three, a *family* scandal.

It's a venerable tradition. Think of J.R. Ewing and then substitute *those initials* for the name of the character dealt with in the following quote from Douglas Sirk, old time Hollywood director and Godfather of the acid melodrama . . . "Malone, alone, sitting there, hugging that goddamned oil well, having nothing. The oil well which is, I think, a rather frightening symbol of American society". Sirk is speaking about *Written On The Wind*, which he describes as "a piece of social criticism of social criticism of the rich and the spoiled and of the American family". No one could sum up *Dallas* any better

The Sirk method provides a lot of clues to the workings of Dallas: *you don't believe the happy end, and you're not supposed to.* A problem solved is a problem elongated — no way out, no exit, so you have the irony of the — temporarily — happy end.

Sue Ellen is the other true star of the series: she's got the psychoanalyst, the drink problem and a lot of the best lines.

And in one episode she has a pseudo-feminist *(pace Spare Rib)* go at Pam — who's married to J.R.'s younger brother, the impossibly nice Bobby — trying to convince her that however relatively strong or independent a Ewing woman may consider herself to be she is always already caught up in a circuit of exchange values fixed by the patriarchal ol' boys — she only ever functions as a prize marker in a privileged power game. Regular viewers of *Dallas* may care to give this quite intellectually voguish analysis of Sue Ellen's careful consideration, especially as she has started to play the same subtle game of duplicity with hubby: deceitful detente.

(My theory on the Big One is that J.R. arranged to have himself shot in order to frame somebody — probably Sue Ellen — although my secretary advises me otherwise, putting the finger on the impatient Dusty.)

Dallas is the best study of power and sexuality on TV, and I won't hear a word against it.

IAN PENMAN

Pic: Paul Cox/LFI

So you thought I wasn't Peter Pan's son?

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THE TAPE OF THE STARS

Return of the Maltese Falcon

A new Australian attempt to unravel the mysteries of who does it, why they do it, and does it work when they do?

Wilbur Wilde and Joe Camilleri caught in Sydney Green Street. *Pic: David Corio.*

Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons

THE other week top Oz band Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons broke the house record at Hammersmith's Clarendon Hotel when they played their first ever British gig.

It was chaos in there. To an audience containing about thirty per cent expatriate fellow countrymen the six-piece band gave an hour and a half of its spontaneous, cool jerking music that takes its sources from New York doo-wop down through the Country And Western US south all the way to The Sound Of Jamaica. The crowd went crackers.

Mind you, Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons have experienced ga-ga audiences a-plenty for the past four years in Australia. No, what really impressed the band is that the audience managed to drink the Clarendon completely dry of beer!

THE next lunchtime Joe Camilleri (singer Jo Jo Zep) and myself, along with sax and keyboards player Wilbur Wilde, the band's manager and two WEA chaps, are eating in an expense account Euro-restaurant near Oxford Circus.

With his Maltese parentage, clear thinking and open heart Joe Camilleri perfectly exemplifies The New Australian — the result of the vast post-World War II influx of immigrants from Southern Europe that opened up a nation largely populated by Whinging Poms and their descendants.

It's Joe's first ever trip outside of Australia and a bit of an eye opener for him. He can't believe how they live in this silly, self-righteous country on the other side of the world.

"England's really fucked," he conspiratorially leans over and tells me, though I think we know all that. "The only decently dressed people in England seem to be foreigners. I can't believe how threadbare and impoverished and downhearted all the English look."

Joe's only just realised that in uptight ol' England you're not meant to have a reasonable deal — unless you're some obscure Scottish laird worth the odd fifty million.

"Around you here you have all this history. Every building looks as though it's about 400 years old. Yet it's all decaying, all falling to bits.

"Most Australians have this real inferiority complex about Europe, just because every time they look around them at home nothing seems more than about twenty years old. But at least you can get a decent share in Australia. You've got a lot more freedom than you have here. If you want to do something people'll just let you get on with it and be yourself."

Unless you're an aborigine. . .

The constant furrow between Joe Camilleri's eyes deepens even further and he shakes his head despairingly. Perhaps because he's a musician whose roots are in black sounds of all types Joe's fully aware of the evils perpetrated all over the world by white colonialists. He knows only too well that the British in Australia carried out a systematic programme of genocide against the aborigines that would've made Mr Hitler proud. In Tasmania, for example, burying the island's natives alive was a favourite method of solving difficult squabbles over land rights.

But, anyway, enough of this pop history. Let's talk about music, it's so much more comforting.

JO JO ZEP And The Falcons hail from Melbourne and got going sometime around 1976. On Australia's flourishing independent Mushroom Records they've put out LPs. They are the country's leading and most credible live act, with a reputation for shattering performances that had them blowing Graham Parker offstage — by Parker's own admission — when they supported him on his two Australian tours. Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons work live a lot: reasonable rates for PA rental mean they never have to work at a loss and they hope they'll recoup their costs through increased record sales.

As well as Camilleri and Wilde, the band consists of guitarists Jeff Burstin and Tony Faehse, bassist John Power and drummer Gary Young.

In England The Falcons' records have in the past been put out by Rockburgh. Their latest album, 'Screaming Targets', though out for a year already in Australia, was released recently here by Warners.

Over here, of course, Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons are likely to have a hard time of it, if for no other reason than that they don't Look Right. Joe understands how important this is in the so often glib, superficial world of English rock'n'roll. In fact, he points out with no attempt at guile, his un-style really is style, a claim which anyone would back up who's seen the spontaneity of his well dread stage movements.

Anyway, in case you're worried about that sort of thing it's okay really, because Joe likes all the right people. Augustus Pablo's 'King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown' is his favourite reggae album, whilst the early Maytals are his favourite reggae group. During the course of the Devilled Crab favourable mentions are given to Ray Charles, Sam Cooke, The Clash, The Elvis Sun album, plus many, many more.

Just from watching the incessant rock videos that pepper Oz TV Joe has spotted how his favourite music has become bastardised. "It's so obvious," he laughs, disappointed, "how many groups are just using reggae as a prop, as a bit of icing. It's become as much a mannerism and as meaningless as all this." He mimes assorted guitar-playing examples of what I believe are known by hip people these days as *shapes*.

For whatever reasons, Joe has a hard time of it reading and writing. "I have a lot of trouble expressing myself," he tells me, though I can't say it shows. "So I go very much on intuition and on feeling. Even just in things like what song to sing next in the set — we've never had one of those pre-planned sets where you play the same stuff in the same order night after night.

Anyway, as far as the songs go it's all in the music, not in the lyrics. After all, I was playing the sax long before I was singing. It doesn't really matter what my words are. It's just the sense of it that matters — you know how people always go around singing entirely the wrong words to rock'n'roll songs. Willy picked me up on it this morning when we were walking down Queensgate. I was singing Sam Cooke's 'You Send Me', just like I've always sing it. And yet obviously I've always had it *completely* wrong."

The Eng. Lit. school of rock critics who examine every posible nuance in a lyric have rather lost their perspective, I suggest.

"Of course, it's the very fact that a musician is a musician that's the reason why he shouldn't necessarily be expected to be good with words. That's why he's a musician and not a writer."

AFTER the coffees Wilbur, being a large, flesh-obsessed fellow, disappears to "check out the Soho porn scene". As the yin to this Babylonian yang I take Joe round the corner to show him Daddy Kool's. He picks up half a dozen rare classics, including the earliest Maytals album it is possible to get anywhere (ever — recorded before the dawn of time itself), and I show him down to Piccadilly tube station as he's spent his cab-fare on records.

As we're crossing Shaftesbury Avenue Joe raises his voice against the noise of the traffic: "You know, I don't really care if we don't do anything over here or in America. At least we've been here and seen it. Though a bit of success does feed the subsequent stuff you do. But I don't really want it for anything else — just to gain a few new inputs, that's all."

Written by Chris Salewicz

classix noüveaüx ... 'the robots dance'
c/w '623'
ES1
first irresistable single on esp records
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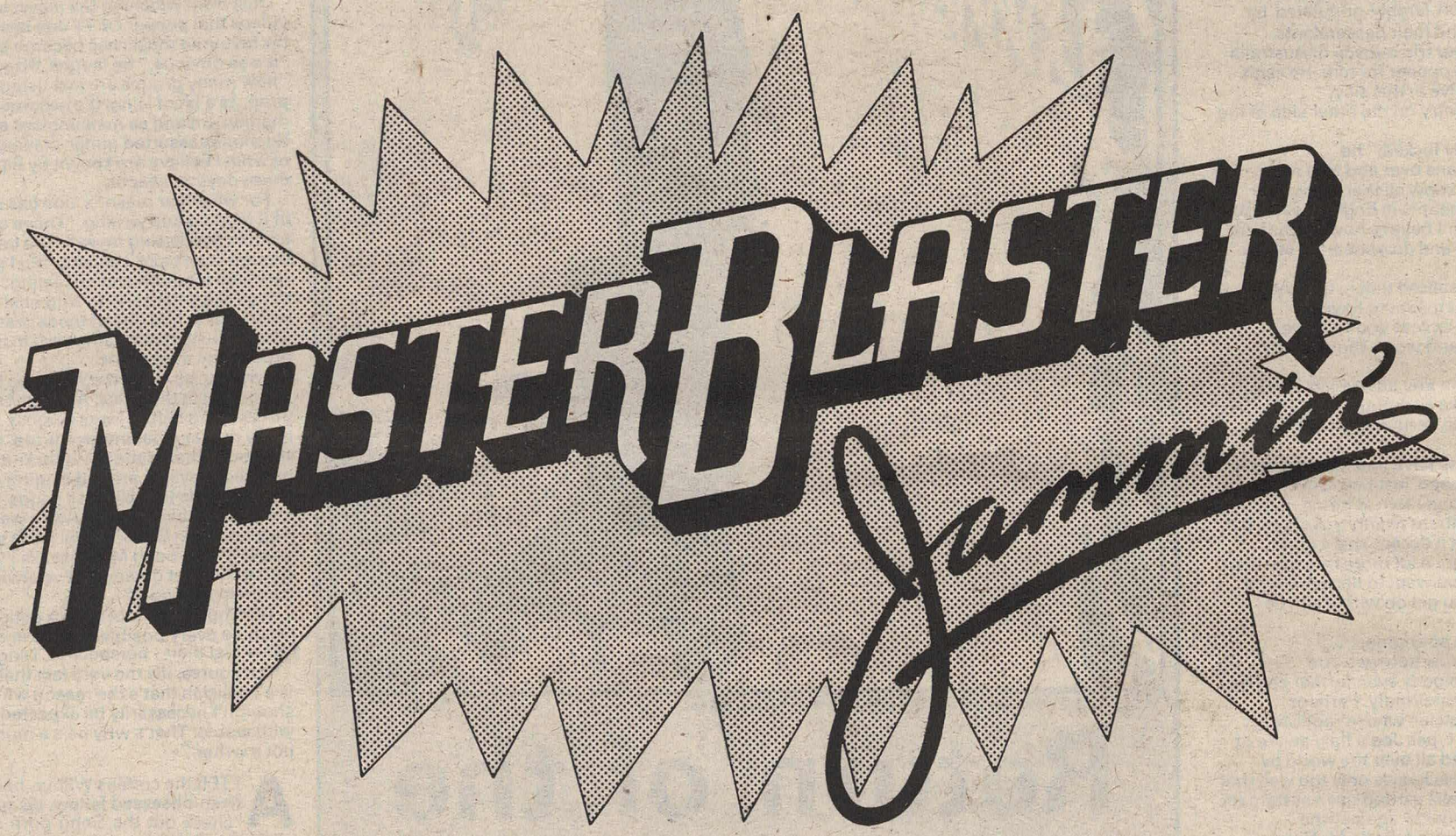
STEVIE WONDER

NEW SINGLE



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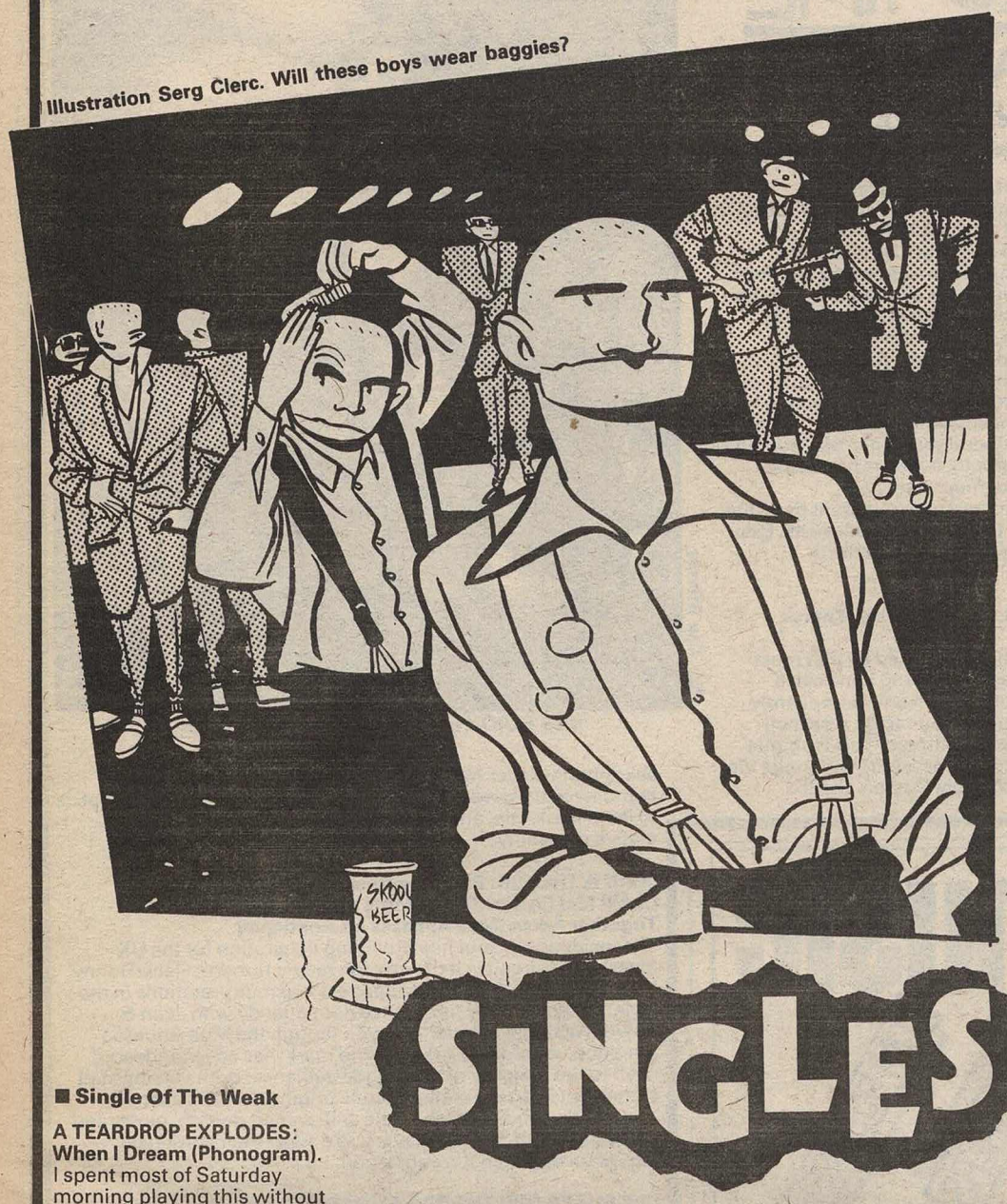
TAKEN FROM HIS FORTHCOMING ALBUM 'HOTTER THAN JULY'

SEPTEMBER 1ST 2ND 3RD 5TH 6TH 7TH

MOTOWN 20TH

Danny Baker at the Singles bar

Illustration Serg Clerc. Will these boys wear baggies?



Don't Cry For Me Psychedelia

■ Single Of The Weak

A TEARDROP EXPLODES: When I Dream (Phonogram). I spent most of Saturday morning playing this without really listening to it. I just thought, "That's nice enough", but then it hit home. Nice? NICE?? We've come to *nice?* It'll be a hit, no risk, but it's undeniably wet, like Buzzcocks would have sounded like had they peaked in any other era except punk. People tell me this is psychedelia. Perhaps I've remained purposely ignorant of anything in paisley outside of pyjama bottoms, which may be the fault. I hate all this grandpappy waffle about "Kids discovering sitars and synthesizers and sounds like ATE for themselves" without knowing what's gone before, as if it's all wondrous and fresh and exciting. They *should* be made aware of what's gone before so as not to end up vapid and Floyd-like sitting in some squat with a hookah in one hand, a 'deep' book of wisdom in the other and a joss-stick . . . well, you know where we can put a joss-stick don'tcha. All this new calm and understanding is for saps. Let's bunk mental flab new age hippies now — Teardrop, Echo, Furs and all these other piddly little independents just itching to get in front of a 64 track mixing desk. Harmonics, pixie-dixie keyboards fluttering about and lyrics that talk of *"hurting someone's feelings"*. Music is under attack from all flanks as far as I can make out — if it's not morons in denim, it's this, the sound of continental quilts. Just keep your fists clenched and beware the creeping sleeping sickness.

■ Single (at 33) Of The Week

MADNESS: Baggy Trousers (Stiff). The reckless drivers still hammering on your ceiling. Madness are the only group I really enjoy out of the 2-Tone implosion — despite The Specials' good intentions and the razor edge of The Beat — and they're great in the charts or on the wireless. A bumptious, if predictable, record is 'Baggy Trousers' — a subject close to Ian Penman's arse — and I enjoy it so much that I'll even overlook the maudlin schoolday reminiscence of the lyric. (I was doing the same thing the other day when I went 'pudden and beef' with a mate before a team game of run outs. Lovely, alive and — yeah — nutty sound which, if the last minute is played at 33, captures a perfect bluebeat sound. Not especially psychedelic.

THE GIBSON BROTHERS: Metropolis (Island). I got tired of the grinning Brothers after that last tedious, but annoyingly whistleable shambles. This is the big track from their new LP and is a 1984 theme which may well flop, being as it isn't exactly the charged disco of old. All about the struggle of work and computers, y'see, and as earnest as they can get. Incidentally, boys, how much didst thou earnest last year?

ROBERT PALMER: Johnny & Mary (Island). A short re-review. Even Paul Rambali, who coolly received this a fortnight ago, has a gleam in his piercing blue eye that suggests he mayn't have given this the shake it deserved at that time. So I'll just say this is the best buy at 45 right now, "This is the best buy at 45 right now." And you can quote me, gang.

STEVIE WONDER: Masterbaster (Motown). Ooops. Even now, if you listen hard, you can hear the combined legal weight of Elvis Costello and Bob Marley grinding into action. This is just a shade close to 'Watching The Detectives', never mind pinching 'Jammin" for a subtitle. Wonder finds what he believes to be reggae, although it's really just the noise of a good songwriter who's a bit bewildered by the state of 'new' music and has lost a lot of faith in his own pop writing. I can imagine them in those LA suites now, saying "Hey, y'know, Stevie's so on the ball he's taken his music off on an African tangent, doing that reggae groove thing, y'know." Such a visionary. Ooops.

TOT TAYLOR AND HIS ORCHESTRA: Offbeat (GTO). I have never heard a more cheerful record. Ugh. Sounds as though it ought to be over the movie version of some crass TV sitcom. The type of campaign that always has huge heads of stars attached to tiny cartoon bodies involved in some shenanigan or other. Watch out because it's packaged in a very modern sleeve and might very nearly be palmed off as an oddball joke. But it ain't — it's a cheap stunt.

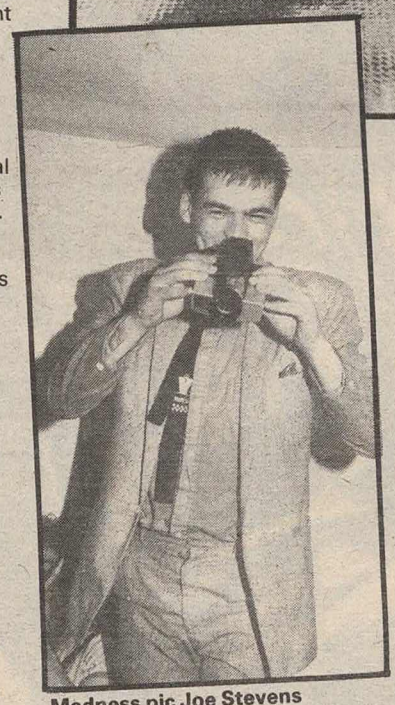
THE CHEFS EP (Attrix). A hopeless EP of what their local (Brighton) paper described as "souped up nursery rhymes". And quite rightly. It's all awfully golly-gosh amd would-be witty, sung in voices right out of college. The only female member of the fourpiece sings a crappy little piece of what I assume is bare-faced cheeky liberation called 'Thrush' and tells of how a night at the disco led her to *"have a sore twat"* and be *"just a bunk up for you to get your spunk up"* — all in a Maddy Prior type pitch. They say they're into triviality. It's a cover up for being pea-brained!

THE REVILLOS: Hungry For Love (DinDisc). Still hopelessly in love with what? Trash ethic is it? Cheesy outfits and attempting to make records that sound 15 years old, coupled with mythical great undiscovered 'B' sides fools comb junk shops for. If The Revillos were a film they'd be on Sunday afternoon on Harlech when everyone's asleep. But then they probably think that'd be a wizard piece of trash. What fascinating minds.

ANDY BLADE: Break The News (SMS). Andy used to be the sneering vocalist in a worthwhile punk rock band (Eater). Now, marooned with an attitude that's been conveyor-belted into passe, he succumbs to the mood of the day and settles for dreary old pub rock boogie complete with guitar and sax breaks. Long breaks, endless record.

DR FEELGOOD: No Mo Do Yakamo (UA).
9 BELOW ZERO: Homework (A&M).
THE INMATES: So Much In Love (Radar). If rock we must and must we rock, them Dr Feelgood's 'Do Ya Maka Yak' is the best record ever made — seamy, steamy and a steamroller. If you're like me and only have a couple of their records — both singles — then buy this one. 'Mo Tak A Limbo' does, to be truthful, bring out the Status Quo devil in my chest and set it throbbing. With all the fuss and embroidery of the legendary eight bars of piano in 'Down At The Doctor's' it bodes well for what I was told is their best LP, as yet unreleased. Plus, 'Lo A Mojo Yakado' was written by Dennis Linde, so that grizzled imp Max Bell loves it. In comparison 9 Below Zero sound positively punk and play a blues that sounds serious and revivalist as opposed to Doc's couldn't give a monkey's approach. A limited souvenir of a night at the Marquee, although they did survive Reading without copping out (unlike Fischer Z who apologised for not being HM). The Inmates were great on 'Dirty Water' but their version of The Marauder's 'So Much In Love' is boring. OK, OK so I never heard of The Marauders until two minutes ago — who has f'Chrissakes?

A Teardrop Explodes play a gig down by the jetty, and kick themselves for buying pre-war microphones without seeing them first. Pic: Pennie Smith



Madness pic Joe Stevens

GENESIS: Misunderstanding (Charisma). I was in a record shop the other day and the people behind the jump were playing an old Genesis LP and during an instrumental section they all stood there, eyes shut, drinking it in. I've heard people consider this stuff as the modern classical music and I guess it satisfies some jerks to believe they're on a higher plane of appreciation to the rest of us, soaking up the heady wine of a well-played mellotron as it flits over a melody that would grace Mike Oldfield himself, shoulder to shoulder with Bartok, Bach and Wagner. Ah, history and the all important sense of tradition. All this development and exploration of themes is done infinitely better in genuine classical music so why do these dopes piss-ball about with illiterates like Genesis? Maybe the back catalogue is too daunting — one might make a prawn of oneself — plus . . . well, one doesn't like to appear 'square', does one?

THE FALL: Totally Wired (Rough Trade). Mark E Smith — the E stands for Lewis — still sounds as sardonic and disgusted as he did the day I discovered them outside The Huddersfield Tandoori and Fish Griddle and gave them to the world. 'Totally Wired' is ugly, and terribly produced — yes, it *does* matter! Some good bass work is overshadowed by the overall flatness of a song which has no shape outside the chorus. Mark still has a belief that people buy a record and then go to great pains to unravel its message, or merely listen to it repeatedly and intently. I don't believe anyone does. Rock music has bluffed far too often to lend any more creedence to 7" records — independent or otherwise — so whether any individual is genuinely concerned on vinyl is beside the point. People might check somebody's point of view but I can't see there's an audience for The Fall's constant verbal battering. There's too much on folk's minds these days to want to carry a slice of someone else's. This is the age of The Fact, not The Opinion.

GANG OF FOUR. Damaged Goods EP (Fast).
HUMAN LEAGUE: Being Boiled (Fast). A swift note to say that these two are released again and it underlines that these jokers who talk about 'funk' music in the same breath as The Gap Band should be made to listen to 'Damaged Goods' until their rotten roller skates can no longer be MOT'd. To the Human League, much lesser recommendation. I see their gags but could live without them then as now.

MARTHA & THE MUFFINS: Suburban Dreams (DinDisc). If they hadn't screwed up with such a bland chorus they

Continues over

Mo' Singles

From previous page

might've had a chance of following up 'Ecky Thump', or whatever the one after that was. It's a complete production swindle, the song being very slight but bolstered by mixing desk fire and a hammer and tongs sax arrangement. But here is where the message from the disastrous flopperoo 'C30,C60,C90 Go!' applies — obtain it without shelling out.

AC/DC: You Shook Me All Night Long (Atlantic). Another Bad Company effort, from a group whose sales in tacky cotton patches helped solve the unemployment in the loom industry. Lyrics sweat about the type of woman who makes the national grid seem like your shaving adaptor and all the boys present can get under the sheets and . . . by Christ, what thunderous rubbish gets released and swallowed up.

QUEEN: Another One Bites The Dust (EMI). Freddie removes one or two rolls of astro-turf from his chest and Queen deviate from HM once more. If only they weren't so singularly objectionable I might say things like how I've played this record *outside* of work and all sorts of irresponsible guff, but you can't divorce the moment from all those visions of the Four Ignoramouses (Ignoramice?) over the years. Queen's new single. One stinks, the other doesn't.

THE OBTAINERS: Yeh Yeh Yeh (Dance Fools). And finally, the one this office is cartwheeling for. The hum it, strum it, whistle it, Charlie's on the nose-flute while Phil McNeill is boring us all by singing at the top of his voice — and through an old toilet paper inner tube too! The Obtainers are two 13-year-olds who naturally tread the borderline between being startling and sickly. Their two songs are accompanied only by biscuit tins etc and a dam full of enthusiasm, but they are fine songs nonetheless. Request Peel to play it at a specified time and then whack it down pronto. If you can get it out of your head, you're grumpy and that's all there is to it. So what's the difference between The Obtainers and Walt Disney? Answer: The Obtainers sing but Walt Disney . . .

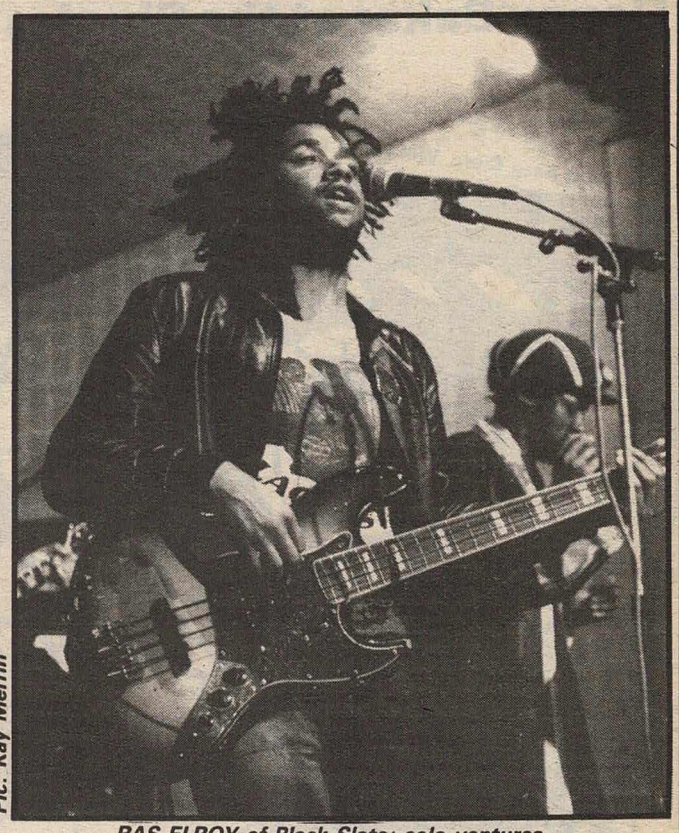
ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUNDUP

BY PENNY REEL

GREGORY ISAACS: Wailing Rudy (African Museum).
DENNIS BROWN: I'm Coming Home Tonight (Yvonne Special).
In which those two pastmasters of the bland Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare borrow a leaf from the Clement Dodd songbook to prove that a successful rhythm knows no confines. Both songs here employ the identical bass and drum foundation as furnished Dennis Brown's recent delivery of 'Sitting And Watching', though a cursory listen might deem otherwise, owing to the different melodies; horn, keyboard and guitar arrangements of the three titles. The cool ruler's 'Wailing Rudy' is the superior of the two sides here, with Mr Isaacs bemoaning the increasingly *ginal* attitude of much Jamaican youth in the wake of the country's upcoming general election: *"Me say Rudy gone go wail again,"* he wails, *"a strictly badness him say a defend."* Actually, neither song is of much especial consequence, though both are rendered most pleasant by virtue of the sweet, controlled singing of the respective vocalists. Easy listening music for ulros in Mooros and other Stratford Broadway mating establishments.

ASWAD (FEATURING TROMMIE & BAMI): Warrior Charge (Island).
Superior instrumental from the group described by that most perceptive of critics Rudie Wright as "the young lions of UK Reggae," 'Warrior Charge' is a horn led workout triumphantly expressed in the climactic ending of the soon to be screened film *Babylon,* a glossy study in disenchantment. The Trommie and Bami thus credited are, respectively, session trombonist Vin Gordon, now fronting his own outfit Night Doctor, and the saxophone player from Boney M's stage orchestra. They combine with Aswad to produce a stirring work that does justice to its militant title, and spotlights once again the Groveite's elative versatility.



Pic: Kay Merrin

RAS ELROY of Black Slate: solo ventures.

JEAN & TREVOR: Back Together Again (Student).
CLAIR McLEAN AND NORMAN STAR "COLLINS": Back Together Again (Moa Anbessa International).
The incidence of soul hits providing inspiration for the UK lover's rock circuit is high, and the recent Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway collusion here engenders two interpretations in the style. Of the two, my preference lies squarely with Jean & Trevor (Walters) adaptation, even though the Moa Anbessa rendition, recorded quicker off the mark, has so far endeared itself to the majority of the reggae audience. Both versions fall somewhat in arrear of the Atlantic original, but the Jean & Trevor title compensates a little with a crisp rhythm, guitar and dub courtesy of the IMF Players. We await their combined efforts on an original composition.

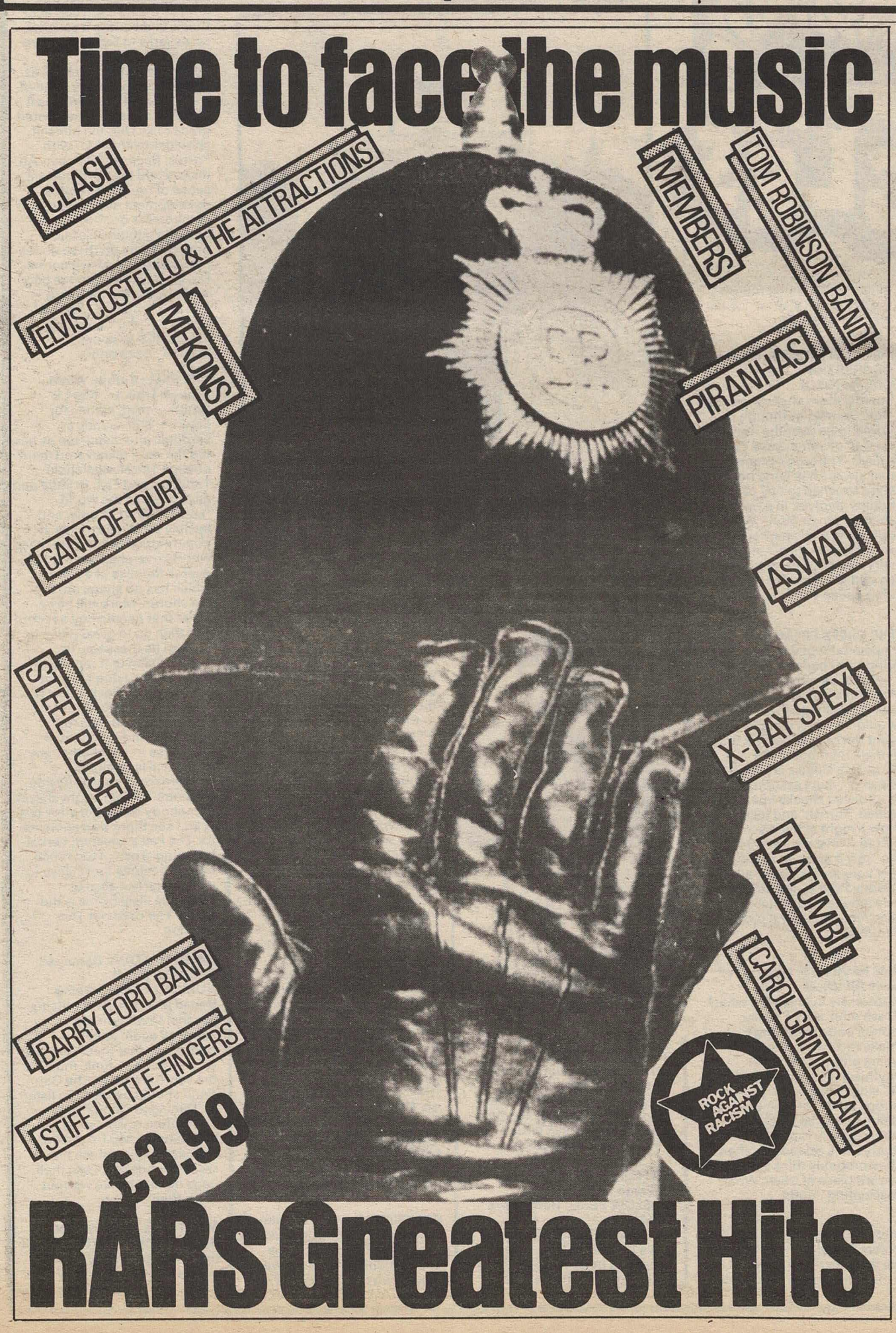
DEE SHARP AND THE INVESTIGATORS: Let's Dub It Up (Fashion).
Modern arrangement of a Jamaican festival song from 1975, well sung, thoughtfully produced, and released to coincide with Carnival, 'Let's Dub It Up' has already topped the UK reggae charts, where it nestles as I write, and is to be heard of a Sunday afternoon spilling out of Leytonstone terrace houses. Cunning use of the Royal Rasses' 'Love The Way It Should Be' horn phrase complements a timely and intelligent debut from this new vocalist.

LION YOUTH: I've Got To Go/Bristol Incidence (Time).
A hitherto unknown entity, Lion Youth here proves himself a most adept cub with a vocal and toast title of some striking merit. The sung 'I've Got To Go' title is a melodic, though basic plea for repatriation that coasts along pleasantly. It is on the 'Bristol Incidence' toast, however, that Mr Youth comes fully into his own, as he details the recent outcry of over zealous officialdom in the fair city of suspension bridges, black tigers and indifferent footballing sides. *"For me say Bristol riot a murder,"* says Lion Youth, *"for me say government no want to put it further, true a black people them no want to push it further, but Lion Youth him a go and push it little harder, brrr, bup, bup."* He then goes on to explain the raid on the Black & White Cafe by police officers — whom he refers to by the collective nomenclature of Babylon — as a consequence of their terror of reggae music, thus: *"They come in a the place when they hear the drum and bass, and they mash up the goddam place."* A cute observation.

ENOS McCLOUD: Tel-A-Viv (Orbit)
Plaintive song relating further to the gang war theme already touched upon earlier in review of Gregory Isaacs' new title, 'Tel-A-Viv' implicates a gang of that name in the Waterhouse district of Kingston and their running battle with the South Man brethren. As befits its subject, the title is a sombre reflection set to a slow paced rhythm, wherein Enos McCloud tells how *"the fire start burn down a Waterhouse"* and the homicidal consequence of the same, *"the blood start run when the fire start burn."* Oi vay!

RANKIN JESSY: Up Town Party (Zion Vibration).
Fairly standard toast item extolling the pleasures of dance, rendered interesting by virtue of its spoken introduction which I take great pleasure in transcribing in full: *"Here watcha girl! You wan' find say wha'? I man get to find out say a little session up the road, you no see't? So if you wan' forward with the dread you just come forward, you no see't?"*

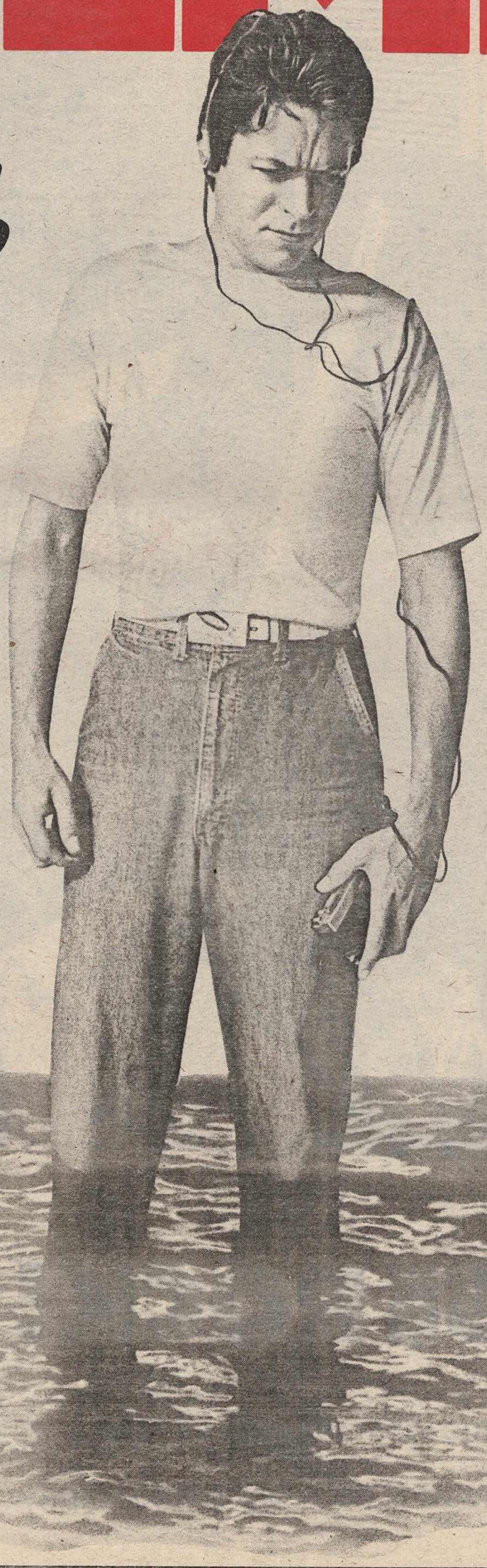
RAS L ROY BAILEY: 24 Hour Love/Wabadab (Arawak).
RAS L ROY BAILEY: Stepping/Walking On (Arawak).
That very solid and eminent character christened Elroy Bailey and hailed everywhere in reggae circles as "Bassie" is most likely the fullest employed musician on the UK scene. Quite apart from his activities with Black Slate, Ras L Roy is also the regular choice bass player with pickup backing band Corner Shot, supporting most every visiting Jamaican act and many UK solo artists without their own band, plus in addition filling in a long schedule on the local recording circuit. It gets so I man can rarely walk into a dance, rehearsal room, recording studio or club without sighting his redoubtable personage. On this quartet of songs he emerges in a new role as singer and songwriter both to exercise his somewhat unique vocal style and express his feelings thus. Although none of the compositions here match up the man's previous vocal outing on 'Sticks Man', there nevertheless remains much to recommend them, particularly the '24 Hour Love' song and its equally fine flip 'Wabadab', a paeon to the music wherein Ras L Roy advises *"let the speakers be your teacher."* I should imagine that the singer is their most accomplished pupil.



ROBERT PALMER

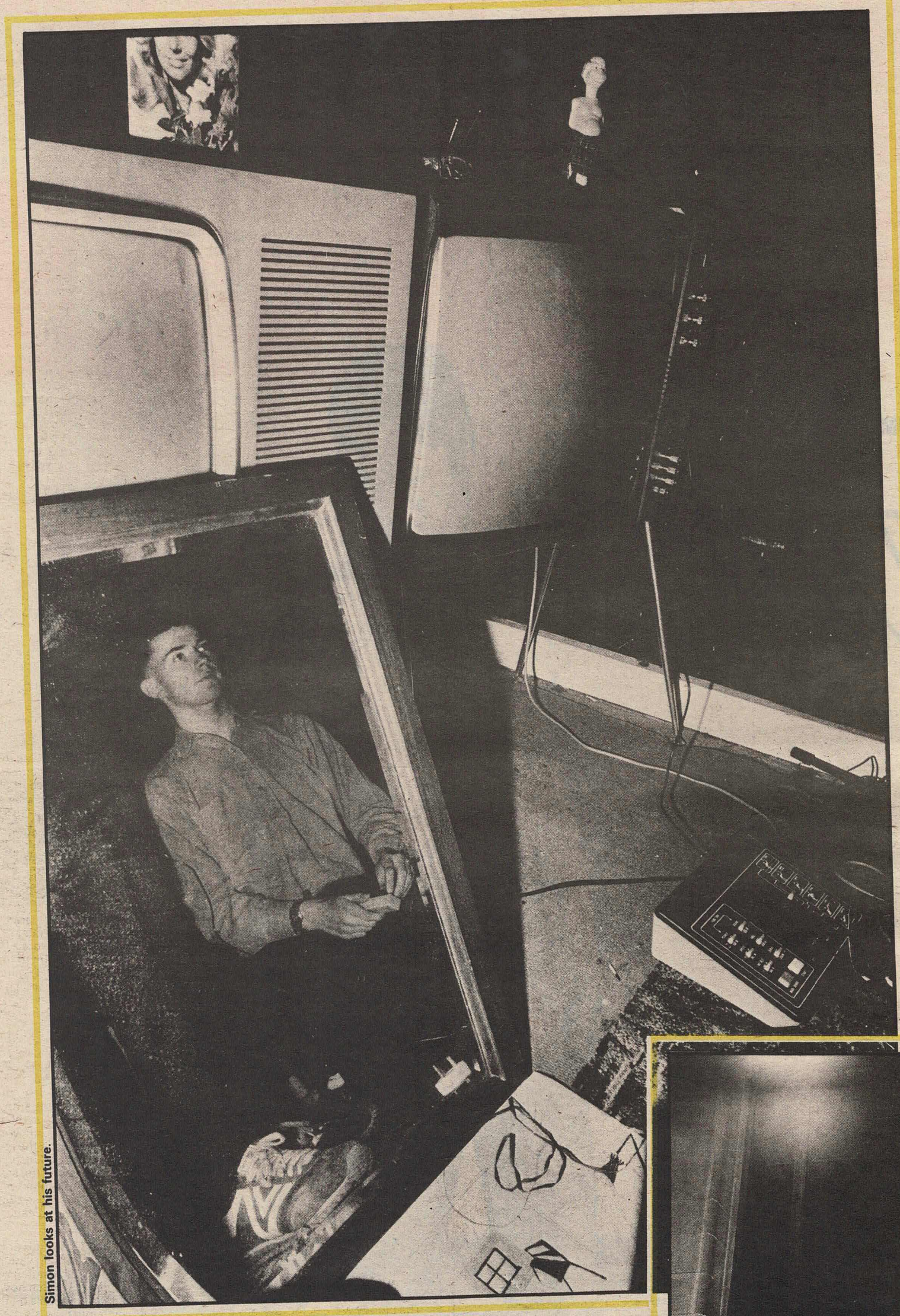
HIS NEW ALBUM

Clues



ISLAND

Attention all poseurs. The latest Manchester trend is...



Simon looks at his future.

Simon, Martin, Peter, Donald and Jeremy.

FAILED CSE ROCK!

Paul Morley tells A Certain Ratio what they are all about.
ACR listen sullenly.
Peter Anderson remembers good old art-rock photography.

WE LEAVE the grubby Hulme human hutch where some members of A Certain Ratio live. The view from this particular section of hutches is not completely derelict, but neither is it splendid.

I stare out from the fourth floor landing into the miserable spread of concrete, scrap, brick, wire and wasteland, imagine in my mind A Certain Ratio's next single 'Flight', and the logic of the relationship between the entertainment and the environment makes my hands clammy.

Logic! In this world — today! I don't know.

A Certain Ratio are a crazed Mancunian unit who spent their wild youth doing some heady, posey nightclubbing at Manchester's more decadent clubs. The members gathered together to make music almost out of spite.

Their sound is a derisive, decisive contemporary coalition of abnormal rhyme, the recession and no distinct reason; where funk's smouldering exuberance has been coarsened by lack of money, lack of future and a certain neurosis, and twisted viciously by an impatient post-Ubu / Pop Group spirit. It's a wretched, wretching doppleganger to the sensual funk that reached a creative peak a couple of years back, the darkest, deepest side of disco imaginable.

And if truth be known ACR play not art-rock but failed CSE rock.

A Certain Ratio's attitude is that "we can do better" — than anything of anyone. Singer / trumpeter Simon Topping once said to Chris Bohn that in all the two years he went to The Factory and Rafters he only saw two groups he liked — and they played on the same night. As soon as I read that I knew he meant Pere Ubu and The Pop Group. They were noisy and kinky, you could dance to them or collapse to them, they weren't out to do any whitewashing. They weren't normal! I was going to ask ACR what they thought of The Pop Group these days, but decided I didn't have to. In the middle of the tiny living quarters of the Ratio hutch there was a 12" copy of The Pop Group's greatest hit 'Beyond Good And Evil'; two cigarettes had been dissected on it. Chopping up cigarettes and scattering the crumbs over records is a strange thing to do.

But A Certain Ratio like to do strange things.

WE WALK down darkened stairs to the ground level of the precinct. I mock bass player Jeremy Kerr's black plastic hold-all. Very Dexy's. ACR have already been accused of being the 'genuine' young soul rebels — whatever *that* actually signified — but Kerr's not into that line of thought at all. He makes sure that he always has the holdall slung over his shoulder, never gripped in his right hand as a symbol of dejection. When the group are being photographed he even gives me the bag to hold, so that silly links between the two 'moody' post-punk soul boys are not even remotely seen to be there.

I ask Topping what he feels about the Dexy's current campaign.

"What am I supposed to feel about it?" he snaps back reasonably.

The Ratios have less than nothing to say about other groups and their attitudes; and only slightly more to say about their own group and attitude. They are not keen chatterers.

We wander along the darkening precinct. Always curious about what others think about the group and their occasional tricks, Topping asks whether I'd seen them play in Khaki shorts. The time when fake tan could be seen coursing down their usual pale bodies? (A no doubt discreet reference to their manager's prediction that ACR will soon be cruising round Bel Air in Cadillacs.)

"Yeah, we got some girls to rub in that stuff, but afterwards they wouldn't take it off."

I can't say I'm surprised.

"Did you think wearing those shorts was funny?"

Within reason. Is that why you did it?

"Not really. Tony (Wilson, Factory boss) got us them. They were only two quid. They're really practical, it gets very hot on stage."

We drift towards a 'phone box, a dirty red shadow amist the great concrete shapes all around us, to call a couple of taxis. Ratio's cute guitarist Peter Terrell, whose cheeky grin should easily snap away any fear of their music, tells me that sometimes when he strolls through this part of the hellish Hulme structure young kids probably not much smaller than himself hurl stones and abuse at him.

"They're instant stiffs as soon as they're born," he scoffs, "stiffs" being the ultimate insult. "They've got to fall in with the rest of them, they grow up like their parents. They don't even think about being different."

As the group collects around the 'phone box and various Ratio's attempt to get through to a taxi firm, the temperature's so low a different kind of stiffdom beckons. I'm close to being frozen on the spot in a lost corner of Hulme.

It's the middle of the evening, and in a few hours' time ACR play Manchester Rafters. This hanging around, shivering into space, doesn't seem the ideal preparation.

"Is this going to be a page interview?" asks Terrell.

"Or a double page spread?" crows Topping, snidily.

"Do you think it'll get on the cover?" wonders Terrell.

Automatically — if I had my way. Terrell half-heartedly pulls a face.

Would a front cover mean much to him?

"They'd probably stop our dole. I don't know. I suppose it'd be quite nice. Something to show your parents," he chuckles.

Jolly drummer Donald Johnstone fails to get a taxi, but trumpeter / guitarist Martin Moscrop fares better. Taxis should be on their way. We wait, freezing into the pavement. Four fifths of Ratio look the part for this sort of dreary street corner lingering. Johnstone, tubby form not very well hidden by a large-ish yellow and black tracksuit, wearing an ever-present jockey cap, looks like a Central Park jogger. The others, who could all be described as quiet, have a baggy, anti-chic chic Jarrow March look.

A taxi arrives, takes Moscrop and Kerr into the city centre a couple of miles away. The rest of us wait some more. The second taxi doesn't turn up, so we have to wait even longer for Johnstone's girl to come along in his new car. We move along the pavement a few yards to be more noticeable, wait some more. Forty-five minutes in Hulme open air is not recommended. No wonder ACR always look so grim on stage if this is their usual preparation.

"It's always something that has gone wrong, some bad luck during the evening," shrugs Johnstone, shaking his head, perking up to exclaim that he's having trouble getting accustomed to Topping's new and startling short back and sides.

"My Grace Jones look," says Topping, defensively. A sleek, shiny hatchback motor pulls up. I whistle. Not an expected ACR vehicle! It's Donald's.

"He works at the airport and earns £75 a week," marvels Terrell with an unexpected blast of total awe.

We drive off to the centre of the city, Topping perched on Johnstone's knee in the front seat.

WHEN A journalist writes a piece on a Factory group he is inevitably met at Manchester's Piccadilly Station by Factory's wizard Tony Wilson (to Hannett's mad professor, Gretton's hooligan, Erasmus' tramp and Saville's executive). And sure enough as we burst through the ticket barrier of platform nine there's the grinning Wilson, pushing loose hair out of his face, striding towards us in pathetic khaki balloons, happily sockless. He's skiving off more time from Granada Television.

Taking such time off has meant that Wilson by mutual agreement has been taken off the *World In Action* team. Too fast, youthful, unpredictable within that context, he once hitchhiked to an important interview with Sir Keith Joseph and turned up dishevelled and disorientated, with a minute to spare.

Granada's respect for him as an on-screen personality — the man who grannies used to love, who still gets recognised in Manchester streets by teenage girls shoving each other in delight — has meant that he's to link an upcoming Granada pop show, *The World Of Pop*, the inevitable attempt to visualise *Smash Hits*.

The probable success of this, combined with the phenomenal and significant success of Factory Records, suggests what the more flexible amongst us have always thought: that *So It Goes* was more perceptive and brilliant than merely being erractically entertaining. Wilson's understanding of rock's volatile inner tension, its crude art and its ace style, is unimpeachable. Factory Records is a success because it perceives what is wanted and needed in 1980 pop.

By not limiting eccentricity, extremity or indulgence, Factory — along with lables like Ze and Fetish — define where pop is and where it's going as a reflection of today's turmoil. They are dragging rock forward.

Who else but Factory would have discovered and patiently encouraged A Certain Ratio, a group who in their early days were unhelpfully primitive? And what a loss it would have been if no one had!

By totally lacking general rock expectations, Factory are more likely to spot inner coherence in a superficially messy group like ACR than in the restricted code of an average tidy rock band. By saying that commercialism can be anything, not just this and that, Factory's definition — rather lack of it — is best.

It allows ACR to be. They're continuing punk spirit rather than the letter of the law. Listen to them and you know what's going on all around.

TONY WILSON is ACR's manager. As such he is ruthless, ever watchful and scurrilously protective. The first time I ever saw Ratio was in May '79, the London debut of Factory groups at Acklam Hall (along with Joy Division and Orchestral Manoeuvres when there were less than 100 in the audience). They were drummerless and I thought cumbersome. I didn't like them.

"We thought we'd played really well," comments Topping wryly. "But Tony thought we were drunk and he gave us a right bollocking because people like you didn't like us."

ACR are not too sure how honest to be about their manager. They like to have it their way at all times. Equally they are not too sure about their position of relative acceptance, but try to take it in their stride.

"I think the reason that we are accepted has something to do with Factory Records. Yeah, it's only because we're a Factory band that we get a lot of the attention that we do. Factory bands do get a lot of attention. Tony knows how to do things right."

There's a quiet respect for Wilson mixed with a tinge of suspicion. ACR have gained a lot of attention through the Factory packages, packages that now become slightly predictable and restrictive.

"We don't want to do that anymore. We're going to stop doing them after America. That's where arguments have started . . . Tony thinks that we're being arrogant. We can't understand in what way."

Wilson's side of it is that he hears Ratio developing the type of crusty aloofness of latterday Pop Group. This so-called arrogance could be rooted in Ratio's intense desire to keep everything as personal as possible.

"Well, it's just we want to do things our way and they want to do things their way. It's mainly that Tony's ideas are so different from ours because of his age and everything, and he used to say that we could do what we wanted but now he's trying to control us — not the music, just the other things. It's become less of a family, Factory. It's more of a major record company, It's definitely gone up a stage since six weeks ago. Some things have changed. Since Joy Division. Since the money started coming in."

To some extent ARC are being mollycoddled as the next Factory superstars: right now they're elitist press darlings, in the shadow of J.D. but ready to leap into the glare . . . they skirt around any such pressure there may be to be the next year's successful Factory band.

"If there is that sort of pressure we can leave. We are not chained to Factory Records."

Mildly controversial stuff. Their pragmatic attitude to the organisation that gave them everything is typical.

At one point whilst Ratio are mutely discussing Factory flaws, happy Donald Johnstone, a faithful Factory man, puts things into perspective.

"Where would we be without Factory? No equipment, no records, no gigs . . . no money."

The less convinced are not too sure about "no money". But then there's a continual ration of uncertainty in ACR's make up. This uncertainty, thinly disguised, is what makes ACR's whirl go round.

We drive over to the other side of Manchester to pick up ACR at their rehearsal room. They hardly acknowledge me, but I wasn't really expecting them to. As we drive back into Manchester for the soundcheck at Rafters, Wilson and ACR work out some vague plan for sleeping accommodation for when Factory invade New York this month.

Being caught up in Factory has meant that Ratio will spend some weeks in New York, gigging and recording. They're not exactly tickled ecstatic by the prospect.

"The original reason we were going over was that some record company was interested in us."

Ze?

"Antilles, the Eno thing. But when Tony went over there for a week to see them he said they were stupid. But we're going over anyway."

Inside Rafters, people rush here and there. Musicians seem to be turning up minute by minute looking to soundcheck. Four groups are to play: Swamp Children, Blurt, Durutti Column and Ratio. Wilson lectures Invisible Girls' Steve Hopkins about some important date he must remember.

"There's always some excuse. One minute it's working with Pauline Murray, the next it's being interviewed by the bloody *NME*."

The bloody *NME* withdraw into a dark corner to watch ACR soundcheck. A wacky house light show is set in motion by Eric Random. Everyone present seems to be in their recession/military togs. This is beginning to become an Era. Johnstone soundchecks for a couple of songs he'll be doing with Vini Reilly (bassist Kerr has also been doing some work with Reilly, his soft voice more suiting Reilly than Ratio, and Moscrop will play drums with disconcerting Swamp Children and then we leave.

Moscrop, Terrell, Kerr and Topping walk from Rafters to the Hulme hutch. By now we're talking, but closer to sulking than plotting a conspiracy. Terrell and Topping buy some toffees. Moscrop gets a Mexican take away. We head for the Hulme hole, Topping chucking me toffees, Terrell pointing to the underside of an overpass scrawled with punky slogans.

If we were a punk band that's where we would have our photo's taken."

Somebody remarks that in Hulme someone has sprayed A Certain Ratio on a wall.

"Should we have our pictures taken in front of that?" suggests Terrell. The group groan. One of them burps. One of them asks if there are any eggs in the hutch.

Like I say, ACR are not keen chatterers.

BEFORE I set the tape in motion, Kerr sits next to me and runs his fingers up and down his bass strings. Two are new and he's slackening them. "Tina Weymouth taught me how to do this," he mock-gloats. "She taught me everything I know about bass guitars!"

ACR finished 1979 by supporting Talking Heads on their short British tour, last minute replacements for Human League whose non-human film idea was not up to T. Heads standards. ACR did the Heads tour, and look where they are today! (That will make more sense when you hear 'Flight', which took more time to craft than 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' — and if it doesn't freak you out must be very cold.)

Their first Factory single 'All Night Party' is a representation of their sound when they were drummerless and all but formless. At the time, I played it a few times and just thought Wilson was being a perverse little toad for flirting with them. Playing it recently and joining in with it's ache, I realised that it's one of the best 2,000 singles ever made.

ACR's development can be definitely split pre-Johnstone and post-Johnstone (and them pre-trumpets and post-trumpets). Pre-Johnstone they gravitated towards surly abstraction, laboriously and grumpily constructing hard death-drones; somewhere between 'No Pussyfooting' and 'Sister Ray'.

Post-Johnstone — by which time Ratio had spent some months learning their way around their instruments — the sound became very much a dance music, still undecorative and devious and in many ways non-epically daunting; somewhere between Pere Ubu and the end of a dream.

At one point Topping asks me (I think ACR for all their apparent reserve asked me more questions than I asked them) what I thought ACR were going to sound like once Wilson had uncovered Johnstone and eased him into the fray. I did hope it would become more a dance music.

"Mmmm," he ponders, "it's just that some groups sould like we did when we didn't have a drummer even when they do." A savage indictment?

The first chance the people had to purchase post-Johnstone stuff was 'The Graveyard And The Ballroom' cassette-in-a-purse. A sweet Factory idea, typically creating their own trendiness, it wasn't really much to do with ACR. One side was recorded on the Heads tour at London's Electric Ballroom, the other side is some demos recorded at Prestwich's Graveyard studio by that man Hannett.

'Graveyard And The Ballroom' is horror music, elegiac in a strange way, violently contemporary, nervy, pugnacious. Black comedy, white noise, nightmares and phobias. It was music of fear — but for all that, compelling communication of enjoyment.

Free of the perverse shackles a lack of rhythm had placed on their music, ACR had stretched out, were translating their own lacerating language.

The songs were a lonely, longing statement. ACR didn't want to make the world a nicer place. They just wanted to make it out. The feeling isn't dismal but stimulating. When I ask if they feel their music is emotional, the question is so dumb they don't even bother answering.

ACR are not afraid of playing live (although Johnstone said he got a bit scared playing those large places with Talking Heads: "I couldn't see the faces of the people.") In a way they're playing too many gigs.

"We're not as enthusiastic about what we do as we were at the start. We still like what we're playing, but we play it all the time. We've been on the road for two years now playing . . . it doesn't make a difference when you're playing the same old things over and over again. I think we're in a dilemma at the moment because Donald's often working and we don't get a chance to rehearse."

WHAT ACR are working towards will remain vague. Probably just the day it all disintegrates. They just *are* and that's very much how they operate. They place all the emphasis on their music, that spilling over into how it's presented. There's a constant, unquenchable thirst for the mythical *change*. With dry submission they maintain that there is nothing they can do to change rock's web of deceit, and so commit themselves to retaining their own purity, their own particular creativity. Dancing down the tunnel to dystopia.

They continue for their own enjoyment. "And the development of our ideas. To play music how we feel it should be played."

How should it be played?

"The way we play it."

Sometimes they say their music's not that good, other times they imply it's the only music. I ask myself if they think they're not as good as they can be because they're dominated by influences.

"No."

They must have learnt from something else.

"You use what you can. You can't be totally original. What we're playing is like everything we've ever heard recycled, how we'd like to hear it done. Sometimes it works, sometimes

Continues page 55

McVicar: Roger Daltrey assists Her Majesty's Forces with their enquiries

SILVER SCREEN

Mind your language

McVicar

Directed by Tom Clegg
Starring Roger Daltrey, Adam Faith and Cheryl Campbell
(Brent Walker)

THE HYPOCRISY of the daily tabloids is quite wonderful. In what might be a description of their own low tastes, they have labelled *McVicar* a flash and vulgar piece of work. One that glamourises violence and lacks even an O level grasp of socio-dynamics.

What makes a criminal, they want to know (Oh really?). How and why was the boy McVicar transformed into a thieving nuthead and what almighty twitch of conscience made him turn about and take up the life of study, writing and oratory.

It's said that the film is short on this kind of perspective and exposition and that its omission means we are presented with a distorted, simplistic version of criminality. One that arouses and then celebrates the base instincts. What about McVicar the cell-bound scholar? they ask. Or do shots (ho cynical ho) of a bloke reading an 'istory book make for boring cinema? Yes.

The tabloids, of course, want not the essence of villainy — which *McVicar* tries to deliver — but its apology. Sociologists have been conning up such rubbish for years. Rationale being the manner with which the 'cultured' intellect covers its embarrassment.

Every good thief, on the other hand, vows full well that low behaviour is low behaviour. And McVicar? Well, he sunk as low as the best of them. His salvation was to do with recognition of the fact, not the concoction of some fathomless *raison d'etre* that sidesteps the essentials.

The essentials in this case are language, freedom, and the mentality of the thief. Three elements that become all the more brightly sharp in a place that tries to limit them. A place like Durham jail where McVicar was dumped in the '60s for being a bad and anti-social nutter.

"Leave us alone, for Chrissakes"

The result is a lot of rubbing in confined quarters. In turn producing a startling explicitness. The language alone is as rank and yet as finely hung as anything I've heard in a British movie and this, by degrees, clues you in to the fanatical desires of the inmates.

What you quickly realise is that the way these villains deal with one another is pure school yard. What they leave out is simply the grown-up etiquette. Ergo, the language largely turns on the schoolboy preoccupation with 'cunts' and 'arseholes'. So not too much oratorical grandeur here but wonderfully sculpted to fit the bill; to prove hardness, to burn off sexual energy and to vilify those that stand in your way of freedom.

Much play is also made of undying brotherhood of the what-I-wouldn't-do-for-you variety but, like the fickle friendships of youth, such devotion is often capped with a betrayal. So it is with McVicar himself.

But though the naughty words might shock, it's the subject of freedom which the movie handles most explicitiy. Freedom, like liberty and justice, is one of those philosphical items impossible to define until you start

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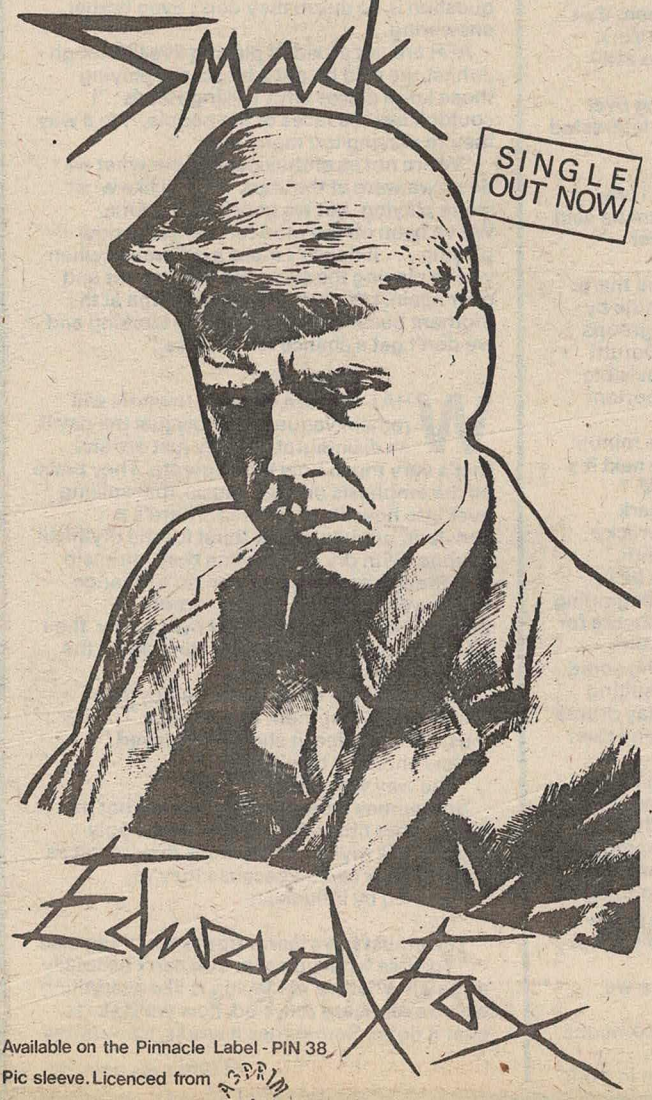

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depriving people of it and then all at once the victim knows exactly what's missing. The early prison scenes are especially heavy with this sense of deprivation and with the comic wolf cries it arouses.

In a way, the opening resembles one of those spiffin' Brit prisoner of war dramas, what with the heroes tunnelling for their lives amidst scenes of official blundering and all. It's only when the break is made and we see McVicar fleeing down leafy glades that we get forcibly struck by the realisation that this isn't Colditz but provincial UK 1980.

By this time Daltrey's McVicar is just a bloke. To see him being hounded by dogs and police cars is fairly jarring. All the more so because up until now the script and direction have avoided what McVicar calls "formula film-making . . . the kind where you have gratuitious car chase ending in one turning over and bursting into flames. That kind of film", he says, "is chewing gum for the eye."

The formula symptoms are in a certain kind of language and choreography. The way the camera takes in a face or gesture. One way senses and explores human vulnerability even as it tells its story, the other is fascinated solely with neat, objective action. The *Sweeney* touch. Which is where director Clegg came in.

It is in the later stages when McVicar is holed up with his girlfriend and awaiting inevitable capture that the movie slips into the *Sweeney* bracket. His gang's raid on an armoured van, for instance, is not only nauseatingly hack, it misses an opportunity to deliver the real, hair-raising flavour.

The clubbing around with his chums and the romancing of his common-law wife and child are also expeditiously handled. It's as though the effort of sustaining realism in these wider confines proved too much and the makers surrepitiously agreed to substitute cliche.

But even at its worst moments *McVicar* isn't one quarter as bad as it's popularly painted. Daltrey is surpisingly fine in the lead role, although he demonstrates little of the intelligence you'd expect from a BSc escape. Adam Faith, always an excellent cheeky rogue, handles Wally Probyn with his usual good sense and there are some other neat cameos from many of the jailbirds.

Flawed, yes. But practically a great movie.

Andrew Tyler

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **Airplane!** (Directors: Jim Abrahams, David and Jerry Zucker)
2. **Fame** (Alan Parker)
3. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
4. **Breaking Glass** (Brian Gibson)
5. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)

Regions

1. **Airplane!** (Abrahams/Zucker)
2. **Friday The 13th** (Sean S. Cunningham)
3. **The Secret Policeman's Ball** (Roger Graef)
4. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
5. **The Last Flight Of Noah's Ark** (Charles Jarrott)

(Screen International)

ON THE BOX has moved. See Gig Guide, page 42.

On Broadway: Roy Scheider (crouching) leads 363 extras through their paces and All That Jazz

Fosse bares his soul

All That Jazz

Directed by Bob Fosse
Starring Roy Scheider and Jessica Lange *(Columbia)*

"It's showtime, folks!"

With this self-mocking, self-clocking aphorism, big time choreographer and director Joe Gideon (Roy Scheider) embraces his day. A palmful of Benzedrine and an Alka Seltzer fizz, another Marlboro and off into the ravages and romps of daily routine — the on-Broadway odyssey and behind it) the ordinary work.

Gideon (is this a cheap Everyman trope or trip or what?) is basically a sublimation of Fosse's past, a helpful hollow oracle through which Big Thoughts can burst onto the screen. For, besides being a runaway sketch of how the grim and grimy realities of sparkling showbiz can ruin a guy or doll, it is also — hushed silence — About Death. Fosse, having directed two interesting films *(Sweet Charity, Lennie)* and the big smash *Cabaret*, now allows himself a bit of grand indulgence — which would be fair enough if *All That Jazz* had managed to *transend* its professional, cynical polish.

The hooha around about how much Fosse and Gideon have in common (choreographer-director in middle-aged stress situation suffers heart attack) is in fact a red herring. Gideon is a precedented guy: the Artist taunted by death. He is selfish, creative, a being apart (in the 19th century he'd have been a tubercular painter), made singular by his self-destructiveness. *All that Jazz* is at least honest enough to present Gideon as a bit of a shit who gets his job done.

Byron is said to have gazed into the mirror and craved consumption, claiming the ladies would all find him more 'interesting' for it. Gideon takes this premise to extremes, running through sexual liaisons like cheap romantic library books, deliberately losing his ticket time after time — quick, say "I love ya" again — and sprinting for the door. No phallic hydraulics, though — the film's most explicit punch isn't below the belt but an open heartbeat on the operating table. Sex is treated in a vaguely Schrader-ish way; it's absent, a necessary mess, a ghost. Women suffer Gideon's erratic ways and his wife has long since ditched hopes of fidelity: walk on partners.

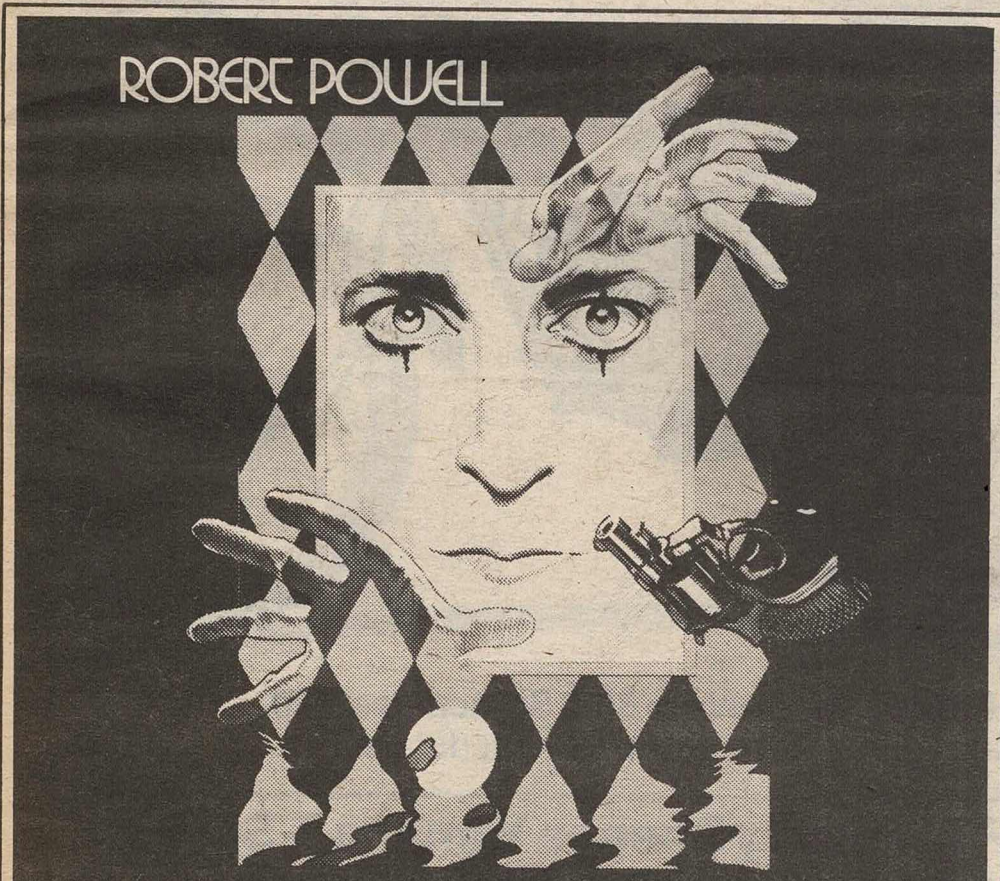
As a portrait this is OK, sexual realism rather than sexism. If you want something with more of a cerebral human touch, something couched in analysis — forget it. Still, there's no smallprint clause which says we have to *like* our protagonist — why the natural empathy bit for a misbegotten egomaniac who craves heroic status? (This is a *story*, after all.) Gideon starts with an advantage, since we know from early on that he's no saint. It's his ability to stay on top of things (insert sexist joke) which makes him interesting, but he can't stay on top without the fatal diet of fags, pills, booze and too much sleeping around.

The problem with Gideon is neither his resemblance to Fosse nor his screen morality, but his incompleteness — as dramatic character or doppleganger. The daily diary, dirty laundry effect doesn't quite take. Nor do the equally repetitive encounters with Angelique, the 'angel of death'; this is one fantasy which should have a Fellini copyright stamped on its crate, along with a prosecution for loitering with pretence.

Gideon soft shoe shuffles off his mortal coil, a walking *show must go on* speech, a lustful perfectionist and bluff sentimentalist. *All That Jazz* is a flawed film, and one I don't particularly care for — but it's somehow necessary. Corrigible demystification, and the problem is the inherent tedium — even sex, speed, booze and movies get boring after a while.

On the other hand, had Gideon been an aspiring young writer Narcissus might just have fallen in love again . . .

Ian Penman



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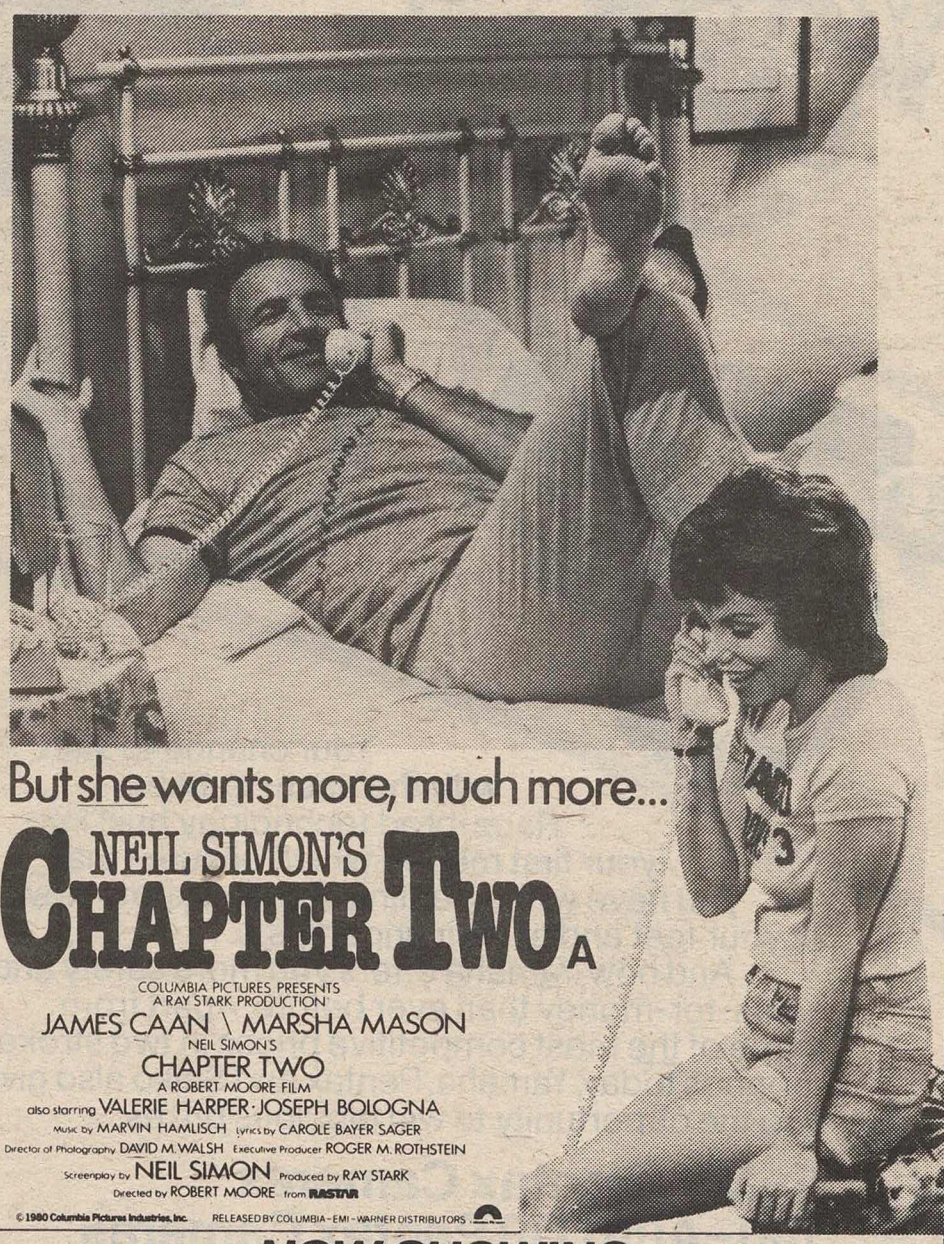

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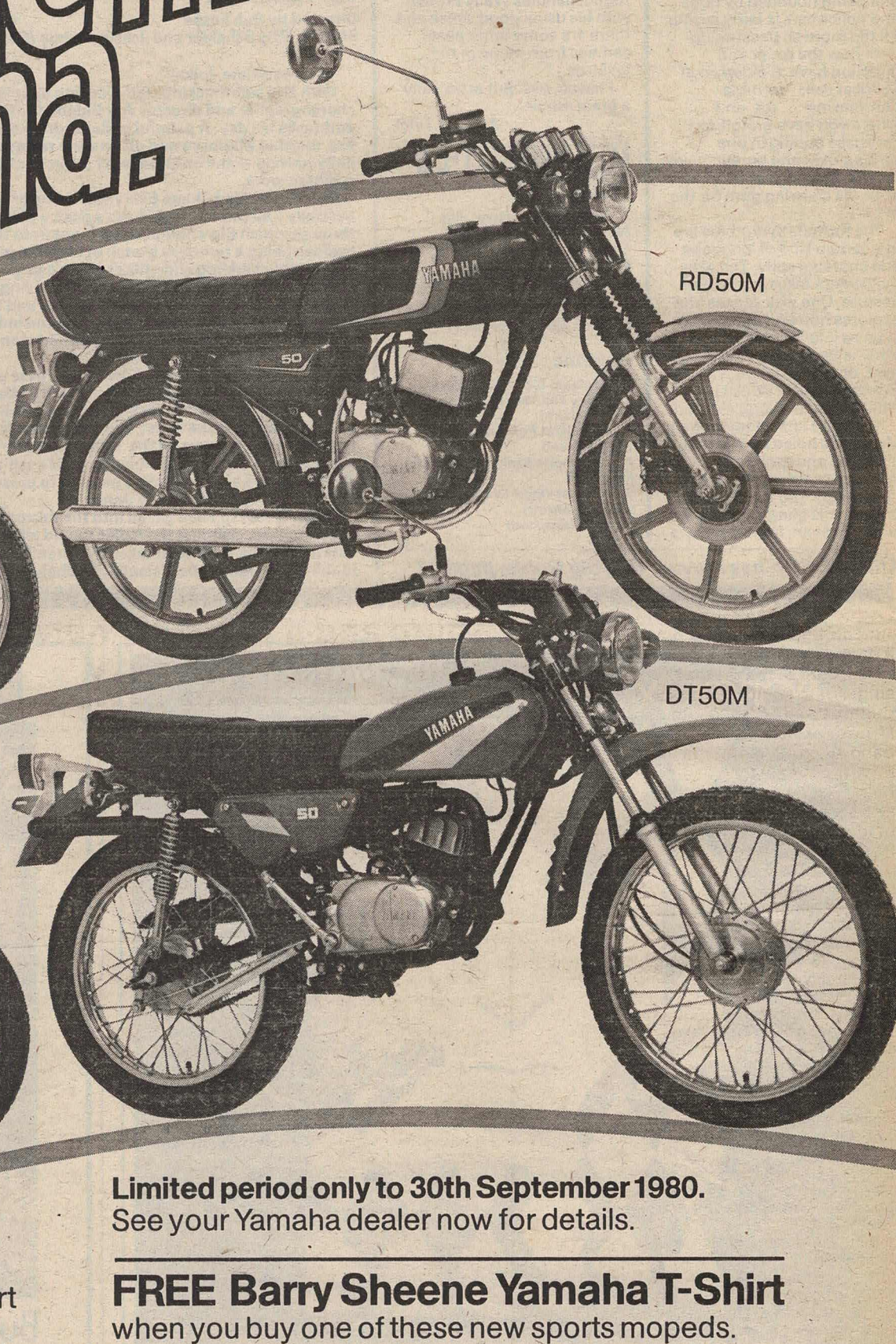

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Fleshstones, l to r: Phil Millstein, Keith Streng, one of the Speaths, Pete Zaremba, Jan Marke Pakulski. Pic: Joe Stevens

THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH

Could The Fleshtones be America's next big thing and if not, why not? Richard Grabel dances the night away.

THE FLESHTONES have the spirit that has always moved great pop music. They have the raw enthusiasm, the exuberance, the slight touch of madness. They have the beat — big, broad and danceable. They have the voices, the chops and the songs.

What they don't have is very much of an image, and still less, any gimmicks. And gimmicks are what the marketing of a dance band seems to require.

The core of the group, singer/harmonica player Peter Zaremba, guitarist Keith Streng and bassist Jan Marek Pakulski, have been together as a band since 1976. But that lack of an image, coupled with an unfortunate history of personnel changes (drummers and second guitarists) and long periods of inactivity, have kept The Fleshtones from the limelight they deserve.

Now they have bounced back, surer and stronger than ever. On the recent compilation album of New York bands, "Marty Thau Presents 2×5', their 'Shadowline' is the single strongest track. There are touches of classic '60s pop to the song but its urgency is totally present-day as Zaremba, working the old theme of busting out of the world's constrictions, sings and blows his heart out. Their other track, 'Fascination', is a slighter, nostalgic exercise, but still charming.

At the time of recording these tracks the band had no drummer, and Clem Burke of Blondie sat in. They've since found Phil Millstein, and their recent gigs place them as one of the indispensable treats available on the local circuit.

As front man, Zaremba has learned to give his audience something to watch as well as listen to. He shimmies and bops around like he's having the time of his life, but he's no dancin' fool — his moves are edged with a sly wit. The band's influences — psychedelia, surf, garage punk, R&B — have welded into a cohesive sound which is all their own. A horn section, Byron and Gregory Speath, adds extra swing. The best way to describe a Fleshtones set is to fall back on the usual dance band cliches — party atmosphere, loose craziness, rollicking fun — but this band is good enough to make those hackneyed phrases mean something again.

It's fitting that The Fleshtones had their beginning as, literally, a party band. Sometime in '75, Streng and Pakulski, old friends, rented a cheap house together in the Queens neighbourhood of Whitestone.

"We had a party there every weekend," Streng recalls. "One weekend we decided that we would play the rock and roll instead of playing it on the stereo." People liked it, so they kept going.

BACK in '76, the popular local bands had strongly defined images. The Ramones were bad-boy punks, Talking Heads askew preppies, Television loft-bound poets. The Fleshtones were just boys-next-door from Queens, kids everyone went to High School with and almost no-one wanted to know.

Zaremba: "What happened was we either played at parties or tried to find alternative places. Finally we hit on this basement of this Polish Catholic Church, which became the original Club 57. We played there with The Zantees, and Nervus Rex, and it was extremely successful. But the police always seemed to break it up."

Alan Vega of Suicide became a fan in that period and he introduced the band to Marty Thau at about the time Thau was forming his Red Star Records. Thau at first wanted them to take part in a compilation, then decided to do an entire Fleshtones album. The album was recorded but, due to Red Star's financial problems, only a single, 'American Beat' b/w 'Critical List', was ever released.

'List' was a rocker spotlighting a high-pitched, soulful vocal by Streng and equally soulful harp blowing by Zaremba. 'Beat' was a manifesto, celebrating the healthy tradition of regional American sounds.

In the mid-'60s, when Indie labels were more viable and AM radio still an open field, bands like The Count Five, The Music Machine, and The Syndicate of Sound were able to score minor but national one-off hits with raw, punky sounds. But without tours or TV exposure, they remained anonymous.

The Fleshtones make the same kind of energetic, regional music, but are fighting their way up through an industry that's differently structured now. If things go well though, the fact that it's taking them longer to make it will mean they will have more than a one-shot career when they do.

Pakulski: "We've had the garage band label applied to us, and it is pretty true, in that we just started out by playing what we felt."

Considering the message of 'American Beat', is there something in your music you could define as peculiarly American?

Zaremba: "I think there is. I'm a little too close to it to say exactly what it is. It comes out of what we've been listening to for many years, not out of responding to any fads.

"I don't try to preach in my lyrics. But as nebulous as it may seem, I am talking about things I've done, that I've gone through. 'Shadowline' is about people who stayed up all night doing things. I don't know if they do it in London, I hear things close down at eleven o'clock there. But in the States, where we have a democracy *(laughter around the table)* and a subway system that stays open, there are clubs. I was with a bunch of people, and we'd finish playing at four in the morning and go off to the Crisco, and this place is packed with all sorts of people. Fine citizens. I mean, these people are not burning the candle at both ends, these people are on fire. So we'd leave there at nine in the morning, and we'd go up to the Cell Block. You sit in there and you're wondering, what the hell, I should have been asleep hours ago, and there's this guy with chains wrapped around him and that's definitely, *beyond the shadowline.*

"I didn't want to write about that by saying, 'hey, hey, we're rockin' at the Cell Block this morning'. And I don't want to make any claims about taking on the police system of this country, although we've all had our problems with them. But there was a good view of Rikers Island *(a New York prison)* from the place where I wrote 'Fascination', and we did sit and watch the river, and we did think about how it would be great to be in a band. So there are those things in our songs, and I will stand by all that, and so will Keith."

Streng: "So there."

THE FLESHTONES are great, funny guys and they care about what they do. When Peter Zaremba wants to know if something has soul, he'll ask how it compares with the Wicked Pickett, and he has no qualms about applying the same standards to his own work. But if their goals are lofty it's only because they're so rarely reached.

I asked them if going from parties to clubs and studios had changed things for them.

Streng: "No, we'd like to feel the same atmosphere take hold. Get drunk, dance, and have a good time."

Cliches, of course. But invest a cliche with enough faith and it can become something more true.

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He's just a STEREOTYPE

He drinks his age in pints
He drives home pissed at night
And he listens to his stereo
He spends his weekends with a load of blokes
He forgets the punchline when he tells a joke
He wants to go out he don't want to go home
Till his nicotine fingers are stuck down his throat
He blamed his fiancee when he caught V.D.
The doctor said no drink for 17 weeks
He wants to go out but he has to stay home
Sit in and watch colour T.V. on his own.....

The tablets are finished the cure is complete
He hasn't had a drink now for 17 weeks
17 pints tonite is the night
It goes straight to his head he ends up in a fight
The police chase him home through the dark rainy night
A fluorescent jam sandwich with flashing blue light
His mum's waiting up – she hopes he's alright
But he's wrapped round a lampost on Saturday night.....

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THE SPECIALS

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It can't happen here, we're too sensible. Fascism, mind-control, slavish obedience to authority — we Britons will stand against these things. Or will we?

The NME Consumers' Guide To 1984

By IAN MacDONALD

Illustration: RALPH STEADMAN

3. Final Solution ››› Enemies of Freedom

THE TOTALITARIAN revolution is upon us. Having slowly prepared itself over the last two hundred years (since the fall of the Bastille), it's now poised to take over the planet, ending humanity's short experiment with enlightenment and ushering in a new Dark Age of cruelty and fear.

The dynamics of this revolution are both simple to understand and quite beyond our control:

A world surfeit of unemployable and eventually unfeedable people threatens social chaos on a scale not seen, in the West at least, since the collapse of the Roman Empire.

However, keeping pace with every new factor for destabilization is a new science of social control based on computer electronics.

As chaos spreads, so will the use of this control technology. In the end, freedom and morality will be squeezed to death between anarchy and absolute power.

In the words of the evil O'Brien in George Orwell's prophetic novel *1984:* "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face — for ever."

Already the various technical and security elites of the world are tribalizing and growing apart from the people they ostensibly serve and protect. Soon they will come to employ the full range of scientific control systems to organise the world, country by country, after their own special interests. (A glimpse of this trend in action was recently provided by the revolt of Kwangju in South Korea.)

Turning the tide of what seems to be something like an evolutionary drive looks about as feasible as holding back a new Ice Age. But is there nothing to be done to delay or mitigate the effects on our own country?

There are several answers.

Some problems are soluble and are thus worth addressing; others are not and are best identified as such and left alone. Time is short.

Many other effects may ultimately be beyond our control, but can be delayed or diluted by forceful and concerted effort. And yet talk of "concerted" effort and the use of the pronoun "we" begs a disturbing question:

Does our society still possess a basis for collective action in the common interest *which does not partake of the very authoritarianism it seeks to avoid?* Or are its divisions and its inertia too strong to overcome?

Where change is necessary, people always have two vitally related fields of action open to them: outer change (or modification of the environment) and inner change (or modification of the personality).

It's possible that an alteration in one automatically produces a change in the other, but the general principle is not at issue here. What is crucial these days is control. If you don't control your personality and your environment, sooner or later somebody else will come along and do the job for you.

The first part of this final article reviews our choice of outer changes, the second our inner world and the forces which threaten it.

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE increasing tribalization of our technical and security elites, it's advisable to start by cooling off and trying to look at the problem realistically.

For example: our guardians may have dug the holes and forged the weapons needed to keep a semblance of order going in a time of chaos, but to assume from this that they actively seek to bring about such a collapse is like saying that a man who smokes sixty cigarettes a day is trying to give himself lung cancer.

This in no way alters the fact that the secret existence of the National War Plan is a betrayal of the British people, but at least it makes it understandable. If the expected collapse comes, it will be hard to blame any one agency for causing it, and for similar reasons: both Plan and breakdown, should they activate each other, will merely be the instruments of a wider and longer-lasting national conspiracy of apathy, hypocrisy, and pig-headedness.

To a great extent, the army and the police are only doing what they understand to be their job: ensuring the maintenance of government and public order. Yet in the era of Auschwitz and My Lai, doing your job is no longer a viable excuse for obeying without question every mad command your seniors choose to give you.

The ultimate issue is not faithful adherence to outmoded or plainly unjust authority, but the destruction or survival of freedom itself — a burden shouldered equally by all of us, whether private citizen, politician, policeman, or soldier.

Where the choice is clearly between freedom and the continuation in office of an unrepresentative minority, the guardians of national security are morally bound to act in the interests of the nation rather than the incumbent power. Moreover, it is similarly binding upon the nation to ensure that this is exactly what their soldiers and policemen do.

Whether this is a naive fantasy doomed to be repeatedly disillusioned by the same old "whiff of grapeshot" is not the point at issue. We're concerned with principle; and the principle governing the relationship between a nation and its guardians implies a dialogue.

The problem facing the common people in most countries (not excluding this one) is that this dialogue has become at best perfunctory, at worst non-existent. Without re-opening the dialogue, there is nothing — short of insurrection — which a people can do to affect the attitudes and policies of those that guard them. And this is neither idle speculation nor incitement to riot: it's simple logic.

Take, for example, Major-General Sir Frank Kitson. Left-wing paranoia notwithstanding, he conspicuously lacks the look of tigerish arrogance typical of a General Pinochet; but nor, on the other hand, does he manifest the concerned involvement of a Jerry Rawlings. Kitson is a professional soldier — a decent man doing his job to the best of his ability.

And yet, despite his decency and his obvious possession of a disciplined mind, it has apparently failed to occur to him that he is no longer dealing with the Mau-Mau or the IRA or any other doctrinally violent sect — but with his 56 million fellow countrymen, most of whom are similarly decent people and perfectly willing to trust him if only they had something firmer to go on than vague anxiety and ominous rumour.

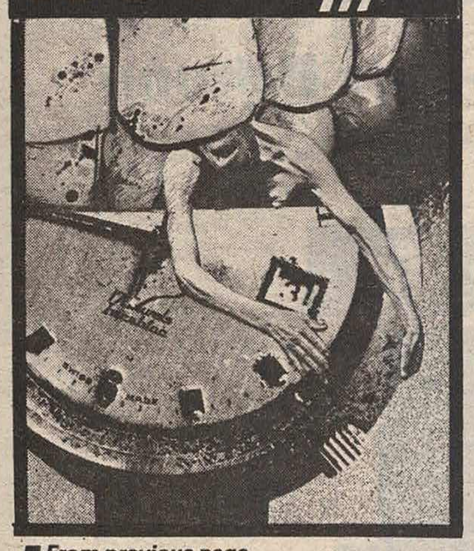
Plotting against the possibility of your own people's rebelliousness can only be a self-fulfilling prophecy. It's useless to work secretly to counter insurgency if the insurgency you fear is actually being brought on by the very secrecy in which you work.

It's a typically British problem: a distrustful vicious circle based very largely on class. Governing openly and in public may cause its own special problems; but governing in obsessive, elitist secrecy can only promote a breakdown in trust, in the end making society more and more ungovernable.

And what is true for governing is true also for policing and soldiering. In the age of computer science, the temptation to become technically self-sufficient and answerable to no one afflicts every branch of civil and

■ *Continues over*

1984



■ *From previous page*

military administration. Unless that temptation is realised for what it is — the ancient lure of absolute power over men — those afflicted by it will eventually succumb to it.

And unless there are channels open for the people to remind their guardians of the perils of office, the result must inevitably be tyranny.

THOSE CHANNELS MAY HAVE to be forced open. Official secrecy is a long-established way of life and those who live by it will not give up their privileges without a fight.

Not that there aren't some sensible men inside the citadel prepared to come out and address the people, if only to allay unrest. Lord Jellicoe was ministerial head of the Civil Contingencies Unit in its formative period (1972-3). Last year he broke with tradition and spoke about the CCU to the House of Lords:

"I think the government should come clean about civil contingency planning. It is an important area about which the public ought to be reassured. I do not consider it strike-breaking. It is a matter of sensible precautions, which any government should be thinking about, to mitigate the consequences of industrial action for the benefit of society as a whole.

"The generalities should not be concealed. Specific contingencies are another matter."

If more of our guardians and governors showed comparable realism, a great deal of the dire trouble this country is storing up for itself might still be avoided. But most of them are too sheltered and conformist to be able to grasp how much hangs upon their self-assertion and fundamental duty to be honest with people they rule.

Of course, there's more to it than that. The reason why the government can't "come clean" about civil contingencies is because the subject is too closely involved with the National War Plan. And once you mention *that,* you raise issues about which no amount of soft soap will reassure a public trembling in the wake of the Afghan crisis.

Such as: who gets to survive if there's an all-out nuclear war?

And: since there's no Civil Defence, who will take care of survivors in the case of a *limited* nuclear war?

And: shouldn't there be plans to evacuate our towns and cities instead of smug little pamphlets telling us to sit quietly and fry?

And: why are other countries digging shelters and organising Civil Defence programmes when we aren't?

In 1977, a conference of regional scientific advisers had an attack of conscience about all this and tried to get the government to change its nasty attitude. The Home Office sacked them.

So if you're looking for something to do that will simultaneously serve to protect the country, draw people together in a voluntary nationwide action programme, and make the National War Plan a topic of constant popular debate, then look no further:

Demand the reinstitution of Civil Defence.

And while you're about it, stipulate a national fall-out shelter campaign and regular national exercises of the emergency networks.

Apart from very effectively setting the cat amongst the pigeons, such a campaign is also vitally *necessary.*

Imagine: if an SS20 landed on the Bullring next Monday, there'd be nobody trained and mobilised to help one million bombed-out Brummies except the odd wandering GP or nurse — though doubtless the Salvation Army would make very welcome cups of tea.

As for our national administrators, they'd be cowering underground, broadcasting orders to radiation-proofed police and army units to stop people leaving the area and shoot all looters.

It's a scandalous situation and everyone has a civic duty to see that it's rectified.

IN THE CASE OF EXCESSIVE police power, the channels of communication still exist, though they are fast being shut down. The problem facing activists there is the sheer variety of issues needing attention and the essentially legalistic nature of the work involved.

In the absence of popular support, no amount of pleading for restoration of rights forfeited under particular acts of parliament or for an expansion of the powers of our Civil Police Authorities is likely to force the re-opening of vital communications channels. What is needed is a popularly-based Civil Rights movement.

The models are already there. Most of the very disparate groups concerned about aspects of nuclear power last year pooled their resources and formed the Anti-Nuclear Campaign. In itself, this initiative followed the lead of Peter Hain in founding the similarly heterogeneous Anti-Nazi League, one of the most effective mass movements in the interests of freedom and basic rights since the Suffragettes.

There is now a clear need for yet another popular alliance that would link together as many as possible of the different issues involved in preventing the onset of a British police state.

Such issues would include: scrapping the 1824 Vagrancy Act ("loitering with intent": the so-called "Sus" law); stopping the practice of "saturation policing" (or at least ensuring that community leaders and lawyers are consulted throughout the duration of these operations); forcing a public enquiry into the activities of the Special Patrol Group; demanding an all-party parliamentary committee to look into the problem of civil breakdown and the possible development of no-go areas; campaigning for legal restrictions and civil consultation on the working of the Police National Computer; campaigning for the rights of prisoners and for an improvement in British prison conditions.

In addition, the Prevention of Terrorism Act needs a public examination — as does the practice of phone-tapping, which has not been officially reviewed since 1957. Nor is the sort of secret surveillance work carried out by the Special Branch beyond the reach of a determined campaign: in South Australia, citizens forced the disbandment of their equivalent bureau and the shredding of its files; in America, public outcry led to a similar enquiry into the operation of the SSU.

On the wider scene, the whole business of internal defence ought to be dragged out into the light. The shenanigans behind the 1964 Emergency Powers Act should be explained, and the authorities should make absolutely clear the consequences of an escalation in civil unrest.

A Civil Rights movement aimed primarily at combating the development of a police state would have to limit its scope in order to maintain its dynamism. Bringing any minority cause (say, the rights of gypsies) lock, stock, and barrel into the fold, would confuse the issue and the organisation's public image. On the other hand, whenever minority rights are involved in a conflict between police practices and the public interest, a Civil Rights movement would be able to exert massive pressure where at present only the minority themselves can protest.

In this respect, such an alliance would be very useful to a wide range of causes, in particular providing an opportunity for blacks and whites to collaborate on issues not specifically to do with race relations. (Black leaders under the chairmanship of Patrick Kodikara have just founded a black Civil Rights campaign in Britain. Whilst it should be strongly supported, it ought not to discourage the founders of a broader-based movement to go for the biggest black membership they can.)

Another function of a Civil Rights alliance would be to spotlight and popularise the sort of complex legal issues which organisations like the National Council For Civil Liberties (NCCL) have to deal with in daunting detail.

For example, there are plans afoot to impose certain legal restrictions on demonstrations, including agreed routes for marches and a statutory minimum period of advanced warning (seven days). Both appear to be reasonable suggestions until it's realised how easy it could be to infringe them and be charged with an offence. The "seven days" law, for instance, would make spontaneous "same day" demonstrations completely illegal.

The Special Branch already sits in on most political meetings and likes to take photographs of those who attend. This might easily be a preliminary to requiring prior notice of assembly, the next step being the banning of special categories of assembly outright.

A Civil Rights alliance, by being equipped precisely to popularise such issues, would provide organisations like the NCCL with what would in effect be a part-time provisional wing.

The forces of social control are gathering. The resisting forces of freedom must take a leaf out of their book, sink their differences, and amalgamate.

ASIDE FROM CIVIL DEFENCE and Civil Liberties, there is very little anyone can do politically to ward off the eventual arrival of totalitarianism.

Certainly we're being governed by a party with a philosophy entirely inappropriate to the requirements of the time. With imminent massive unemployment, the need for social planning has never been more vital: planning of re-equipment, planning of work-sharing, planning of wage-distribution, planning of retraining and leisure facilities. All of this can only be undertaken by a socialist government.

However, the next socialist government is likely to compensate so heavily for the extremism of Mrs Thatcher's policies that the already exacerbated class antipathies traditional to Britain might easily inflame themselves into civil war. Even if the necessary social planning is managed without provoking chaos, such an administration would at most buy us two or three years more freedom before closedown.

Those two or three years are, of course, worth the effort. Sooner or later, though, totalitarianism will be with us — and from then on it will all depend on how much control people have over themselves, rather than over the way things around them are organised.

The keynote of times to come is sounded in the concept of *human surplus:* unnecessary people. Under the auspices of such an outlook, the value of life will depreciate and many things which we now take to be inalienably human characteristics will pass away, possibly forever.

It will be a highly mechanised society, though the machines will no longer be orientated to the needs of the majority and may, on the contrary, be used mainly to suppress them.

But there's a subtler psychological effect of being surrounded by machines. Without your being consciously aware of it, machines cultivate in us a kind of subliminal contempt for human frailty. They're so fast, so hard, so relentless, and cause such enormous destruction, that we end up worshipping the power in them the way we once worshipped the power in thunderstorms and volcanoes.

Worse, their retributive power over those that made them is so awesome that human beings will soon stand in danger of looking merely like so many inefficient mechanisms of an earlier, now obsolete model.

Hit by a high-velocity bullet, a human body recoils as if kicked by an invisible wild horse — splayed like a rag doll, the life whipped out of it in a split second. Then it collapses, sack-like, in an ugly heap.

Instantly changed from a living person to a dehumanised object, the victim of such a weapon is left stranded outside the range of our sympathy. It must be very difficult to grieve for something that turned out to be just a stuffed doll, and not a person after all.

And of course the effect of all this on the man who fired the shot is simply to make him more wall-eyed, less and less able to see that the things he is destroying are human beings. In Afghanistan, Soviet troops herded the men of one village into a field, sprayed them with machine gun bullets, and then ploughed them, dead or alive, into the earth with a bulldozer. The tribesmen's children were watching. One wonders what can have been going through their little minds at the time.

As fast as some machines kill people, simultaneously rendering them into unmournable rubbish by making their deaths inconceivably violent, so other machines are ensuring that the rest, by being unemployable, become similarly expendable.

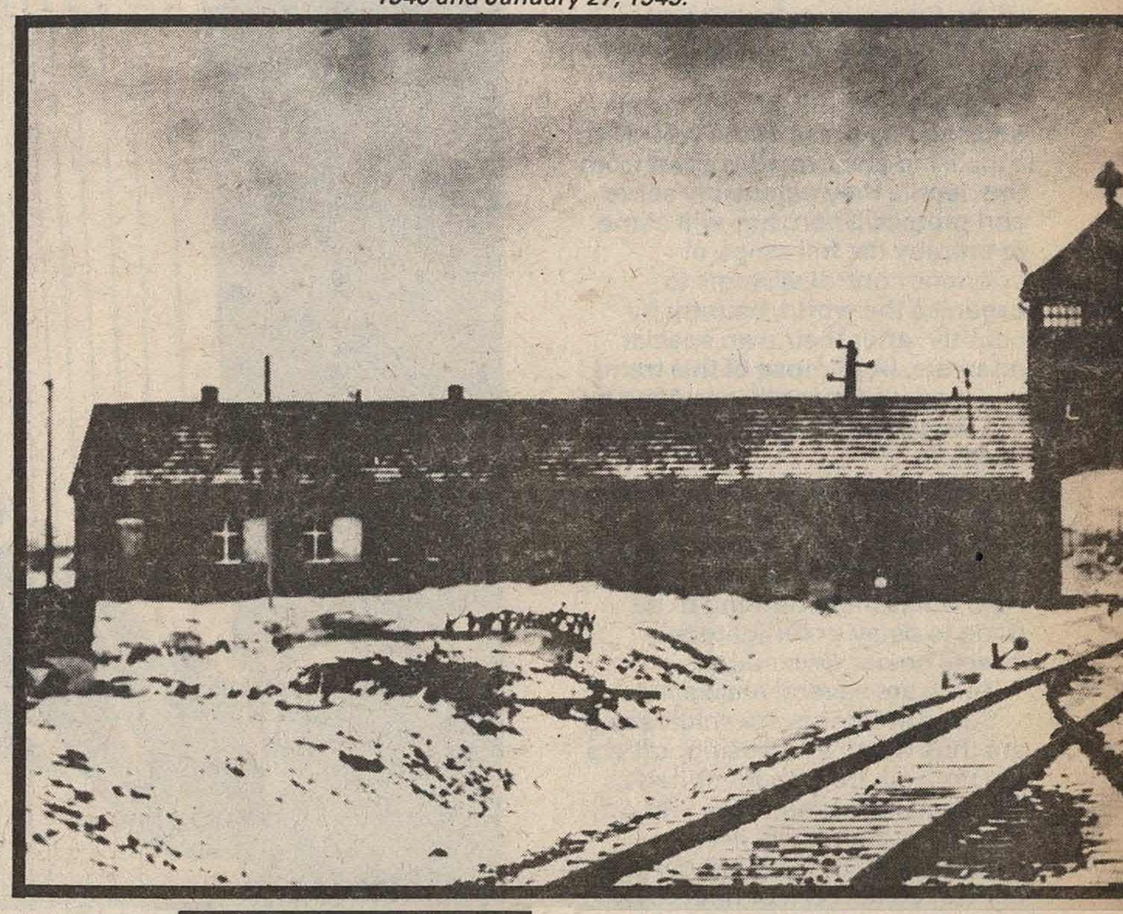
Suppose food stopped coming into Britain. Between thirty and forty million of us would suddenly find ourselves in the position of being an unwanted surplus. You may protest that no one could do anything against such a vast quantity of people. Between 1917 and 1956, according to a statistical estimate quoted by Alexander Solzhenitsyn in *The Gulag Archipelago* (Volume 2, p.10), internal repression in the Soviet Union was responsible for the deaths of *sixty six million* Russians.

Of course, it wouldn't all happen at once — but this would simply make the impact on the human imagination at large deeper and deeper through being prolonged.

It might start with mounting legislation against further addition to the existing population. Family allowances and tax-relief could be abolished; free education scrapped; prohibitively high fees for marriage licences introduced. There might be fertility taxes (per child on a rising scale), even infertility bonuses (for not having children). If things began to get really serious there could be fines, even imprisonment, for giving birth. (Brian Aldiss has suggested that motherhood might eventually come to

OUR FRIGHTENING FUTUR

Above: Nuremberg? Nope, London. A secret rally? On the contra acclaim of his blackshirts, April 1934.
Below: the 'Gates of Death' leading to the crematorium at Ausch 1940 and January 27, 1945.



Orwell

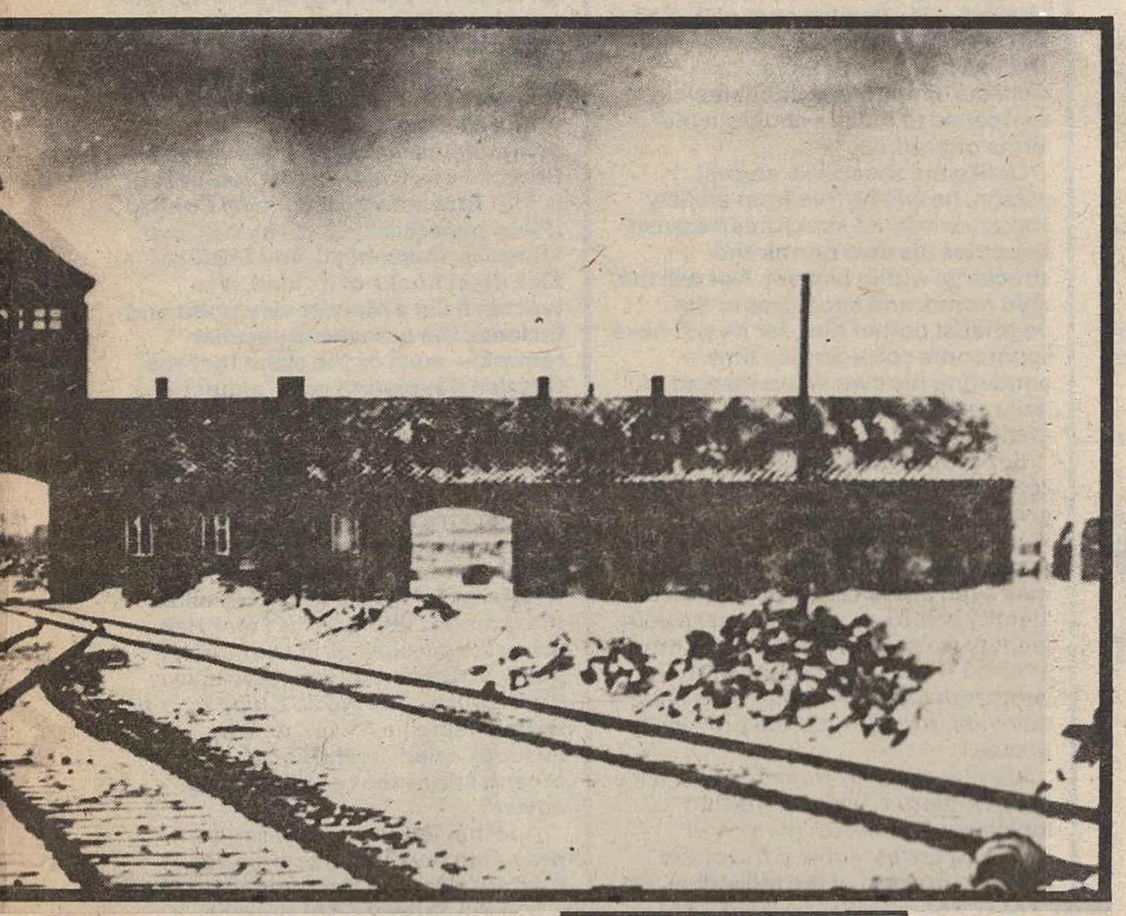
"The creatures outsi to man, and from ma pig to man again; bu impossible to say wh

GEORG

RE — PAST REFLECTIONS

ry — the Royal Albert Hall, actually. Sir Oswald Mosley reaps the

witz. Approximately four million people died there between July 14,



ide looked from pig an to pig, and from t already it was hich was which"

GE ORWELL: Animal Farm

be regarded as a capital offence comparable with murder.)

If the churches objected, the churches would have to be eliminated.

At crisis level, mass sterilisation would arrive, possibly accomplished slyly by slipping certain chemicals into the food-supply. Mysterious viruses might appear, sweeping the poorer districts and blamed on a general lowering of resistance owing to inadequate diet. With food riots raging, few would quibble with emergency legislation allowing the old, the sick, the handicapped, the criminal, and the insane to be quietly put to sleep.

Only a hardened society could survive such a savage experience — one probably quite similar to Russia after the Terror of 1937. Fear and an acute desire to survive at all costs would effectively destroy all love and

Milgram

trust. Life would become as coldly quantitative as that lived by chickens in a battery-farm, except that laying an egg would get you shot rather than fed.

Would virtues survive? Pity, decency, public spirit — would they disappear for ever? George Orwell thought they would.

But surely human nature is unchangeable?

Possibly.

It's worth reflecting on how much of chicken nature has survived close confinement under artificial light and execution by conveyor-belts that drag them upside-down through electrified water before ripping their heads off with a mechanical shredder.

WITHIN THE NEXT DECADE there may very well be a massive superstitious reaction against machines. Futurologist Edward Goldsmith has predicted a neo-Luddite anarchy, in the aftermath of which religio-political messianic movements will roam the country preaching a return to nature: "Like all messianic movements, these are likely to be violent."

The outcome of this apocalypse will, he believes, be a return to feudalism on a post-industrial basis: "People will gather round whichever strong men can provide the basic necessities of life, and offer protection against marauding bands from the dying cities."

This romantic picture has an almost Biblical appeal and doubtless Goldsmith is correct in forecasting a spasm of religious retreatism, if only because so many people would thoroughly enjoy it. But whilst it's very possible that there will shortly be some sort of popular agitation for a return to tradition, modern control technology is simply too efficient to allow a chaotic situation to last very long. Nor, as would be very quickly realised, can smashing up machinery lead to anything more elevated than the kind of back-breaking drudgery our ancestors have always sought to eliminate through invention.

There's plenty wrong with machine science: it's ugly, noisy, pollutes the environment, and always breaks down at the crucial moment. But there's nothing fundamentally *evil* about it — nothing, that is, that human maturity couldn't cure.

The trouble is human maturity is still several thousands of years away in the future. The fault lies not in our gadgets, but in ourselves.

Without acknowledging that many of the most powerful enemies of freedom live inside us, our attempts to combat them are bound to fail. And this is one battle the human race cannot afford to lose.

★ ★ ★

THE FUTURE IS GOING TO BE tough. And it'll be extra tough on those who aren't prepared for it — which, as now, means almost everybody.

Before Bob Dylan was saved and began to give forth with what, to us damned, sound suspiciously like platitudes, he had been claiming to be creatively guided by a rather startling maxim of the late Henry Miller — to wit:

"The role of the artist is to inoculate the world with disillusionment."

People, however, love their illusions. People *need* their illusions. Some people are almost entirely composed of the illusions they've grown to love and need. Deprived of them, they lose much of their identity and consequently tend to get frightened and violent.

Probably inoculation is the wrong analogy. The intuition about the needle rings true, but the more wholesome sort of artist is always closer in role to a doctor trying to wean somebody off heroin — meaning the hard junk of illusion that keeps them going. Such a vocational definition would not have taken Miller's fancy, but then there are different styles of individualism and his was obviously of the selfish kind.

Individualism has been getting a bad press lately.

Not only has it been under sustained formal attack by collectivist ideologies like Marxism and Fascism, both of which identify it with Capitalist self-interest, but there is a growing groundswell of popular disapproval of the sort of thing individualism introduces into the world — things like science, upsetting art-works, and a constant sceptical questioning of old religious folk values.

Individualism, in short, is an affront to the social Cognitive Structure — from which follows the unwelcome conclusion that most of us are not individuals at all and have no clear idea of what individualism really is.

There is probably an important relationship between the degree of a person's individuality and the number of illusions with which that person is afflicted. But insisting on a rigid rule of inverse proportion, as Henry Miller would have done, is to beg the question: if we don't really know what individualism is, are we in any more substantial agreement about truth and illusion?

For example: one of William Steig's illustrations for Wilhem Reich's *Listen, Little Man!* depicts a pipe-smoking Common Man looking behind him at a chain which, having once been attached to his ankle, has just snapped. He is appalled. The caption reads: "My God!"

Is Steig identifying an illusion — or is *he*, as Bob Dylan would now insist, the one whose eyes are shut?

Ultimately, illusion is a matter of pure perception. St Francis of Assissi's senses were so acute that birds sat on his shoulders and talked to him. Illusion? Only someone as extremely individual as that man can really know.

At this stage of the game, the point is far from academic. In the words of Chekhov: "If you cry 'Forward!' you must without fail make plain in what direction to go. Don't you see that if, without doing so, you call out the word to both a monk and a revolutionary, they will go in directions precisely opposite?"

The only way we can get to grips with the issue of individualism and grasp why it's so vitally necessary to value it, is to identify some of the illusions we all have about ourselves and the way this world goes round.

BETWEEN 1960 AND 1963 IN the Department of Psychology at Yale University, Professor Stanley Milgram conducted a series of experiments into the nature and limits of human moral responsibility. In 1974, he published his findings in a book called *Obedience to Authority.*

It's no exaggeration to say that *Obedience to Authority* is one of the gravest and most frightening commentaries on human psychology ever conceived.

Most people have a generous and rather sentimental view of human nature which revolves around an idea that we're basically good and kind and, given the chance to prove ourselves, generally capable of making the right choices. Confronted with a phenomenon like Nazism, folk who hold these views tend to shrug and ascribe all Fascist aberrations to some mysterious quirk of the German national character.

All sufferers from this gentle illusion are advised to obtain a copy of *Obedience to Authority* and wise up.

Milgram's experiments took the following form.

An ad was placed in a New Haven paper, asking for volunteers for "a scientific study of memory and learning". For one hour's participation, each volunteer would receive four dollars, plus fifty cents car-fare.

Upon arriving at the lab, the naive volunteer was confronted with the following strange situation:

Another volunteer, the "learner", was strapped into a chair with one hand pressed to a metal plate. This plate was connected to a shock-generator. The shock-generator was placed under the control of the naive volunteer, henceforth referred to by the controlling research scientist as the "teacher".

The "learner", it was explained, was taking part in an investigation into the effect of punishment upon learning. He had already read and attempted to memorise a list of paired-associate words (eg: "wild . . . duck", "nice . . . day"). Now the "teacher" was to read back the first words of each pair along with a choice of four possible associates, including the correct one.

If the "learner" gave the correct associate word, the "teacher" would confirm this and proceed to the next pair. However, if the "learner" got it wrong, the "teacher" was instructed to give him an electric shock — simultaneously telling him the correct answer. This, it was claimed, would help him remember the next time round.

There were thirty switches on the shock-generator, starting at 15 volts and rising to a top limit of 450 volts. Shocks above 150 volts were marked clearly with designations of degree: Strong Shock, Very Strong Shock, Intense Shock, Extreme Intensity Shock, Danger: Severe Shock. The last two switches were marked 'XXX'.

The research scientist explained that, in order to ensure an intensifying effort on the part of the "learner", the "teacher" must increase the shocks given for each wrong answer. This implied that thirty wrong answers would lead to a shock of 450 volts, though this was not actually mentioned by the scientist.

The "teacher" was given a sample shock of 45 volts, partly to convince him or her that the generator was working, partly to give him or her an idea of what electric shocks felt like. If the "teacher" was bothered about the severity of the shocks and their possible effects upon the "learner", he was assured that, though the shocks could be painful, "no permanent tissue-damage" would be caused by them.

The experiment then began.

WHAT THE "TEACHER" DIDN'T know was that he was being had. The generator was not connected up; the "learner" was an actor working to a strictly defined script; and the scientist was watching the inquisitor, not the victim.

The wrong answers would begin to accumulate. At 75 volts, the "learner" would let out a yelp. At 120 volts, he'd call out: "Hey, this really hurts!" At 150 volts: "Get me out of here! My heart's bothering me! I refuse to go on."

If the "teacher" was on schedule, he would at this point turn anxiously to the research scientist and ask him what to do. The scientist, mildly but firmly, would answer: "The experiment requires that you go on."

The "teacher" might then protest that the guy wanted to stop, he was yelling about his heart. The scientist, in the same even tone, would reply: "You have no other choice. You must continue."

At 180 volts, the "learner" would shout: "I can't stand the pain! Let me out! Let me out!" At 270 volts, he would unleash an agonised scream: "Let me out of here! Let me out of here! Do you hear me? Let me out!"

If the "teacher" protested again, the scientist would simply reiterate his litany: "There is no permanent tissue-damage. The experiment requires that you go on. You have no other choice. You must continue."

At 315 volts, the "learner" would give what, in the script, was described as an *"intensely agonised scream":* "I absolutely refuse to answer! I'm no longer part of this experiment!" At 330 volts, he would make one last pleading, hysterical protest. Thereafter, he'd be silent.

Since in most experiments the "learner" was in an adjoining room, communicating by microphone, the "teacher" couldn't know whether his silence was due to obstinacy or something more permanent. He'd get no help from the scientist, who'd simply carry on telling him he had no choice as if absolutely nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

When the "teacher", now counting silences as wrong answers, arrived at 450 volts, he was told to continue at that level. If he did so, the scientist rose and told him that the experiment was over.

Before he started his investigation, Stanley Milgram polled over a hundred psychiatrists, students, and middle-class adults of varied occupations, asking them to predict the point at which people would generally assert themselves, break the influence of authority, and refuse to proceed any further. Most thought at 150 volts; a great many reckoned much earlier, say, at 75 volts; a very few thought some especially impressionable or sadistic types might go a little above 180 volts.

In the Milgram experiments, 63% of all the participants reached the 450 volts switch. Hundreds of "teachers" from all walks of life went on sending massive shocks of electricity through a screaming fellow human being because a scientist told them they had no other choice.

Behold the human race!

MORRIS BRAVERMAN, A 39-year-old social worker of serious, intelligent, and concerned demeanour, presses the 75 volts switch: a yelp. This has a strange effect on Mr Braverman. He begins to laugh.

Milgram: "At first, it is a light snicker, then it becomes increasingly insistent and disruptive. The laughter seemed triggered by the learner's screams."

At 315 volts, Morris Braverman asks the scientist if he has to follow his instructions "literally". He is told: yes. He seems "very satisfied". The scientist's notes on Mr Braverman for the last few shocks read as follows:

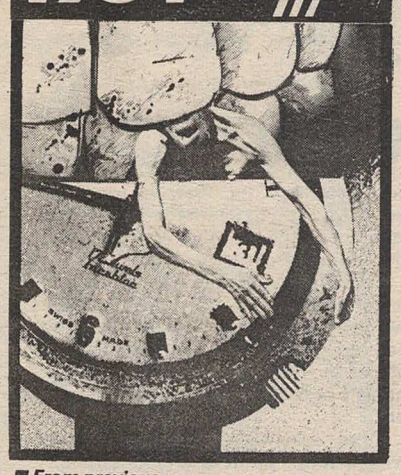
"Almost breaking up now each time gives shock. Rubbing face to hide laughter. Cannot control laughter no matter what he does. Clenching fist and pushing it into the table."

Afterwards, Mr Braverman is calm and impressively lucid. Asked to define the true purpose of the experiment in the light of the real circumstances, he replies: "To test the effects on the teacher of being in an essentially sadistic role, as well as the reactions of a student to a learning situation that was authoritative, rigid, and punitive".

Asked why he laughed, he said:

■ *Continues over*

1984



■ *From previous page*

"This isn't the way I usually am. This was a sheer reaction to a totally impossible situation. I'm a nice person, I think, hurting somebody, and caught up in what seemed a mad situation . . . and in the interest of science, one goes through with it."

A year later, he writes as follows in reply to one of Milgram's questionnaires:

"What appalled me was that I could possess this capacity for obedience and compliance to a central idea, i.e., the value of a memory experiment, even after it became clear that continued adherence to this value was at the expense of violation of another value, i.e., don't hurt someone else who is helpless and not hurting you.

"As my wife says, 'You can call yourself Eichmann'. I hope I can deal more effectively with any future conflicts of values I encounter."

Pasqual Gino, a 43-year-old water inspector, went on with the experiment even though he was convinced he'd killed the "learner". Interviewed some time later, he said:

"I believe I conducted myself behaving and obediently and carried on instructions as I always do. So I said to my wife, 'Well here we are. And I think I did a good job.' She said, 'Suppose the man was dead?' "

Mr Gino replied: "So he's dead. I did my job!"

As for those dreadful Germans, they didn't do so badly. Gretchen Brandt, a 31-year-old medical technician, stopped the experiment at 210 volts. Told that she had no choice and must continue, she replied: "I think that we are here on our own free will."

Afterwards, it emerged that she grew to adolescence in Hitler's Germany and was for most of her youth exposed to Nazi propaganda. Asked about the possible influence of her background, she said slowly:

"Perhaps we have seen too much pain."

PETER GABRIEL'S SONG 'Milgram's 37', referring to the 37% of volunteers who summoned up the independence to defy the scientific authority figure, somewhat exaggerates the positive aspect of the experiment. Of this group, well over half continued to shock the "learner" after he'd demanded to be let out because of his heart condition (at 150 volts), some proceeding as high as Extreme Intensity Shock and only stopping when the "learner" fell silent (at 330 volts).

Only 15% of the total number of participants refused to go on when the "learner" first demanded to be let out.

Many of the volunteers appeared not to understand the implications of what they'd done or to see the point of the experiment. A large proportion called the scientist "Sir" and were harsh and peremptory with their fellow volunteer, the "learner". Some explained that they didn't like to stop in case they forfeited their four dollars (plus fifty cents car-fare).

According to Milgram, the typical profile of their reaction afterwards was mild bewilderment, self-justification, and a servile hope that they'd done a good job. Their "feelings, goals, and thoughts", he observed, "were too diverse and unintegrated" to allow them to comprehend their responsibility and the reality of the situation they were in.

"Unable to defy the authority of the experimenter, they attribute all responsibility to him. It is the old story of 'just doing one's duty' that was heard time and time again in the defence statements of those accused at Nuremberg.

"But it would be wrong to think of it as a thin alibi concocted for the occasion. Rather, it is *a fundamental mode of thinking for a great many people* once they are locked into a subordinate position in a structure of authority.

"The disappearance of a sense of responsibility is the most far-reaching consequence of submission to authority."

The 15% that defied authority in Milgram's experiment — what did they have that the other 85% didn't?

They had an innate sense of moral responsibility. They had an inner strength equal to the immense strain of the situation. They empathised with a fellow person's suffering. They weren't overawed by science or phoney logic. They knew it was a question of free will and that they had a choice.

In Milgram's words, their "feelings, goals, and thoughts" were sufficiently integrated and unified to allow them to break out of the hypnosis afflicting the majority and believe in themselves for taking an uncomfortable independent stand. They were not "one of the herd".

These people were, in short, individuals. And their qualities are some of the more socially vital qualities of individualism.

IN 1949 THAT SUPREME individual George Orwell was taken to task by humanist critics over the content of the speeches of O'Brien in the climactic interrogation sequence of *1984* (pp. 192-230).

The ideas expressed here — including that of a new sort of civilisation founded on hatred — were felt to be so nihilistic, so unmitigatedly evil, that they could only be the exaggerated fantasies of a sick man. (Orwell was, in fact, dying of tuberculosis whilst writing *1984* — an illness he'd contracted twenty years before when he was living as a tramp to research *Down And Out In Paris And London.*)

What, they asked, was the *point* of torturing Winston Smith until he believed the unbelievable and loved Big Brother? Why not just shoot him and get it over with?

O'Brien himself had already provided them with the answer; *"The object of torture is torture."* But, whilst we are sufficiently vicious to understand pain as a means to an end, we are normally not quite mad enough to see pain as an end in itself. That sort of thinking belongs to the criminal psychopath. And we prefer to pretend on the whole that such people don't exist.

It's worth remembering, whenever we raise a cry about police corruption or abuse of power, that most of the world's considerable cast of evil bastards aren't cops or secret service men, but the people they protect us from. That our coppers are also the strong-stomached realists who have to deal with the side of life we'd rather not know about.

British TV being governed by British standards of good manners, the viewing audience has to wait for the odd American import in order to catch a glimpse of what police everywhere have to cope with. The recent *Miami Circuit 11* series provided a case in point:

Two young criminals broke into the house of a solitary old man. For some reason, they were convinced that he had a lot of money stashed away somewhere and they intended to force him to tell them where. Unfortunately for the old man, the rumour was baseless. The young men didn't believe him.

They knocked him down, sat on him, and stabbed him in the chest with a pair of nail-scissors. Then they began battering him about the face with their fists. Finally, they pushed a fountain-pen into his ear and punched it into his head. The old man died.

Similar stories, often involving the torture, rape, and robbery of lonely old women, crop up regularly in the British press. The assailants often turn out to be unemployed youths just setting out on a career of crime.

There is violence in almost all of us. If human history wasn't evidence enough of that, then Stanley Milgram's experiments would be unarguable proof. And yet there is a self-deceiving conspiracy of silence on the subject which effectively prevents anything ever being done about it.

The sadists of Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia were mostly ordinary men and women, their heads turned a little by being given the power of life and death. Doubtless their latent inner violence found expression through the sort of work they were instructed to do, but the predominant attitude seems to have been one of contented obedience and a desire to appear efficient and reliable.

This calm, bureaucratic cruelty is striking enough — Hannah Arendt characterised it in her famous phrase "the banality of evil" — but the story doesn't end there. For it is precisely this sheep-like compliance of the majority which provides conditions ideal for the coming to power of genuine criminal psychopaths.

The *Sunday Times Magazine* recently (11/5/1980) published an account of life in the Cambodian interrogation prison of Tuol Sleng.

Tuol Sleng was run as a commune. Here entire families of interrogators — husbands, wives, teenage sons and daughters — lived a bizarre life in which starving and torturing helpless fellow humans was a regular daily routine. Where other communal groups might gather to sing songs in the evening, the Tuol Sleng commune held merry hangings, hoisting their victims up and down to make the entertainment last.

On the wall of the torture room — like a noticeboard in the kitchen of a communal household — were the regulations prisoners were expected to observe during interrogation, neatly printed in Khmer, French, and English:

"You must answer in conformity with the questions I asked you. Don't try to escape by making pretexts according to your hypocritical ideas. It is strictly forbidden to contest me. You must immediately answer my questions without wasting the time to reflect. During the bastinado or the electrization, you must not cry loudly. Wait for the orders. If there are no orders, do nothing. If I ask you to do something, you must immediately do it without protesting. If you disobey every point of my regulations you will get either ten strokes of whip or five shocks of electric discharge."

(Sic.)

Conformism and political dogmatism did most of the work at Tuol Sleng, but the abnormal normality cheerfully accepted by the majority would probably not have endured without the presence of one or two charismatic psychopaths to give it form and power.

Recent research has shown that the early Nazi party had an unusually high criminal membership. Viciousness and a rigid Cognitive Structure seem to go hand in hand. In fact, it seems that by forcing people into a rigid, punitive situation, you can actually turn them into surrogate psychopaths tailored to your own special requirements.

The Greek torturers of the Papadopoulos regime were trained by being themselves subjected to torture. The effect seems to have been to brutalise them and make them feel emotionally neutral in the presence of pain — rather as the high-velocity bullet neutralises grief.

. . . she said, "Suppose the man was dead?" Mr Gino replied: "So he was dead. I did my job" . . .

Very similar techniques are employed by the SAS in their initial training courses.

Is Tuol Sleng the model of the future? Must the experiment continue? Do we have no other choice?

WHETHER IT COMES FROM the right, the left, or the centre, totalitarianism amounts to the same thing in the long run: the Triumph of the Id.

Where no holds are barred, no drive or fantasy need remain unsatisfied and politics will consequently take a back seat to psychology; once the need to balance the books is offset by the possibility of pulling out a revolver and shooting your creditors, the study of economics must wither.

In a society governed by psychological forces, the currency is power and fear the means of control. Moreover, since fear works far better on isolated persons than upon groups, the ideal for a totalitarian ruling elite is a population that trusts nothing, knows little, and is cut off as completely as possible from traditional notions of moral right and wrong.

In such a situation, inter-action between people becomes not only unlikely to produce much beyond a shared loneliness, it is also a potential one-way ticket to the torture-table. A person will thus tend to keep himself to himself, effectively doing half his rulers' control work for them.

This fear of isolation has recently provided yet another kind of attack on individualism. We run to the crowd in a desperate attempt to find solace in belonging, strength in numbers, purpose in collectivity — even though huddling together can rarely disguise the fact of our already insoluble separation from each other.

The situation is further complicated by the Marxist contention, popular with unthinking people the world over, that all personal manifestations are intrinsically bourgeois — an open invitation to robotism and a society run by criminal psychopaths (not to mention implying that all proletarians are identical).

The inquisitorial nature of Marxism — a legitimate heir to Catholicism in its fanatical and bloody persecution of the individual — can be fairly easily reasoned out, and its objections discounted. But the pull of the crowd, which is nothing else but the pull of the social Cognitive Structure, is something that can't be argued away.

People in crowds forfeit their individuality. In so doing, they release all their inhibitions and become capable of behaviour of which, in isolation, they'd loudly disapprove. This is why demagogues like mass rallies. (And night rallies in particular, the evening being a time when most people are at their most relaxed and impressionable.)

Anomie, measured in terms of the suicide rate, declines abruptly in times of war — partly because everything becomes simplified under such circumstances and partly because there is endless opportunity for people to sink their solitude into collective activity. When the war is over, the sense of lonely purposelessness returns, anomie increases, and once again the suicide rate begins to climb.

There is clearly a connection between individualism and Cognitive Structure — and Milgram, speaking about disobedience, confirms this: "To break out of the assigned role is to create, on a small scale, a form of anomie."

A balanced individual will always have the same basic emotional quality of calm, whatever his other characteristics. An exceptionally balanced and independent individual will also be, as it were, *conceptually relaxed* — ie., flexible enough to cope with all kinds of upheavals in reality and to accept the most radical conflicts of opinion without feeling compelled to make a choice in the terms offered.

Unlike the sheep-like normal person, he will be free from anxiety about norms and structures because he carries his own norms and structures within himself. Nor will the rigid norms and structures of the dogmatist bother him, for he will have spent some considerable time pondering his own views instead of lazily piecing together disjointed bits of other people's.

But deeper than the level of concepts, his integration will have given him an independent sense of identity which cannot be destroyed by a crowd and, in exceptional cases, may even prove resistant to torture. Identity is the key. For if you take your identity from other people — as most of us do — you'll go wherever the wind doth blow. (And the more people there are, the stronger the prevailing breeze.)

Identity can only remain stable if it's independent. Which means that loneliness, disillusionment, and suffering are essential parts of the growing process of the individual. So long as they're avoided, a person will stay dependant for his identity on others, however carefully and tastefully those others are chosen.

That which ceases to grow commences to rot.

INDIVIDUALISM, HOWEVER, IS rare and for obvious reasons. Fantasising that we can ward off totalitarianism by suddenly becoming individuals is yet another illusion.

At best, a few more people will see the light and struggle towards it; most though will eventually submit to that most dreadful of the inner enemies of freedom — more destructive than violence, power-worship, excitement, confusion, apathy, privacy and guilt put together: *fear.*

Towards the end of this century, man will suddenly catch sight of his shadow and freeze in horror. So as not to have to look at that grotesque phantom, he will blow out the candle of rationalism by which he has lighted his recent progress and run howling back into the dark.

In 1958, a pessimistic Aldous Huxley spelt it out:

"Only the vigilant can maintain their liberties, and only those who are constantly and intelligently on the spot can hope to govern themselves effectively by democratic procedures. A society, most of whose members spend a great deal of their time not on the spot, not here and now and in the calculable future, but somewhere else, in the irrelevant other worlds of sport and soap opera, of mythology and metaphysical fantasy, will find it hard to resist the encroachments of those who would manipulate and control it."

An aristocratic viewpoint, certainly. After all, what is life all about if not sport and soap opera (and rock and roll)? And the notion of us all seriously defending democracy by reading up on civil rights is of course, very far-fetched. But the fact remains that Huxley is quite correct.

In 1931, Albert Speer joined the Nazi party, emotionally attracted to them by their militaristic collectivism: "the sight of discipline in a time of chaos, the impression of energy in an atmosphere of universal hopelessness". Later, he condemned his inadequate response to the Fascist phenomenon as a failure to criticise and to be informed:

"For had I only wanted to, I could have found out even then that Hitler was proclaiming expansion of the Reich to the east; that he was a rank anti-Semite; and that he was committed to a system of authoritarian rule; that after attaining power he intended to eliminate democratic procedures and would thereafter yield only to force.

"Not to have worked that out for myself; not, given my education, to have read books, magazines, and newspapers of various viewpoints; not to have tried to see through the whole apparatus of mystification — was already criminal. At this initial stage my guilt was as grave as, at the end, my work for Hitler.

"For being in a position to know and nevertheless shunning knowledge creates direct responsibility for the consequences — from the very beginning."

The future begins today. Do not betray it.

1984

□ YOU MAY FIND SOME OF THE following books useful. Prices are given but, if you're really hard up, join your local library. If they don't stock a particular title, they'll fetch it from another branch within a fortnight for the price of a notifying postcard.

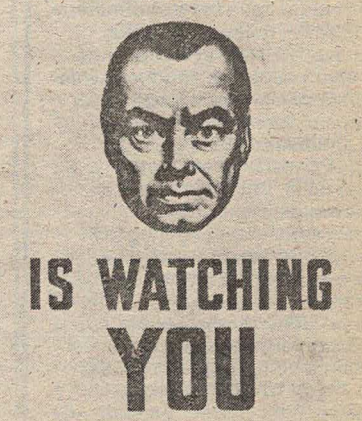
The clearest and most comprehensive summary of recent British steps towards totalitarianism is *The Technology of Political Control* (Pluto paperback, £3.25) by Ackroyd, Margolis, Rosenhead, and Shallice. Like most books of its kind, it is written from a Marxist viewpoint and includes the occasional peculiar remark — such as the claim that the Russian Revolution was "almost bloodless". Taken with a pinch of salt, however, it serves a vital purpose. (It was also far cheaper — £1.25 — when it was a Penguin paperback; it's worth looking around for an old copy.)

Various issues are dealt with in the two volumes of *Policing The Police* (Platform Books, £2.95/£4.50) under the general editorship of Peter Hain, who also specialises in community politics. Absolutely indispensable is *Civil Liberty: The NCCL Guide to your Rights* (Penguin £1.95), which includes a very useful list of organisations that give help and advice.

Another left-wing publication providing invaluable summaries of matters affecting our freedom is *State Research.* Published bi-monthly in a highly professional format, it's available from 9 Poland Street, London W1 (Tel. 01-734 5831). Each bulletin costs 50p to individuals, £1.00 to organisations; back numbers (17 so far) are available to subscribers only.

There are many films that throw light on issues raised in this series of articles. A productive mixture might be: *The Battle of Chile* (Parts 1 and 2), *Hitler: A Career, Apocalypse Now,* and *The Enigma of Kasper Hauser.*

George Orwell's *1984* is available from Penguin, price 70p.



From the 1956 movie version of 1984

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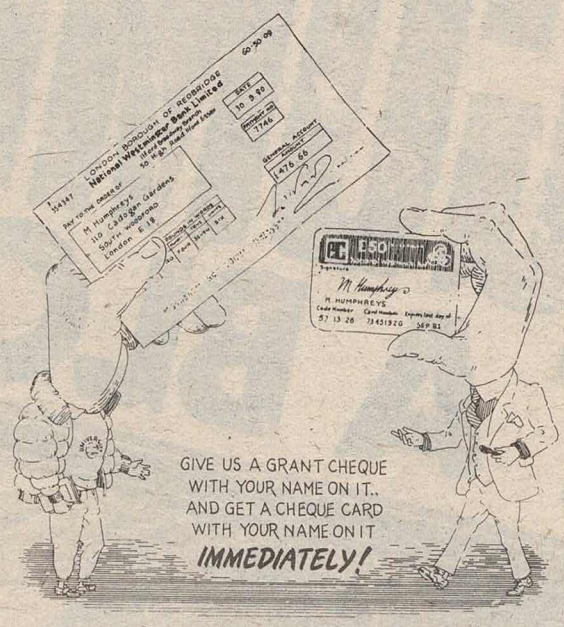

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NME 3

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GARY NUMAN
Telekon *(Beggars Banquet)*

AH, THE shimmering dust-free corridors, the pleasure machines, the limitless possibilities opened up by microtechnology, the disturbing effects of cybernetic leisure upon the fragile human psyche . ... one can hardly wait for the future to arrive.

Of course, this particular future may not have much in common with what the majority of people can expect — a narrowing rather than a broadening of the range of possibilities, a retreat into austerity rather than an advance into hedonism — but fretting over the possible results of such a lifestyle is probably considerably more soothing than giving serious thought to the problems of life as is and will be.

Hence Gary Numan, and his success in the pop world. Martyn Ware of The Human League recently inveighed against what he termed 'phoney futurism', but Numan's work might better be described as 'reactionary futurism' or 'futurist kitsch'. Basically, reactionary futurism makes no attempt to come to terms with any real future that real people might have to face; it prefers to extrapolate from the vision of SF writers of the '30s to the accompaniment of large slabs of third or fourth-hand Kraftwerk (via Bowie, Eno and Ultravox).

'Telekon' is Gary Numan's fourth album. All non-musical considerations temporarily to one side, I'd say that it was a woefully dull and monotonous album, pompous in the extreme and exceptionally limited in its range of tempi and tonalities (how a man who owns so many different synthesisers can be satisfied with so few noises is utterly inexplicable). His mannered whine drives me completely up the wall, and titles like 'I Dream Of Wires' and 'Remember I Was Vapour' seem almost risible. Moreover, Numan's work seems almost entirely untained by anything even faintly resembling wit or passion.

Still, that's just me. Critics are frequently reminded by their correspondents that 'critical judgements' are simply self-validating opinions dignified only by their appearance in print, and I freely admit this to be the case. My quarrel with Gary Numan is based on the following opinions (a) his work bores me shitless (b) his posture as Most Tormented Shopwindow Dummy Of The 21st Century soars to heights of pomposity rivalled only by Yes and The Moody Blues (c) his brand of escapism — from an unattractive doom to an attractive one — is neither enlightened nor enlightening (d) his vision of dehumanisation is already dehumanised in that it thinks of everything and everyone — including himself — as an object and encourages others to do likewise.

Actually, Numan's fans — the people who'll actually lay out the readies for this album — are probably in considerably better shape than Numan. They'll pick up on the noise and the pose as long as he continues to amuse them, but only the most committed will lock themselves into the spurious vision that informs the work. And since Numan's vision is reaching new heights of absurdity all the time, the possibility that a few of his punters are going to burst out laughing and spoil the whole thing is steadily increasing.

Any album that begins, *"And what if God's dead/we must have done something wrong"* and ends with *"but all I find is a reason to die"* has rather a lot to answer for. On 'I Dream Of Wires' we find Numan announcing *"I am the final silence, the last electrician alive"* and generally doing for David Bowie what The Cockney Rejects did for The Clash.

Give the devil his due: there's the odd nice riff or texture here and there and 'Sleep By Windows' is possibly the most effective Numan piece since 'Cars', but as an artist, Gary Numan is as hollow as the world he attempts to depict. In song after song, he locks himself into his luxurious hi-tech cocoon and agonises complacently about how awful everything is there.

The album comes with a 'free' single (i.e. an extra sales-boosting incentive to the faithful to snap up the artefact) which features a live version of 'Remember We Are Vapour' and Numan's speciality version of the old Drifters hit 'On Broadway'. Framed in what even the most Numan resistant listener would have to admit is a moderately nifty arrangement, the Pudgy White Slug intones his way through the song: wildly out of tune and encouraged by his faithful to enter realms of sub-Bowie vocal posturing which Quality Control would never permit him to explore in the studio. The effect is shattering.

'The last electrician alive.' Few rock stars have deliberately saddled themselves with a more ludicrous soubriquet. It can be no coincidence that Numan has recently teamed himself up with Robert Palmer, a man who certainly knows a silly pose when he adopts it. Numan provides the illusion of spectacle, of wrestling with psychological terror, of coming to terms with the future, of producing a modern noise.

In fact, he does none of these things. In a world where we're getting screwed by the present, Gary Numan's solution is to make a career out of diddling with the future.

And the synths of the fathers shall be visited upon the sons.

Charles Shaar Murray

Gazza still trying to be enigmatic. *Pic: David Wainwright.*

UB40 go off the rails. *Pic: Peter Anderson.*

The soft fist shuffle

UB40
Signing Off *(Graduate)*

FOR a group with two top ten singles already under their belts, UB40 have maintained a low profile since first announcing their talents with the 'King'/'Food For Thought' double A-side.

But the cool approach is a deceptive one. The eight members of UB40 might not yet be household names but they are slowly and stealthily establishing themselves as one of the country's more influential bands.

'Signing Off' — its drab sleeve a facsimile of the UB40 unemployment benefit form from which the band take their name — is a logical step forward from the group's brace of primo singles and a crisp confirmation of their class.

UB40 are the leading edge of a new breed of British reggae acts emerging in the wake of 2-Tone, LKJ and the independent singles boom of the last three years. Sticking with an outward-looking independent label, in their case Graduate, has enabled them to indulge themselves without the cramping compromises of moving to a major. The outcome is a courageous debut on which half the tracks are instrumentals. The album package also comes complete with a free 30-minute 12" single, giving well over an hour's listening time in all.

The band, too, have resisted the temptation to move from their humble Midlands recording abode, the entire album having been finished in producer Bob Lamb's eight-track home studio, the same place the group did the two singles.

Recording on familiar ground, UB40 have retained the elusive easy-skanking touch of their earlier work without tarting things up with too much studio trickery: for an eight-piece band, the actual sound is remarkably tight and crisp, each instrument always retaining its individual niche within the mellow groove.

The delicate subtleties of the sound feed off an instinctive empathy that exists between the various instrumental members of the band from drummer Jim Brown, percussionist Norman Hassan, bassie Earl Falconer and brothers Ali and Robin Campbell on guitar right through to the mournful sax of Brian Travers and the watery keyboard work of Micky Virtue.

There are no stars, just a collective musical restraint that tapers to a cool and well-balanced blend. UB40 know how to take the groove *down* without resorting to blandness, with the possible exception of the more vapid instrumentals like 'Adella', '25%' and the throwaway '12 Bar', the latter built, as the title suggests, around a simple 12 bar sequence.

The better tracks find vocalist Ali Campbell and toaster Astro making the band's overt political stance far clearer than any of the singles to date. Their radical sentiments and trenchant lyrics are given all the more force by the soft-fist of UB40's measured musical delivery.

The standout is probably 'Burden Of Shame', a vehement guilt-ridden attack on everything from dodgy arms sales abroad to repressive policies in Ulster: *"There are murders that we must account for/Bloody deeds have been done in our name/I'm a British subject, not proud of it/While I carry a burden of shame."*

Their rendition of Louis Allen's 'Strange Fruit' is even more vividly harrowing: *"Southern trees bear a strange fruit/Blood on the leaves and blood on the roots/Bodies swinging in the sun on the breeze/Strange fruit hanging from the poplar tree."*

'King', a dubwise remix of the original single, mourns the disintegration of the dreams of Martin Luther King while the opening track 'Tyler' is an impassioned plea for the release of an allegedly framed-up murder suspect in Louisiana.

The main cut on the accompanying 12" is the overlong but otherwise witty and excellent 'Madam Medusa', an incisive invective on the nation's hallowed premier, destined to take its place immediately in popular folklore alongside The Beat's 'Stand Down Margaret'.

Toaster Astro is in ripe old form, playing Ranking Roger to Ali Campbell's Dave Wakeling for the oratory: *"Run for your life or she'll eat you alive!/Move outa the way 'cause you're blacking out the day."*

The music might be mellow, but the hard-backed sentiments are hardly those of the nice reggae band you may have pigeonholed the UBs as. With that strength of character and commitment, their future should be interesting.

Adrian Thrills

ROBERT PALMER
Clues *(Island)*

WHY 'CLUES'? I mean to say, Robert old chap, it's not as if there's some burning question to all this despite the wacky covershot of your hunky physique knee-deep in some oceanic expanse with the old brows deep furrowed in thought as the handy cassette player pipes through some suitable 'modern world' new music. It all amounts to another album, another band-wagon to strap onto and little more.

Palmer's whole career has been an exercise in minor-league talent with heart-throb looks. With a fair set of pipes and a penchant for blue-eyed soul croon-ups, he sprung forth first aided and abetted by Lowell George and the rest of Little Feat, and stuck to his formula, chucking in dollops of reggae or salsa here and there for some three or four albums, whilst 'the image' was projected through cover designs always utilizing some statuesque 'femme fatale'.

Palmer went on to dig around the suitably 'accessible' New Wave numbers to pedal and was last heard performing Chrissie Hynde's 'Kid' amongst other tunes for what one presumed would be just another rich man's Linda Ronstadt affair.

Sharp-eared as ever, though, Palmer has now turned for inspiration to Talking Heads' 'Fear Of Music', Bowie's 'Heroes' and the like, going all out for the massed swarm of synthesizers, automaton funk rhythms and echoey discorporated vocal slant. In his search for a collaborator, Palmer — presumably finding David Bowie or Brian Eno unavailable — has plumped for (don't laugh) Gary Numan.

The splendour that is Gazza can be heard straining and soaring against the entire dark ages of aural piffle only on Side 2 of the record which allows the first side of 'Clues' to showcase the new sound of Palmer virtually on his tod.

Surprisingly, three out of his four cuts are very very good indeed. 'Looking For Clues' parries a natty variant on the one great funk bass riff punched

■ *Continues over*

from previous page

out at a spry domineering pace whilst guitars slice out clean fizzy riffs.

'What Do You Care' bears a strong kinship to the dynamics and orchestration of Elvis' 'Pump It Up' without a hint of plagarism to bind the song down from delivering its ultra-danceable clout.

Best of all, 'Johnny And Mary' — Palmer's current single — boasts an unshakably naggingly haunting melody-line, great lyrics and a superb production that deftly juxtaposes a drum machine, bass synth, metronome, great splashes of fair-ground organ and jangly guitars to spectacular effect.

All three are first-rate dance numbers and it's a pity that the sole blemish on the side has to be such a hoary old piece of rope as 'Sulky Girl' wherein Palmer temporarily debunks the funk in favour of surrogate Stones pump-house pomp.

Side 2 highlights Palmer's adventures in the aural metropolis that is 'the sound of Gazza'. In fact, Robert being a considerate chap actually performs one of Numan's songs. I mean, who else could possibly write a song entitled 'I Dream Of Wires'! A ponderous piece of nonsense with Palmer cast as 'the last electrician', I'll go for 'Witchita Lineman' anyday.

The grand finale is a Palmer/Numan collaboration — 'Found You Now' — which marries the former's reggae stamp and lyrics to Numan's eastern modal figures played on the trusty synth and not a mite reminiscent of Bowie's 'Secret Life Of Arabia'. Its attempt at sounding hypnotic tends to make it seem more ponderous than anything else though the track just about holds up owing to the strength of Palmer's vocal.

So let's ditch the cynicism here and now. 'Clues', with a cool 50% of strong numbers, has the strength to suggest that, the spectre of 'Gazza' notwithstanding, Robert Palmer may finally be in the right place at the right time.

Nick Kent

THE COMSAT ANGELS
Waiting For A Miracle *(Polydor)*

A DEBUT album from Sheffield's Comsat Angels which adds to a growing certainty that all the best new pop is coming from outside London. Au Pairs, Beat, Certain Ratio, Teardrop Explodes, U2 — vitality is streaming out all over the place while the capital is beleagured by apathy.

The Comsat Angels remind me of XTC's inventiveness clothed in the dense, doomy textures of John Cale. A robust, adventurous pop that moves on weighty bass and booming drums, right upfront, while strange sounds hover on the edges, dabbing in melody or weirdness with consistent surprise.

'Waiting For A Miracle' has authority, the feel of something substantial rising to the surface. The music is taut, often a bare backbone of rhythm carried by Mic Glaisher's drums and bassist Kevin Bacon. Stephen Fellows adds precise, jangly guitar while Andy Peake's keyboards veer from the tacky bubblegum of 'Monkey Pilot' to the eerie growls of 'Postcard', a discreet yet telling atmosphere that builds in the background.

The results are occasionally heavy-handed — The Comsat Angels never quite rave it up enough to sweep you away — but mostly it's haunting, moody, with a promise of forboding. Sudden twists of pace and burly suffocation. Senior listeners may recall the early days of psychedelia, when the beast was still confined within the four-minute pop song.

Lyrics are elusive ('Missing In

KATE BUSH
Never For Ever *(EMI)*

PICTURE yourself in a boat on a river, with tangerine trees and marmalade skies . . . Turn off your mind, relax, and float downstream. The siren writhes around on her distant rock, lures the enchanted, sleepy listener closer. And closer. That soft, ethereal music which wafts on the summer breeze and wraps itself by stealth around your consciousness — who can resist its subtle spell?

The third LP by Kate Bush is her finest achievement to date. 'Never For Ever' is a work of ingenuity, exquisite modern MOR of the very highest refinement and delicacy. But it's perfection in a vacuum.

Sweep aside the veils of mystery and imagination, the mists of an innocence as suggestive as sin itself, the sensuality, the secrecy; hack through the thick, clinging vines of contrivance which caress each song to the point of strangulation; penetrate the dark velvet-lined interior of the album's promise. And discover the meaning of nothingness. Kate Bush can make all your dreams come true — and leave you wondering if it's okay to ask for your money back.

Wow. Amazing, really.

Prettier than any musical chocolate box, 'Never For Ever' will get acclaim poured over it like warm treacle. It'll go so incredibly high, and its success will be deserved. For all its *kitsch*, its marshmallow mysticism, for all her inability to express a genuine emotional depth, Kate Bush's newest writing displays a pure, melodic gift to rival any but McCartney's. It might never stir the furthest windmills of a critical listener's mind — she's simply not equipped to do that — but surrender to its surface attractions is undeniably sweet. The critic's reservations do battle with the listener's uncomplicated admiration.

Let's try a few examples. The third track, 'Blow Away', is typical; immaculately conceived, gorgeously performed, beautifully produced. It concerns death, and a whimsical vision of some celestial jam session — starring her heroes Marc and Moony, Minnie (Ripperton? Mouse?), Holly and Sandy Denny,

Kate Bush. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

The girl with kaleidoscope lies

and even poor old Sid. Some band. So far, so endearing. Yet I can't help but wince to hear one line, a sublime lift from *Othello*, followed by another so plain bad as *"Vibes in the sky invite you to dine"*. Many of the songs suffer from similar crashing lapses into banality.

'Violin', on side two, is horrendous. When Kate eschews the sweetness and attempts something abrasive and raw, her vocals acquire the painful properties of tortured catgut. Bliss, then, to move to 'The Infant Kiss' — a coy exploration of paedophilia wherein her lover (the child with the *man* in his eyes, it seems) recalls to mind the sinister young master, demon-possessed, of Henry James' *Turn Of The Screw*. It works perfectly somehow.

Even more macabre, and chillingly effective, is 'Army Dreamers'. Strikingly reminiscent of *Hamlet's* Ophelia, gone loony with grief, Kate intones a grisly ode to her dead soldier boy with all the impassive detachment of a nursery rhyme performed under psycho-hypnosis.

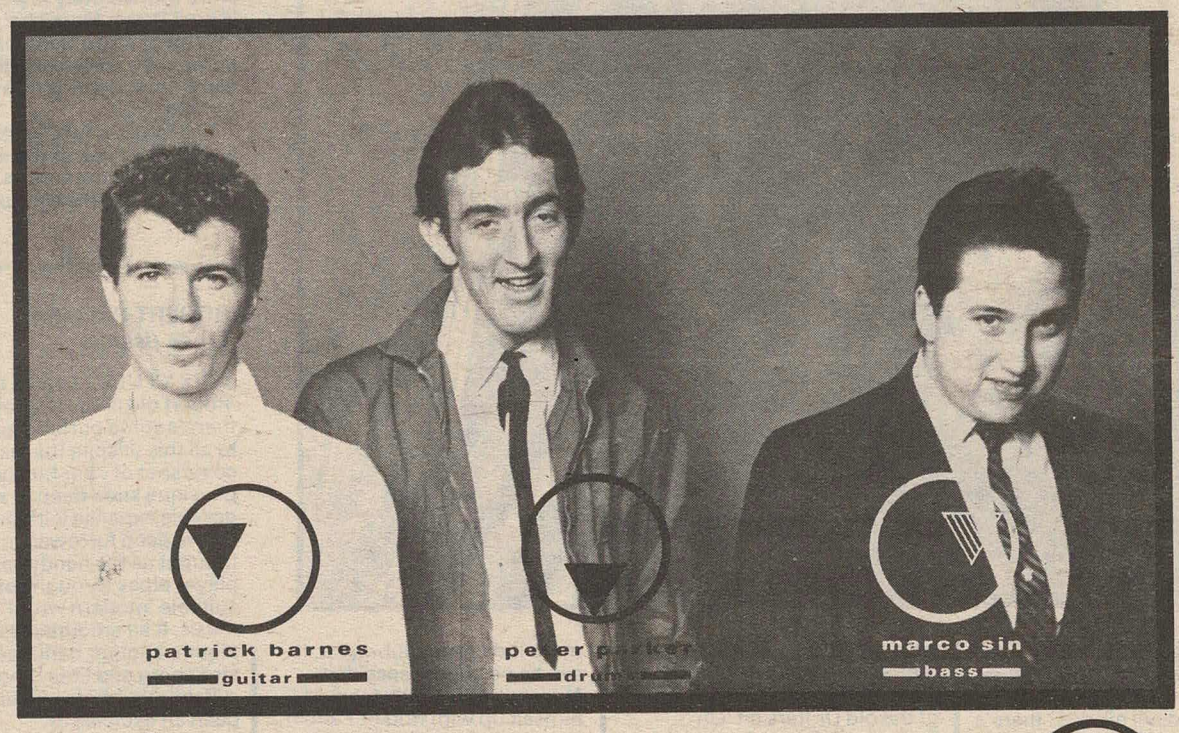
But the album's strengths — as well as its essential weakness — find their fullest expression on the last and climactic track. 'Breathing' is as rich and ambitious as it is vacuous. Starring those perennial Bush themes, love and death, it addresses itself to nothing less than the timeless rhythms of existence — confronted, most topically, by the present threat of complete obliteration. *"Breathing the fall out-in, out-in, out-in . . ."* the sumptuous voices call with delicious repetition, while far away, a disembodied BBC voice is reciting the scientific details of destruction.

It's brilliantly done, and there are no matters on earth more deserving of our attention. And yet the treatment is, in the end, such as to comfort, to reassure, to lull us back into our introverted, dreamy inactivity. It's the very opposite of what we need, the very opposite of what it pretends to be. It's MOR. It's show business. It's dishonest.

Send not to know for whom the siren sounds. It (she) sounds for thee.

Paul Du Noyer

SELECTED BY SHOPLIFTERS
IGNORED BY INTELLECTUALS



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The thin dayglow line

Poly Styrene. Pic: Pennie Smith

VARIOUS ARTISTS
RAR's Greatest Hits *(RARecords)*

THE CLAIM by some 2-Toners that they don't need to join Rock Against Racism is a telling half-truth. If it's naive — 2-Tone have yet to organise 100,000 people marching through the streets — it's also revealing: rather than the cross-culture mash-it-up music that The Beat and Selecter represent, RAR's endeavours have been restricted to presenting, in sometimes uneasy alliance, two very distinct musics.

The 'RAR's Greatest Hits' compilation bears this out. There are the white (mostly punk) bands and there are the Rasta bands, and — despite gestures of solidarity like 'Jah Pickney — RAR' or 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' — n'er the twain shall meet. Gaping ideological differences lurk beneath the surface.

I suspect that Rastafarianism, based as it is on the Bible — that blood-stained suppository of patriarchal prejudice — is at bottom incompatible with feminism, socialism and the other essential freedoms which RAR claims to be fighting for. RAR's 'tactic' seems to have been to turn a blind eye to this discrepancy, submerging differences in the overriding priority of fighting racism.

Maybe they were right, but now the cracks are beginning to show. And as RAR extend themselves into RAT (Rock Against Thatcher), attacking Tory anti-abortion policies — as Andy Xerox does in the album's sleevenotes — I wonder if the split won't widen into a gulf.

The other problem which this album highlights by (almost) avoiding it is the British army's occupation of Northern Ireland. RAR's (coy?) tactic is to include a large inner-sleeve photo of Belfast — where it's been 1984 for the past ten years — but the notes make no mention of Ireland and no songs about it are included.

This is not entirely RAR's fault as, apparently, they had little say about which tracks contributors donated to the record. And perhaps it's unfair to harp on about what RAR hasn't done when what they do is so often ignored or taken for granted by the music press. I'm glad and grateful that RAR has been around for the last few years; and I'm glad to see this album if only because the fact that the 'Rock Against Racism' message appearing in every high-street record store and supermarket can do nothing but good. But here's where I have to add, with heavy heart, that 'RAR's Greatest Hits' is not a very good album. It lacks just that carnival spirit, that bounce and bite, which RAR frequently *have* achieved at their gigs.

The tracks come in three categories. The already available — Aswad's 'Sons Of Criminals', Costello's 'Goon Squad', Matumbi's 'All Over This World', Members' 'GLC', Steel Pulse's 'Jah Pickney-RAR', Stiff Little Fingers' 'Law And Order', X-Ray Spex's 'Oh Bondage, Up Yours'; alternative versions — Clash's 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais', Piranhas' 'Love Games', TRB's live 'Winter Of '79'; and previously unreleased titles — Barry Ford Band's 'Rebel', Gang Of Four's 'Why Theory', Carol Grimes Band's 'You Won't Let Me Down' and Mekons' 'Trimden Grange Explosion'.

Sadly, it's the new stuff which disappoints most. 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' sounds tame and unfocussed compared to the single version, while The Mekons are sloppily incoherent and even the Gang Of Four spoil the album's most pertinent question — *"where do opinions come from?"* — with an instrumental track of pointless pauses and doodling longeurs.

The only track here that leaps out at you with that vital spark of joy and anger is X-Ray Spex's 'Oh Bondage, Up Yours', maybe the best libertarian song of the whole punk era.

'RAR's Greatest Hits' — the title is revealingly nostalgic — is too little, too late. It fails, crucially, at being exciting music. But RAR played a major part in defeating the NF upsurge of the late '70s and though there are now new enemies, new campaigns, new tactics to wrestle with, the cultural resistance will continue to fight back. The thin dayglow line of '67 and '78 will still be needed in '89. Oh bondage, no more!

Graham Lock

2×5
Various Artists *(Criminal Records)*

COMPILATION albums, of which there are probably too many, are caught in an awkward bind. How to translate an auction catalogue into an all-round experience?

Too often the pedestrian serves to highlight the good, while the good casts an overly tall shadow on the pedestrian. A tough deal at today's prices. Still more often, the mediocre just holds hands with the mediocre. Sadly, two non-entities do not an entity make.

'2×5' is that rare record, the harmonious compilation. Partly because all the songs — two songs apiece by five hitherto mostly unrecorded bands — were produced by the same person; and partly because the bands themselves, none of whom are particularly fashionable, seem to have had time to evolve their own strengths. There is no need to play the patron of innocence to their infant gurglings.

Nevertheless, it's impossible not to talk in terms of promise, and I would gladly hear an album's worth of The Fleshtones right now, if not sooner. A cool intelligence and hot beat single them out.

Easy though it would be to place all five bands in some sort of New York wave category, they really have as little in common as did the first — assuming it actually exists. The Student Teachers owe more than is perhaps healthy to Talking Heads . . . odd that a band as off-beat as Talking Heads should have been so influential, in England as much as America.

The Bloodless Pharaohs, meanwhile, owe nothing to nobody. They're as unusual as The Feelies, only more starved than apple-pie. The Revelons will appeal to anybody with a weakness for fun and trash; their 'Red Hot Woman' ranks as one of the great one-chord songs, though of course there aren't that many to rank against.

Sadly, The Comateens live up to their name and let the side down.

'2×5' was produced, just about adequately, by Blondie's Jimmy Destri, and brought into being by Marty Thau, the man who brought the New York Dolls to England in '72 and Suicide in '78, which is quite a track record. His faith and patience are astonishing, and maybe, one day, might even be rewarded.

Paul Rambali

Action'), sometimes trivial ('Map Of The World', where the repeated question of *"where do I live along this piece of paper?"* is somewhat less than existential) but always intriguing. 'Independence Day' (the excellent new single), 'Total War' and the title-track seem to dissect isolation, an inability to live with another person; the dream of doing so, the bitterness of failing and the consistent nagging of everyday life: *"I can't relax 'cause I haven't done a thing / And I can't do a thing 'cause I can't relax"*. Fellows and Peake are the album's vocalists but the sleeve just says "written by The Comsat Angels" so I don't know who to praise.

The inevitable debut flaws occur but they're less like distractions than hints of better to come. The Comsat Angels could loosen up a little, and I'd hope they'd evolve with the matter-of-fact maturity of lyrics like 'Independence Day' and 'Total War' rather than with the more contrived conceits that run through side two.

But, overall, this is a hefty and vigorous success. Not quite a miracle, but well worth waiting for.

Graham Lock

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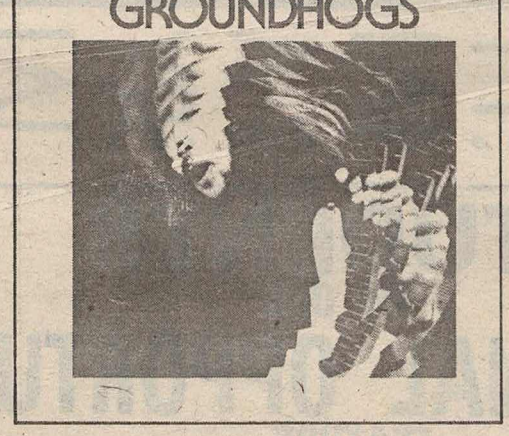

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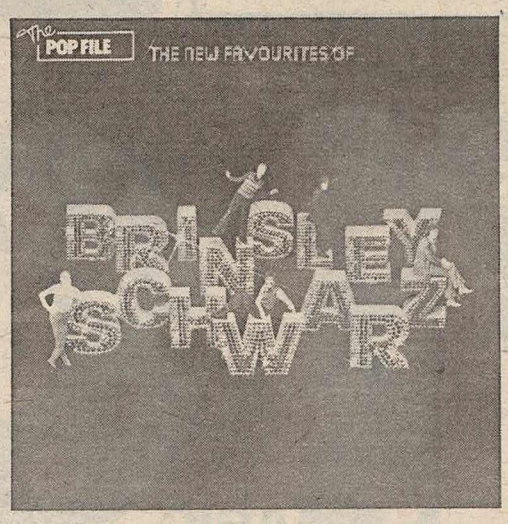

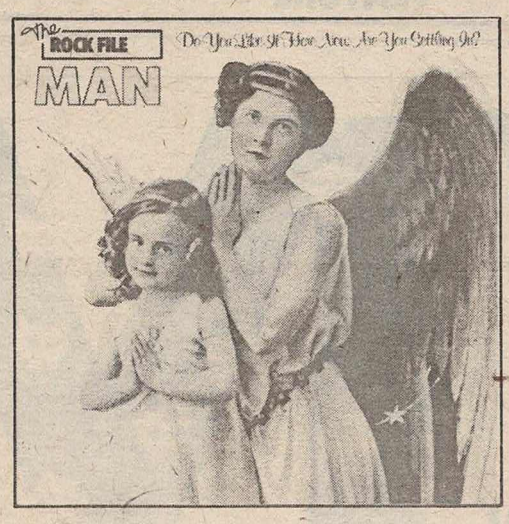

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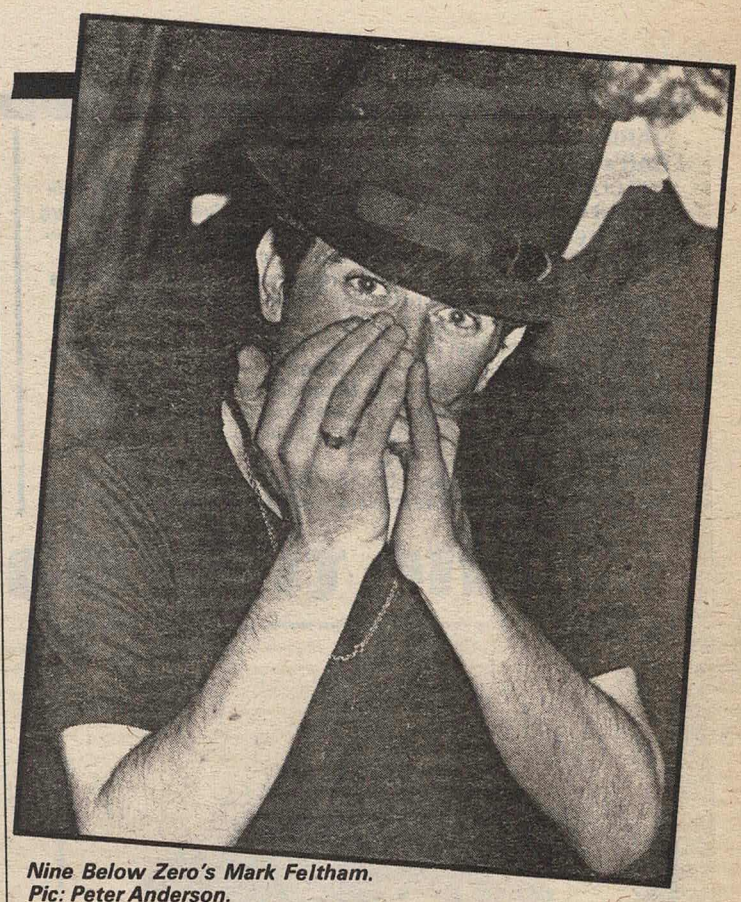

Nine Below Zero's Mark Feltham. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Nine Below Zero turn up the heat

NINE BELOW ZERO
Live At The Marquee ***(A&M)***
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Immediate Blues ***(Virgin)***

BLACK WINE in white bottles: new and old. Nine Below Zero — living proof of the fact that not being called 'Stan's Blues Band' is the most positive career asset that any band could covet — are the classic British R&B band in that they carry the dominant strain of the genre about as far as it can go.

Their music is furious both in its devotion to handpicked and sedulously recreated blues standards and in the aggression with which they rev up volume, velocity and intensity of those standards. What may have been cool and loose becomes hot and tight, what may have been suggested becomes stated, what might have been one note becomes four.

This is not so much an indictment as a description: it is a particular, specific approach to the music that is being described, and Nine Below Zero are the apogee of those who take that response. If you like R&B revved up to the max, as loud, tight and energetic as it gets (all the details of the originals with a completely different spirit), then it's unlikely to be done any better for a long time to come.

Specific quibbles: one of the important differences between live performance and home consumption is that no-one needs another recorded version of 'Got My Mojo Working' and that while thin, sullen vocals sound great on Jam records — and have been part of Nine Below Zero's musical tradition ever since the Yardbirds did *their* live-at-the-Marquee double album 16 years ago — they are the single most irritating feature of the genre.

Specific kudos: Mark Feltham — demon, this one, watch him — is a harmonica player worth anyone's attention.

American R&B bands have two advantages: their singers are usually better and the best of them know how to relax. The worst of them are so good at relaxing that they induce compulsive fidgeting and watch-staring amongst those members of their public who are not already comatose. This latter failing was one they shared with many of the British blues mafia of the previous generation.

'Immediate Blues' has been boiled down from what was once a (gulp) matched pair of double-albums portentiously entitled 'An Anthology Of British Blues.' This condensed version contains performances by Jeff Beck, Albert Lee, Eric Clapton, John Mayall, Jimmy Page, Jagger (a couple of harp cameos), the Stones' rhythm section, etc, etc. Most of it sounds weedy and sophomoric — Beck on an off-day is excrutiating — except for the various examples of mid-period Clapton, who strikes genuine sparks every time he appears.

It may seem totally inconceivable now, but there was a point when Clapton was as committed and elitist an ideologue about blues as Kevin Rowland is about soul.

As are Nine Below Zero, in their way. When they played their Otis Rush-derived version of Willie Dixon's 'I Can't Quit You Babe' at Reading and the encrusted hordes all yelled 'Zeppelin!' and started to sway, it must have pissed them right off.

After all, Led Zeppelin nicked their arrangement off John Mayall.

Charles Shaar Murray

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12 INCH 3 TRACK SINGLE **BEHIND THE MASK** TONG POO/LA FEMME CHINOISE

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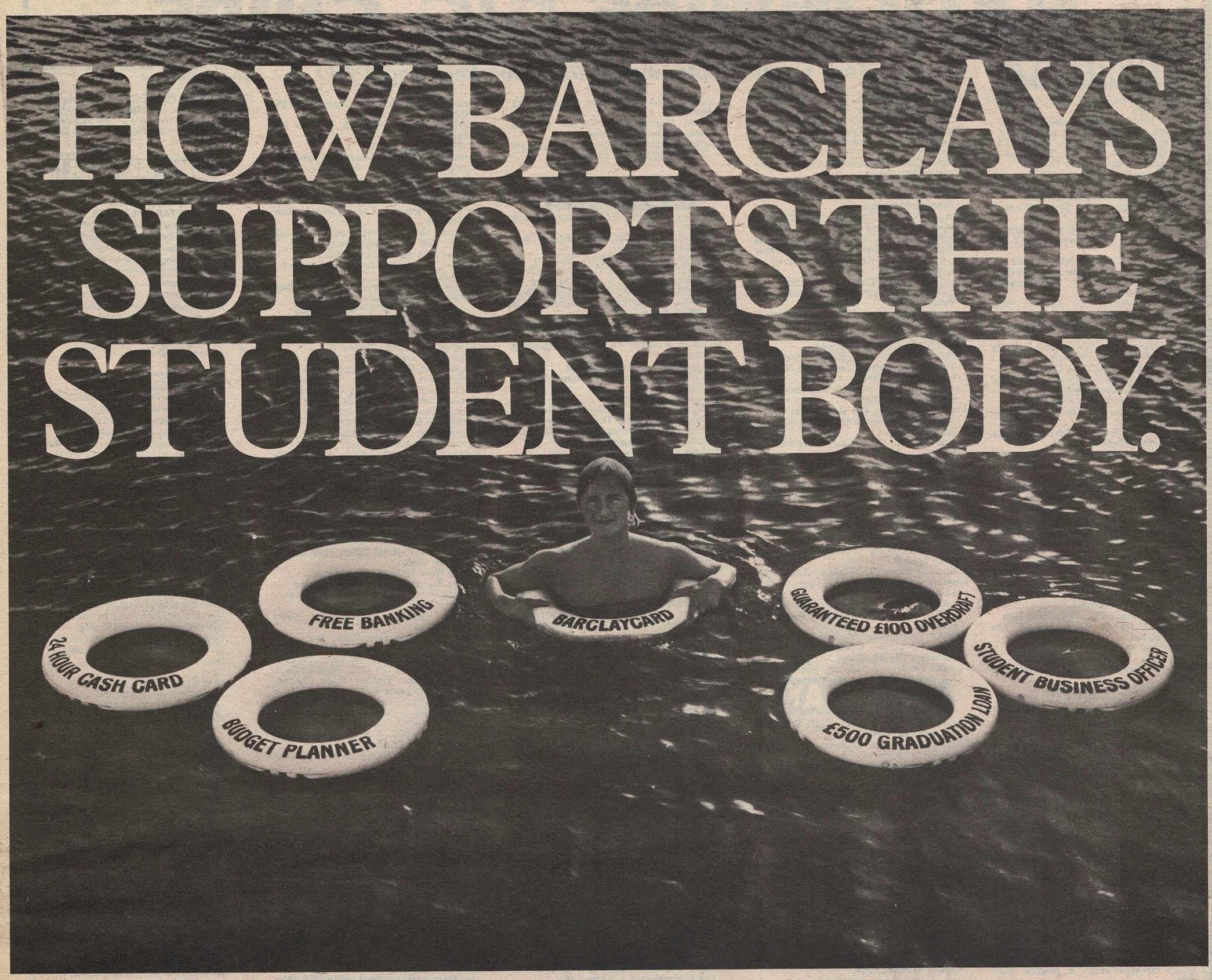

We've put together a sort of Survival Kit for Students.

While you're at college, it could mean the difference between staying afloat and drowning in a sea of money troubles. This, briefly, is how it works.

Barclaycard.

If you're over 18, we'll offer you a Barclaycard the day you get your Local Education Authority grant.

You can use it to guarantee any cheque you write for as much as £50.

Or you can use it as a credit card and simply sign for the things you buy. With clever timing, you can hold off paying for them for up to eight weeks, without paying a penny of interest.

A Word In The Right Ear.

Every Barclays branch near a college has a Student Business Officer, more or less your own age.

He or she is there to do the worrying on your account. He'll give your landlady a reference, chase your grant cheque if it's late, even lend you a small sum until it comes.

Borrow £100 When You Need It.

As soon as you get your L.E.A. grant, we'll give you a Guaranteed £100 Overdraft Certificate.

Then if your grant cheque runs out before the term does, you can hand this over to your Student Business Officer.

He'll lend you up to £100 at a special rate of interest. No questions asked.

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We also give you a Barclaybank card.

Take it to any Barclays branch with a Barclaybank machine outside and you can draw money from your cheque account 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

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A Budget Planner is a booklet we designed for you to write down your income against your expenses.

You don't have to use it. But it can be useful to warn you of the thin times during the year when you may need an overdraft to tide you over.

Free Banking.

As long as you stay in credit, cheques, statements and standing orders are all free. This applies even if you take advantage of the Guaranteed Overdraft offer.

When You Graduate.

When you leave, you may need the deposit on a flat, a season ticket, new clothes. We'll lend you up to £500 to help you find your feet. Once again, at a special interest rate.

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*Please send me a copy of your booklet, 'Starting College. Our Survival Kit for Students'.

*I would like to open an account and have all Barclays facilities waiting for me at the nearest branch† to my college. Please complete both home and college details.

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I shall be studying at_____

_____
(NAME & ADDRESS OF COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY)

Course_____

Start Date_____ Length of Course_____

Residential Address at College (if known)_____

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NM2

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BARCLAYS

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Kiss Tour opens: September 5 *(Hold the back page! Ed.)*

THURSDAY

Barrow Civic Hall: **The Original England Rock Band**
Bicester King's Head: **Junction 13**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Sound**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gary Numan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Birmingham Selly Oak Station Pub: **Partizan plus Saruzzan plus Support**
Blackburn Cloggers: **Pat Ryan / The Wassailers**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **The Cheaters**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Bradford Rock Club: **Slender Thread**
Brighton Concorde: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cheshire Poynton Folk Centre: **Peter Hughes & Singers**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Bar: **Circle / Seventeen**
Dublin National Stadium: **Gerry Rafferty**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Triarchy**
Feltham The Airman: **The Locators**
Hereford Nell Gwynne Theatre: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Hinckley Leisure Centre: **Quartz**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Rye / The Quarterboys**
Kilmarnock Sandrianne: **Topplers / Blazing Corks / Motives**
King's Lynn Regis Rooms: **Frequency Band**
Kingston Waves: **Precinct**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds The Fan Club: **The Civilians**
Leeds Royal Park: **Agony Column**
Leeds Staging Post: **Limelight**
Maidstone Queen's Head: **The Good Missionaries / The Performing Ferrets / Stark**
Manchester Pips: **Naked Lunch**
Manchester Portand Bars: **The Critics**
Manchester Rafters: **Performance**
Manchester Swan Street Band on the Wall: **Gary Boyle Band**
Newcastle-under-Lyme: **Vermilion Hair**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Putney Bisley's: **The Soul Band**
Reading Target Club: **David Marx and the Mix**
Salford Pinky's: **Naughty Boys**
Sheffield George IV: **The City Limits**
Stevenage The Swan: **Scarlet O Hara**
Swaffham The Greyhound: **The Stop**
Todmorden Golden Lion: **Learn To Fly**
Yeovil Heron Club: **Geno Washington**
London Blackheath White Swan: **Tagus**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stray Cats**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The The**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Way Of The West**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Cannibals**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Barracudas + Modern Jazz**
London Fulham Rd New Golden Lion: **On The Air**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Dave / The Works**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **Shadowfax**
London The Mall ICA: **Pink Military / The Beast / One On One**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee: **The Blues Band**
London WC1 New Merlins Cave: **The Scoop**
London North Finchley Torrington: **First Offenders**
London N1 Pied Bull: **Suttel Approach**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Tribesman**
London Putney Half Moon: **George Melly**
London Richmond Brolleys: **Creation Rebel / London Underground / The Ras Angels / Moa Ambassa**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Orson Blake**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Rhythm Squad**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hot Gossip**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**

FRIDAY

Alton The Crown: **Maggie Holland**
Banochry Burnett Arms Hotel: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gary Numan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Helpless Huw/The Hesitations**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **The Cheaters**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Black Jack**
Bristol Carwardines: **Various Artists/The Electric Guitars/The Untouchables**
Chorley Joiner's Arms: **The Above**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Earl Okin plus support**
Dover Town Hall: **The Pulsators/The Panthers**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **The Spinners**
Isleworth Duke of Northumberland: **Spider**
Kingston The Swan: **The Locators**
Knighton Norton Arms Hotel: **Slender Threads**
Lauceston White Horse: **Metro Glider**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Alliance**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Rory Gallagher**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Zorkie Twins**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Ethel The Frog**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Last Resort/Cato St. Conspiracy**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Sharx**
Redditch Valley Club: **Quartz**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Circles**
Shifnal The Star: **Switch 7**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Kiss**
Stoke on Trent Tunstall Town Hall: **The Sussed**
Stowmarket United Reformed Church: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Wakefield Newton House: **Headhunter**
Watford Red Lion: **Fool**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruby Turner/Fallout**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Spoilers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Nine Below Zero**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Jazz Sluts**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Upp & Wow**
London Fulham Rd New Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton**
London Hackney Queen's: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **TV Personalities**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Opposition**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London 101 Club: **The Scene**
London The Mall ICA: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins/Thompson Twins/Local Heroes SW9**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Marquee: **The Barracudas**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Blackmarket/Shaka**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The Rent**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Blues Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Big Chief**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Attendants**
London Southgate Royalty: **Froggy & Sean French**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Soul Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Au Pairs/The Pinkies/Guy Jackson**
London Wimbledon Merton Hall: **Alien Culture / Crew / 6 Minute War / The Milkmen/The Stingrays**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hot Gossip**

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Amotola Hotel: **Chris Barber's Blues & Jazz Band**
Bedford The Crown: **C-Saim**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Big Daisy**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Fast Relief/Cornerstone**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **The Cheaters**
Bristol Granary: **Quartz**
Clun Memorial Hall: **Slender Thread**
Coventry Charter House: **Strange Brood**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hotpoints**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Kiss**
Denbigh Town Hall: **Zorkie Twins**
Dover Cloud House: **Tomahawk/Denigh/City Blues Band/More/Vardis**
Dublin National Stadium: **Gerry Rafferty**
Harrogate Lounge Hall: **The Impossible Men**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Sole Distributors/White Light**
Jersey Fort Regent: **The Spinners**
Lanchester Polytechnic: **Coventry/De Go Tees/I.S.D.**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Circles**
Leeds Royal Park: **The Gimmicks**
Leeds Seacroft Hotel: **J.G. Spoils Rock Band**
Leytonstone Red Lion: **The Americans**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Stains**
Manchester The Cyprus Tavern: **Private Sector**
Market Harborough School Hall: **Seventeen**
Northampton MFM Club: **Tony Tuff**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Sharx**
Retford Porterhouse: **Ethel The Frog**
Ruthin Town Hall: **Zorkie Twins**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Wild Boys/The Samples**
Smethwick Two Brewers: **UXB**
Spalding The Pied Calf: **Sacre Bleu**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Geno Washington**
St Albans City Hall: **Stray**
Stevenage The Swan: **Mad Chateaux**
Stockport Ups & Downs: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Taunton Odeon: **Rory Gallagher**
Warrington Red Lion: **Spider**
Weymouth Drinkleave Drill Hall: **Nine Below Zero**
Workington Carnegie Arts Theatre: **The Original England Rock Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Marsha Hunt/Sad Among Strangers**
London Canning Bridge House: **The Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stray Cats/Valentines**
London Crouch Hill Stapleton: **Sons of Cain**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Barracudas**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Seven Year Itch**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Teenbeats & Missing Persons**
London Fulham Rd New Golden Lion: **Chickenshack**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: (lunchtime) **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hayes Grange Youth Centre: **Red Box/The Chevrons/Kit 185**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Step**
London The Mall I.C.A.: **Delta 5/Brian Brain/Brainiac 5**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Moondogs**
London Marquee: **The Gas**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Earl Okin**
London Rotherhithe St Waterside Theatre: **Pretty Flamingoes**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Pests**
London Victoria The Venue: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Beast/Agony Column**

SUNDAY

Bingley Arts Centre: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues**
Birmingham The Gladiator: **Helpless Huw & The Hesitations**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **The Cheaters**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Knife Edge**
Bromley The Northover: (lunchtime) **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhall Miners: **Zorkie Twins**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Rory Gallagher**
Cheshire Poynton Folk Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Chorley Joiner's Arms: **Spider**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins/ Rockola**
Dumfries Balcastle: **VHF**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **Thirty Bob Suits**
Guildford Scratches: **The Pictures**
Harrow Weald Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Marmalade**
Hatfield Powerhouse Disco: **Spirit**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Clientelle**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Circles**
Ipswich Gaumont: **Don McLean**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Stray**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester Shearsby Bath Hotel: **Harry & The Atoms / Cato St. Conspiracy**
Manchester Apollo: **Gary Numan**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Zanathus**
Manchester The Squat: **Jerkin In Braille / God's Gist / Dislocation Dance**
Milford Haven Torch Theatre: **Hot Vultures**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **No Tigers**
Reading Cherry's: **The Rhythm Squad**
Reading The Target: **Suttel Approach**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Paul Daniels & Phil Beer**
Southend United Football Ground: **Blues Festival. The Hotshots Blues Band etc.**
Walkden Bull's Head: **The Critics**
Wells The Centre: **The Stop**
Wollaston Nags Head: **The Crew**
London Acton King's Head: **The Decorators / The Klones**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beans and Rice**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles. 4 days**
London Chiswick John Bull: **John Shepherd's Golden Oldies**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Fulham Rd New Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bad Actors / Red Rage / Razorgames**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Protex/The Suggestion**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Manipulator**
London The Mall I.C.A.: **The Raincoats / The Nightingales / Furious Pig**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Cheap Perfume**
London Marquee: **Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Musician's Collective: **Inflammatory Guest**
London North Finchley Torrington: **The Blues Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Richmond Brolley's: **Quartz**
London The Venue: **Elgin Marbles / Sad Among Strangers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Company / Havana Let's Go!!**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Blackburn The Castle: **Vardis**
Boston Folk Club: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
Burnley Inn Plaice: **The Enigmas**
Cambridge Raffles: **Legless**
Cheshire Poynton Folk Centre: **Peter Hughes & Singers**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliets: **Spirit**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **The Marks**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Exeter Timepiece: **S.U.X.**
Hornchurch Queens Theatre: **Chris Barber Jazz & Blues Band**
Hull Wellington Club: **Stray**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Manchester Apollo: **Gary Numan**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Things**
Mundford The Roundabout: **The Stop**
Newport Medina High Studio: **They Zygotes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **The Wall**
Poole Arts Centre: **Rory Gallagher**
Portsmouth Mecca: **Red Flag/Spit Like Paint/Violent Daffodils**
Preston Warehouse: **Spider**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Arrogant/Smarties/Glass Torpedoes**
London Camden Music Machine: **Essential Logic**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jane Kennaway and Strange Behaviour**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Competition/The Charts**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Blues Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Broken Home & Eazy Money**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Killer Whales**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Step**
London Marquee: **U2**
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Syndicate
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Les Apaches/Marshmallow**
London Victoria The Venue: **Tony Williams**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Moondogs/Sharp Times**
London Wembley Arena: **Kiss**
London W.1 Dean Street Billy's: **Naked Lunch**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**

TUESDAY

Aldridge The Elms: **Circles**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rory Gallagher**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad: **Clientelle**
Cambridge Raffles: **The Name**
Croydon The Star: **Talk Over**
Doncaster Yarbrough Club: **Limelight**
Durham The Coach & Eight: **Brian Brain**
Fleet The Fox & Hounds: **Roger Watson**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **Stun The Guards**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Allman Brothers Band**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Odd/Mud Hutters/Enigmas**
Norwich Cromwells: **Naked Lunch**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Hollow City Rhythm Circus**
Oxford New Theatre: **Don McLean**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Orange Juice**
Reading Target Club: **Sunday Drivers**
Swansea White Swan: **Ar Log**
London Camden Brecknock: **Pretty Flamingoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Blues Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Tagus**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Real To Real**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jane Kennaway and Strange Behaviour**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rough Stuff Ex Kokomo + Between Pictures**
London Fulham Rd New Golden Lion: **Exit**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazz Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Swinging Cats**
London Islington No 1 Club: **TV Personalities**
London Marquee: **Sector 27**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney White Lion: **Social Security Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazz Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Hipsters/Red Roll On**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Rivetts**
London Wembley Arena: **Kiss**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Self Control/Bongo Express/Strangers In The Night**
London W.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Coconut Dogs**

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Bogart's: **Eric Bell Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle Hotel: **Stray**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Don McLean**
Bury Greenmount Nailer's Green: **Terminal Music**
Bury Nailer's Green Hotel: **Night Visitors**
Cambridge Raffles: **Munchies**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Nerve Centre**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Naked Lunch**
Edinburgh The Niteclub: **Young Marble Giants / Thompson Twins**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Greatstone The Sea Horse: **The Pulsators**
Harrow Weald Middlesex & Herts. Country Club: **Jass / Caught In The Act**
Ingleton Marston Arms: **Mistress**
Leamington Spa New Crown Hotel: **Helpless Huw & The Hesitators**
Leeds Warehouse: **Nine Below Zero**
Liverpool Masonic: **Asylum**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **MSQ**
Newcastle The Coperage: **The Civilians**
New Romney Greatstone Seahouse: **The Pulsators**
Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow: **The Void**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Wall**
Rayleigh Croc's: **Steve Hooker Band / Vicious Circle**
Reading The Target: **The Coconut Dogs**
Southampton Gaumont: **Gary Numan**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stoke-on-Trent El Syds: **Strange Brood**
London Acton King's Head: **The Nuggets / Orson Blake**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Night Doctor**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Au Pairs / Fast Relief**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Stagestruck**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rikki Cool + The Rialtos + Rhythm Squad**
London The Mall ICA: **Discussion on The Music Press**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Scene**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee: **The Associates / Josef K**
London Oxford ST 100 Club: **Chris Barbers Jazz & Blues Band**
London Rainbow: **Allman Brothers Band**
London Richmond Snoopy's: **The Nuggets**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Haig Trio**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Stray Cats / The Spiders**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Dance Band**

ON THE BOX

Thursday September 4
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA (Directed by Richard A. Colla 1978): Or *Rattletrap Impractica* as CSM dubbed it on its original circuit release. Thames are showing this lamentable sci-fi silliness spread over the next three weeks, so there are now even more opportunities to avoid it. After that the US TV series of the same name takes over for a further 12 weeks. *Star Wars* has got a helluva lot to answer for. **(ITV)**

Friday September 5
MIDNIGHT LACE (David Miller 1960): Doris Day came to London specially for this atypical 'thriller', and they Ross Huntered the place up — swanky apartments shrouded in pea-soupers. She may as well've done it on a Hollywood backlot. Routine in the extreme, and not even Rex Harrison or Roddy McDowall can liven it up. **(BBC 2)**

Saturday September 6
YOU'RE TELLING ME (Erle C. Kenton 1934): This 65 minute comedy stars W. C. Fields, which means that it is a masterpiece. As eccentric inventor Sam Bisbee, Fields is in peak form, more kindly than usual but his unquenchable thirst intact. A re-make of one of his silents, *So's Your Old Man* — a better title, perhaps, but they were all essentially meaningless, like the plots. **(BBC 2)**

THE STRANGER (Orson Welles 1946): Not vintage Welles — that comes next week with *Touch Of Evil* — but some startling imagery nonetheless as federal agent Edward G. Robinson tracks down Orson's smoothie war criminal in a Connecticut village. **(BBC 2)**

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (Peter Hunt 1969): If you think Roger Moore's a poor Bond, have a gander at George 'Big Fry' Lazenby's woeful attempt. Telly Savalas and Diana Rigg sort of act around him, hoping that some of it will rub off. Bring back Sean Connery, hairpiece and all! **(ITV)**

Sunday September 7
THIEVES LIKE US (Robert Altman 1973): The tremendous Great American Picture Show season continues with one of maverick Altman's finest, a tense and touching study of three misfits undertaking a crime spree during the Depression, strong on period detail and characterisation. Suitably blank performances from Keith Carradine and Shelly Duvall, good edgy work from Bert Remsen, John Schuck and Tom Skerritt (Altman regulars all). Still to come in this extraordinary series highlighting most of the major US directors of the '70s are films like *Klute, Five Easy Pieces, Night Moves, Electra Glide In Blue, Bring Me The Head Of Alfredo Garcia, American Graffiti* and Woody Allen's *Love And Death*. Blow me, it'll be like having the Electric in your living room. Who said TV licences weren't worth £34? **(BBC 2)**

Monday September 8
THE SPIKES GANG (Richard Fleischer 1974): Mr Fleischer, son of famed animator Max, would be the first to admit he's made his fair share of clinkers since starting out in Hollywood in 1946. This is another of them. Lee Marvin fights a losing battle with weak script and predictable direction; he's the smooth-talking baddie leading a trio of green-eared youths to tragedy etc. **(BBC 1)**

IN A LONELY PLACE (Nicholas Ray 1950): One of Ray's better pieces and one of Humphrey Bogart's best performances in an offbeat thriller which some would term *noir* (though there must be some white in there, too). Bogie's a writer trying to beat a murder rap with the unlikely assistance of sultry Gloria Grahame. **(ITV)**

BITE THE BULLET (Richard Brooks 1975): Bite your tongue, more like, as Gene Hackman and James Coburn struggle against the usual pomp and circumstances of writer-director Brooks' leaden style. A marathon, turn-of-the-century horse race is the setting and other entrants include Candice Bergen and Ben Johnson — 600 miles is covered in a mere two and a quarter hours. **(ITV)**

Monty Smith

Kiss pic: Fin Costello

Live page

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marquee

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BLUES BAND
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Fri 5th Sept — Adm £1.75
THE BARACUDAS
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Sat 6th Sept — Adm £1.25
THE GAS
Plus support & Joe Lung

Sun 7th Sept — Adm £1.25
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
Eric Blake Band & Mandy H

Mon 8th Sept — Adm £1.25
U2
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues 9th Sept
SECTOR 27
with TOM ROBINSON
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £1.75
Non members on the door £2

Wed 10th Sept — Adm £1.50
THE ASSOCIATES
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Thur 11th Sept — Adm £1.25
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2 Ramones
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6, 7 Specials
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17, 18 Rory Gallagher
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More Live Ads On Page 61.

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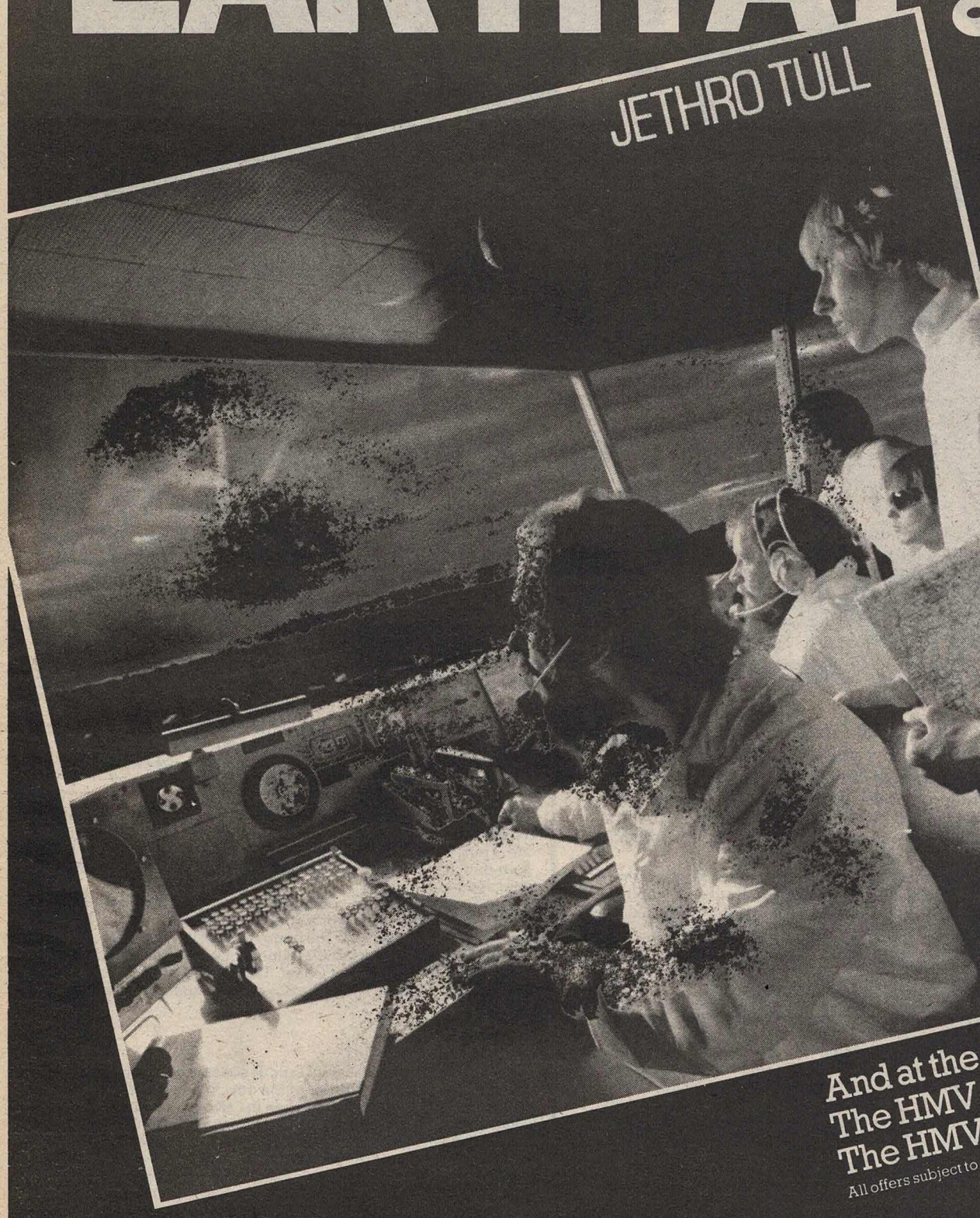

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LIVE!

The Talking Heads funk orchestra.

By the time we got to punkstock we were 50,000 wrong

We'd like to announce that three babies were born at Toronto's Heatwave Festival and they've been named Hear No Revolution, See No Revolution, Speak No . . .

Teenage Head / The Rumour / Rockpile / Holly And The Italians / The Pretenders / The B-52's / Talking Heads / Elvis Costello

Report Richard Grabel
Pix Joe Stevens

WHEN THE style of music changes, the walls of the city don't necessarily shake. Witness the Heatwave Festival at Mosport Park, Toronto.

The promoters publicised this event as the first new wave rock festival to be held in North America, the first great, cataclysmic music event of the '80s. Punkstock! How absurd.

A new wave rock festival is a contradiction in terms. Some of us once hoped that as the content of the new music changed, so would its packaging and marketing. This hasn't happened, and perhaps never will. New wave (ahem) has proved to be adaptable — a nice, cooperative little monster.

So what does an event like this mean? Only that, to most of the rock audience, anyone who sells lots of records is a pop star; and pop stars are to be accorded the same rituals of adoration that have been offered to all other pop icons over the last ten years.

Like mass outdoor gatherings.

The promoters hoped for 100,000 paying customers, but according to estimates in the Toronto papers, they got slightly over 50,000. It's still a sizeable crowd and at least you sit *near* your idols, but not near enough to see them or hear the details of the music they make. You "party". Why not just go to the beach with your tapes?

It's a long way from the seedy Bowery clubs and SoHo pubs that nurtured this music for it to go onto a world of racetrack venues, giant stages, bands being lifted by helicopter to fenced-off trailer camp dressing rooms, colour-coded backstage passes and all the other trappings of a bigbiz rock festival. That most of these bands made the transition so easily just proves that the rockbiz is a big-bellied whale — it can swallow anything.

AT ELEVEN, with the sun beating down, Toronto punksters Teenage Head open the show. So I can see, I put myself directly front and centre of the towering stage. There's a high wall in front of us to keep the mob back, and the stage's height makes neck strain inevitable. I get a good view of the bands' front lines but don't see a drummer all day.

What I see of Teenage Head are two scraggly guys playing guitar and bass and a crop-haired singer in long-tailed livery coat and eyeliner. Their image is confusing, but musically they know what they're about: good ol' head-banging ramalama punk rock. They have a large and loud following cheering them on, and they play with confidence, as if they belong up in front of all those people.

When they formed four years ago, they no doubt sounded radical and fresh, but now they seem only to be running through the motions of what has become just another routine. They knocked it out with power, but in this setting, classic punk rock seemed just another kind of boogie music. If I'd been in the mood for jumping up and down I might have loved them. But I was standing in clouds of dust too early in the day.

After slambang of Teenage Head, the more relaxed Rumour are a breath of fresh air. There's no local constituency for them here (and no high expectations), but in view of the crowd it's hard for them to relax.

Their rock and roll has journeyman precision, good singing, tight playing — in fact, all the classic virtues — but it bores me. And the obvious criticism really does apply — they need a frontman, someone to supply songs with some special, distinctive qualities.

The crowd at the front is polite; the rest hardly pay attention. There are some rewards, some choice moments for those who are. Their version of The Spinners' 'Rubber Band Man' may lack soul-punch in the vocals, but Belmont and Schwartz's guitars spin absolute magic.

The heat, the press of bodies and the volume were making me dizzy, so I took a powder for a while and missed Rockpile. From the press tent I could hear the boom of Nick Lowe's bass and the vocals. They stuck to a familiar run-through of their standard set — 'Sweet Little Lisa', 'So It Goes', 'I Knew The Bride', 'Switchboard Susan', 'Trouble Boys'. It sounded as if the crowd like them.

BACKSTAGE is depressing. Colour codes, pecking orders and elitist games are the order of the day. Publicists read out lists of names while photographers line up, two abreast and 30 deep, waiting their chance to be led on to a catwalk in front of the stage for a ten minute shift. No one is being allowed to photograph Rockpile, or Elvis Costello — on or off stage.

Costello moves from the heavily guarded band area to the stage to watch Rockpile in the back of a black Cadillac. Chrissie Hynde walks to the stage, but runs off when a video crew approaches. "It's just pictures, just pictures," they call after her. Jake Riviera rushes around playing bully-boy and threatening dire harm to anyone caught taking Costello's picture. Paranoia fills the air, good times soured by manipulation.

Back out into the audience for Holly And The Italians, and I start to feel good again.

A relatively unknown and unannounced addition to the bill, they are the first group to come across with spontaneity and the kind of feeling one can't get just from rehearsals. Their sound is bright, snappy punk-pop, just as derivative in its way as that of The Rumour or Teenage Head, but played as if they'd proudly developed it entirely on their own. And Holly is the first singer of the day who sounds as if she really means it, who doesn't appear to be thrown by the crowd.

'Dancing With A Boy Like You,' 'Close To Someone' are silly, throwaway pop sparked by the right spirit, moved by Holly's guitar playing and with plenty of room left in the songs to be unpredictable. 'Tell That Girl To Shut Up' couldn't be more of a homage to The Ramones (see 'Beat On The Brat'), but it is enthusiastic, clever borrowing, done with flair.

People around me keep asking Who is this band? They are going to remember the name.

By now some serious rock festival fun is shaping up in the crowd's back reaches. A streaker streaks and is tackled by security guards. An ambulance arrives to take a PCP (angel dust) casualty away. Tabs of acid inscribed with the word Sid are being sold.

The fans are mostly the same North American rock audience you'd expect at any such event. This being Canada, they are a bit more blonde, a bit more healthy looking. There are rock fans

Chrissie and Honeyman-Scott dancing cheek to cheek.

B-52's Kate Pierson wonders if she'll get her wig into the van.

with coolers of beer and frisbies; and lots of hippies; a smattering of punks, some with dyed hair, some sweltering in leathers. There are a few skinny ties.

Onstage, a lot of Woodstock jokes are cracked, and some Clash jokes, as they had been advertised to play but cancelled. Nick Lowe says, "Watch out for the brown acid." Fred Schneider says, "I'd like to announce that three babies have been born here today and they've all been named Heatwave." In the morning, Martin Belmont introduces 'Just Another Whistle Stop' as "a Joe Strummer song". In the evening, Elvis Costello steps up to the mike and announces, "Hello, we're The Clash."

THE PRETENDERS take half their set to warm up. Chrissie Hynde is stiff at the start, afraid of letting go. Her band is coldly professional, knowing their moves but not the reasons for making them. Their expertise works on their album, where it sounds like care and craft. But live, where emotion on the moment counts, it falls flat.

By midset Hynde has overcome her nervousness. When she provides an effective focus The Pretenders start to force my admiration. She shoots off meaningful smirks during 'Tatoo Love Boys', starts to dance as she plays. Honeyman-Scott plays guitarist's guitar, well-practised leads that are textbook studies in "hot", while hiding behind a look of absolute cool. Like Chrissie says, all very run of the mill. Sure, it's a great hit record, but watching The Pretenders live does nothing to deepen it for me.

Head Tina looks up and wonders if shee'll be allowed on stage with the orchestra.

The B-52's are stars in Canada, with a platinum first album, and they get a hero's welcome. Tacked up in full regalia, the girls wear the most outrageous wigs I've seen them in. Fred is very dapper. They break into '6006-842' and for the first time the festival is the dance party it promised to be.

They are all image, costumes, colour and broad gestures. I expected all that to be diluted by the big stage and the open air, but the circumstances made them seem even more stylised, more like cartoon characters — and it worked. Even from way back, people could tell something weird, dramatic and funny was going on up there.

Ricky Wilson has one of the most distinctive guitar sounds going, and the band is a multi-faceted rhythm machine with no solos and no one element ever dominating. They are sexy, intriguing and ridiculous. Cindy Wilson's singing on 'Give Me Back My Man' is full of yearning, not at all faked up. The sexual call-and-response between Fred and the girls on 'Strobe Light' goes well beyond camp comedy. 'Devil In My Car' is pure voodoo. 'Rock Lobster', the quintessential rock disco song, nearly provokes a riot.

The B-52's rose fast and went far on the strength of a relatively small body of songs and one basic routine. They just keep applying what they do to bigger audiences, and it keeps working. I'd like to see them change a bit before the routine wears out. I'd like to see them drop the masks and let their hair down. But for now, it works like a charm.

Talking Heads supplied the first surprise, the only real news of the day.

They debuted their new format — a nine-piece stage show veering sharply away from the old Talking Heads sound into funk.

They begin with the old lineup plus a new, unidentified guitarist, and get 'Psycho Killer' out of the way straight off. There's a clear change: Byrne is no longer the whacko preppie spraying his spittle over the front rows, acting so awkward and nervous we worried how he'd make it through the next song. He's a pro now. He seems so calm and collected he could almost be under hypnosis.

After a couple of numbers the stage starts to fill with people. There are nine now, a Mob, a Talking Heads Pan-Cultural Funk Orchestra that lurches into 'I Zimbra' and 'Cities', throwing up cross-currents of rhythm and a visual spectacle. The stage is full of dancing and motion, except for Byrne who stands like the calm at the centre of a storm.

Most of the newcomers are grouped on the left of the stage, they're not just playing their instruments but dancin', funkin' around, at times looking as though they're having a party while Talking Heads are trying to play.

At last Byrne speaks. "We're not the same as we used to be," he understates before introducing the new crew.

There's Bernie "Woo" Worrell, ex-Funkadelic, on keyboards; bassist Busta Cherry Jones, vocalist Dollette McDonald, Steven Scales (percussion) and Adrian Belew (guitar). Worrell swoops over his keyboards, Jones and Tina Weymouth provide double-punch bass, the guitars mesh and move around each other.

Talk about a full sound!

Some of the new material is disappointing because the possibilities of this setup isn't fully explored. Most of the new songs go for a simple groove but end up more like tape loops, spinning endlessly, going nowhere. Byrne is taking disco, funk and various ethnic trance-musics and searching for a synthesis that he hasn't quite found yet. I also found Jones' bass mechanical and heavy-handed. Weymouth followed him, and I missed the sharp contrapuntal sense she usually displays.

But this is their first time out. When they get this thing working right it's going to be incredible.

As it is, the audience go bananas. 'Take Me To The River' is perfect for this setting, with McDonald's wailing soul vocals setting the right mood for Byrne's vocals to slip into. 'Life During Wartime' is the topper, with every one onstage pumping out a continuous, single-minded flow of sound. Up front amongst the hardcore fans, a large group shout out the chorus at the top of their lungs: *"This ain't no Mudd Club, no CBGB's."* Probably none of them have ever been anywhere near the Mudd Club. Which is just the point — there's a lot of resentment about the way such places, seen from afar, are imbued by the media with the patina of hipness. Byrne hit a deep nerve there.

The crowd does it again on the lines *"This ain't no party, this ain't no disco."* Byrne hears them and makes a face that says "hmm, impressive." And it is.

AFTER TALKING Heads surprised us, Elvis Costello lived up to our expectations, and then some.

The set is powerful, mostly familiar, ranging over all the albums though short-changing the last one slightly. What a legacy of songs he'll leave, tightly executed, brilliantly constructed gems too numerous to list.

The Attractions keep getting hotter, and they are definitely pouring it out for this crowd. They blast, they pound. Their wall of sound keeps getting higher, thicker, more solid. Bruce Thomas turns his bass into a lead instrument. Steve Nieve plays his fingers off, sounding like five organs at once. They are all unstoppable.

Instrumentally, Costello keeps up with them, but it's as a

Continues over

Woodstock is a living memory for this bunch of Canucks.

The art of the pathetic

The Splodge burn it up. Pic Neil Anderson.

Splodgenessabounds
Auntie Pus
Notsensibles

Electric Ballroom

AMATEUR HOUR goes on and on. And on and on and on. No crew ever came any motlier than the one assembled for this festival of the self-styled "pathetic" tendency in comedy punk. Pathos there was, and plenty of it; laughs were few, and pathetically far between.

I'll own up and admit I couldn't help smiling a few times: once for the naive Notsensibles, two or three times for the martyred Auntie Pus. But there again, I didn't pay to get in, and anybody who did had every right to feel pretty sick about it. Maybe that's why there was such a lot of vomit on the floor.

But laugh? I'd rather have cried.

Camden Town's Electric Ballroom gets more like an abattoir every time I see it — a dirty, sour-tempered place, almost a morass of hopelessness. Punks slump in beer puddles, slack-jawed, apathetic, defeated. The skinheads strut and swagger past them, all energies channelled into boasting their political ignorance. It's nearly a relief to walk out in the street, back to the tramps and litter and police cars outside. Two cheers for England, 1980.

Tonight's entertainment wasn't much to do with solutions; more with being a part of the problem and proud of it.

Headlining attraction Max Splodge, backed by his colourful troupe of character actors, danced onto the stage singing something about pilchards up the bum, did a punk version of a Rolf Harris song, had one of his accomplices perform 'The Laughing Policeman', and generally relied on obscenity to guarantee response. The music is a calculated shambles; everyone pretends they can't stand up because they're too pissed and wacky. It's quite boring.

As a rule, I don't get very worked up about things like 'sexism', but one Splodge song in particular seemed so deformed in its humour that I decided to call it a night. If anyone had taken one of those 'This degrades women' stickers and applied it straight to Max's mouth, then I wouldn't have minded a bit. Anyway, end of lecture.

From Burnley, in Lancashire, The Notsensibles played a support set with some appeal, distinguished by their best-known (though better unknown) anthems 'I'm In Love With Margaret Thatcher' and, of course, 'Garry Bushell's Band Of The Week'. It's to the singer's credit that he alone betrayed the only hints of embarrassment to be seen all night.

Lineups were fluid throughout the night. Looking back, the evening was one long blur of terrible bands following each other in quick succession. I remember one group called A Short Commercial Break. They *were* short (about three to five minutes); they *weren't* at all commercial; and no way do they deserve a break. Then there were The Crocodiles, who intended to "make it snappy" — the jokes were all as old as the riffs — who mangled up Jackie Lee's 'Rupert' ("all about a queer bear!" they said it was).

More amusing was the set by Damned protege Auntie Pus. Visually, this man's a less appealing version of Buddy Holly, and his speciality is assassinating classics of '50s rock 'n 'roll. I especially enjoy his intense, knee-trembling rendition of 'Mean Woman Blues'. His main talent however (as Scabies & Co well know), is for being hated; he can incite the calmest audience to passionate fury and glass-throwing simply by being himself.

Perhaps this is why the unhappy Pus was attacked by stage-invaders in mid-song, and divested of both trousers and underpants. Like a true professional, he continued his performance to the bitter end, got dragged off by a massive bouncer to meet God-knows-what fate, and will he ever work again?

It was that sort of a night.

Paul Du Noyer

Peter Hammill

The Venue

PETER Hammill has a lot of fans. You can tell that from the applause and roars of approval that accompany the beginning and end of each song, though the audience remain devoutly rapt during the actual performance.

There is indeed something Messianic in the manner in which the crowded auditorium of The Venue responds to Hammill's every move, even if all he does is walk from the electric piano to pick up a guitar. And the poet/tunesmith of Van Der Graaf Generator quite naturally plays up to the role, nourishing the multitude with what, when we get down to it, is very scant fare indeed.

Hammill emblazons his text with a performance of ferocious versatility. Nodding his head as if possessed, he screeches, soars, whispers and growls his way through a set of operatic proportions that includes new songs and old — a kind of History of Hammill.

During the course of his solo career it is evident that Hammill has learnt many things: greater invention, more musicality, and an increasing awareness of himself as centre of the universe.

The one thing he hasn't learnt is restraint.

There is not one song that doesn't involve convoluted tempo changes, lyrical complexity, absurd extremes of inflection and an overwhelming desire to pour

From previous page

vocalist that he's really grown. I've seen him be more dramatic. The spite and venom seem to be going out of him. What he does better now is project a bigger, clearer and more complete picture of himself. From 'Alison' to 'Two Little Hitlers' to 'You'll Never Be A Man', a new one, the emotional shadings are more distinct, the feelings underlying the songs more palpable.

A fundamental difference in approach separates Costello's performance from everything that had gone earlier. All the others tried, in one way or another, to entertain and to please. Costello couldn't care less about that, and didn't play to the audience at all. He's here to make his points, to deliver his ultimatums to the world, with no attempt to ingratiate. He just lays it out, take it or leave it.

I'll take it. So apparently, will a lot of other people. Unlovable, Costello is still widely loved; or at least held in high esteem.

The last encore is '(What's So Funny About) Peace Love and Understanding'. This ain't no Woodstock, obviously.

HEATWAVE presented no theme and produced no definitions. It meant nothing, except that a group of very distinct musical acts have broken through to the point where they can draw large crowds. It verified the commercial and very occasionally the artistic gains these acts have made.

At the end I was exhausted, strung out, totally used up. It wasn't just the physical strain of the circumstances — the heat and dust all day, the volume, surging crowds and neck strain all night. This was a mental battle. The size and shape of these outdoor marathons make them difficult places in which to experience music. Most of the day was merely a prelude to the final three acts.

But there was the drama of contrast produced here: The B-52's' revelling in image rubbing up against Talking Heads' rhythm departure crashing into Costello's defiant pose. Sparks did fly.

But sparks are transient. Rock festivals are business. As I walked out of Mosport, past the backstage area, one last photographer was squaring off against one last security goon, trying to get near the stage. He didn't have the right pass.

Colour codes are forever.

Richard Grabel

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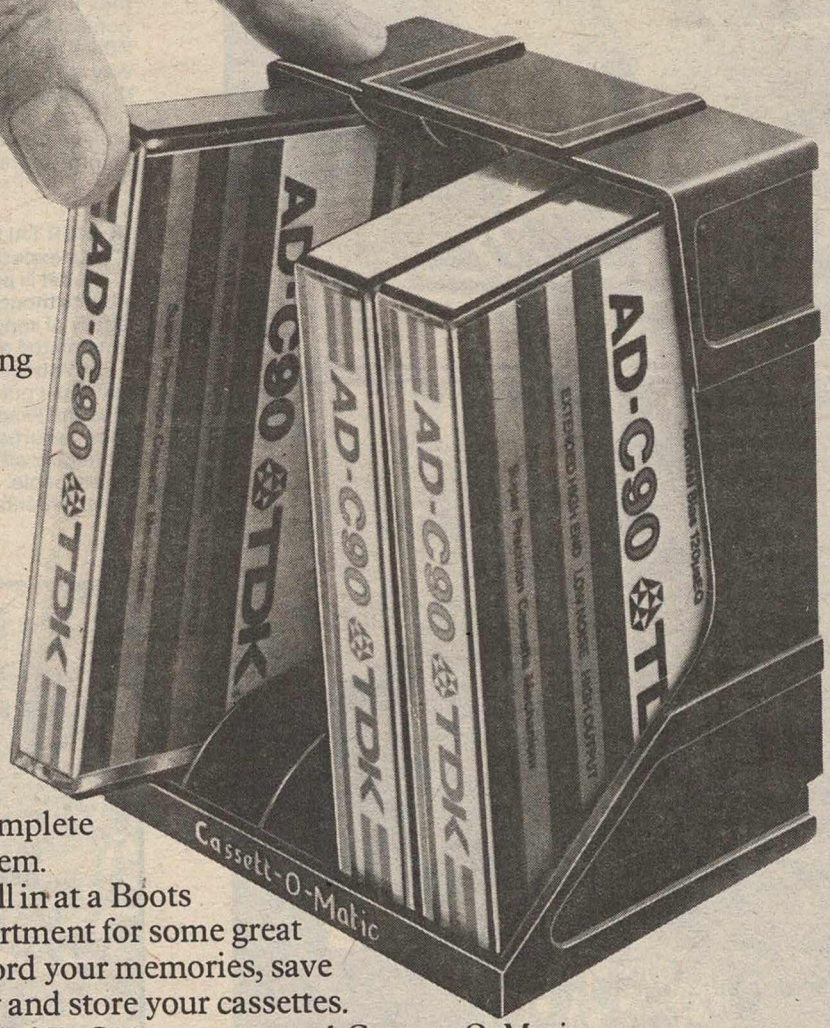

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art and soul into a brimmimg chalice for the salvation of his followers. Hammill will never use one word where ten will suffice; never simplify when he can confuse. There have been artists who have stuck their souls on pins in painful catharsis — notably Lou Reed who in doing so produced an album you can't possibly listen to — but Hammill's operatic vision of himself is so incredibly *grand* that one would need an ego the size of a battleship to relate to it.

Perhaps I just lack self-confidence, but my attention was wandering after the first ten minutes.

For the record, he covered 'Time Heals', 'Losing Faith In Words' (you could have fooled me), Chris Judge Smith's 'If I Could', 'Still Life' and 'Man-Erg' among a whole host of others. His performance was exhaustive and dynamic and he occasionally touched planes of comparison with Bowie and Gabriel — the essential difference being that their genius lies in knowing what to leave out, whereas Hammill bungs in everything including the kitchen sink.

And ultimately what is one to make of a man who intones lines like *"I have skirted round experience like a scavenger". . . "I want the future now"* and talks of *"More possible future songs . . .'*?

When garbed in the exotic electronics of Van Der Graaf Generator, Hammill's words were slightly more acceptable. As a solo performer, his litanies have turned to sermons and the result is unbearable.

Still, if this is what the public wants perhaps I should dig out my old sixth form poetry and resume my piano lessons . . .

Neil Norman

It's my dress sense and I'll cry if I wannu. Pic Neil Anderson

Bowled over by a Skid

Skids
Simple Minds
Pink Military

Hammersmith Palais

ANOTHER concert, a new set of clothes.

Whatever The Skids' stylistic limitations, they're rarely reflected in Richard Jobson's colourful dress, though the two are probably as close to matching now as they'll ever be.

His plain cricket flannels suits the innate British-ness of their music — something they stupidly disguised on their 'Days In Europa' album, partly by over-embellishment, but more damagingly with the ugly 1936 Berlin Olympic sleeve parody. The picture's mockery of Aryan supermen was just a bit too close to the album's infatuation with war and strength through joy themes to be taken in the spirit it was probably meant. And Jobson's ambivalent "artistic" approach towards his subject matter didn't help quash queasy feelings about his politics.

But with the benefit of distance and Jobson's unclear live vocals the adverse reaction — mine included — seemed a bit hysterical. Especially after seeing them in concert where at worst they come across as dated characters from a quaint English war comic.

Cue: 'Dulce Et Decorum Est (Pro Patria Mori)'. Jobson's at his performing best, at his most convincing, on an updated, dreamy Wilfred Owen elegy, made by guitarist Stuart Adamson's distinctively plucked rhythmic drone, that describes the eloquently mournful tune.

Fortunately, most other songs are rendered lyrically impotent in the mix and are consequently more enjoyable. The emphasis thus switches to Jobson's capacity as performer and the surging power of the band. The new rhythm section of Mike Baillie (drums) and Russell Webb (bass) are less flamboyant than previous Skid incarnations, but their sturdy no nonsense playing is all this guitar orientated line-up needs.

Adamson and Jobson don't so much write songs as carve mini-anthems from rapid circular riff motions that suck you into their vortex, where you're socked into submission by fist clenching choruses.

I enjoyed The Skids despite longstanding prejudices. Didn't feel so bad about it either after their playful dirge-like medley of The Beach Boys' 'Sloop John B' and their own 'Into The Valley'.

Simple Minds used to be a blind spot, but that's gone too! And without the reservations I still have for The Skids. If the skilful plagiarism of 'Real To Real Cacophony' revealed a band of competent musical magpies who didn't know what to do with the ideas they stole, they've since worked out something that's very much their own.

Having retreated inwards on themselves, they've translated listless depression into immense rich slabs of sound channelled into the narrowest of frameworks. Their resultant songs could easily burst at the seams if they weren't so disciplined.

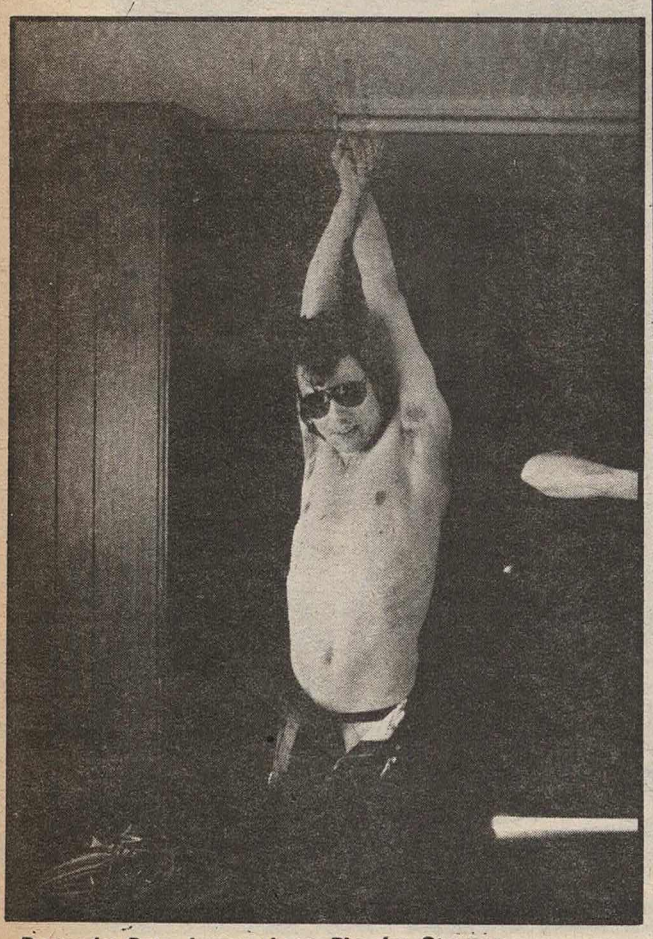
Jim Kerr's grossly exaggerated vocals elevate them to a highly attuned melodramatic pitch best exemplified by a chilling song about Jerusalem — or so the announcement sounded. Two saxes wail disconsolately above a primordial beat while Kerr pairs off accumulatively evocative horror phrases, ending with the call to knock down the walls.

Grand in both the operatic and colloquial sense of the word.

Pink Military are OK for a few numbers, before their experimental layering of ersatz oriental keyboards textures onto rumbling percussion degenerates into lengthy flat instrumentals. After that it depends on how you take to daffy Jayne's cute dippydom. I didn't.

So, one blind spot clears and another takes its place.

Chris Bohn



Pretender Peter hangs about. Pic: Joe Stevens.

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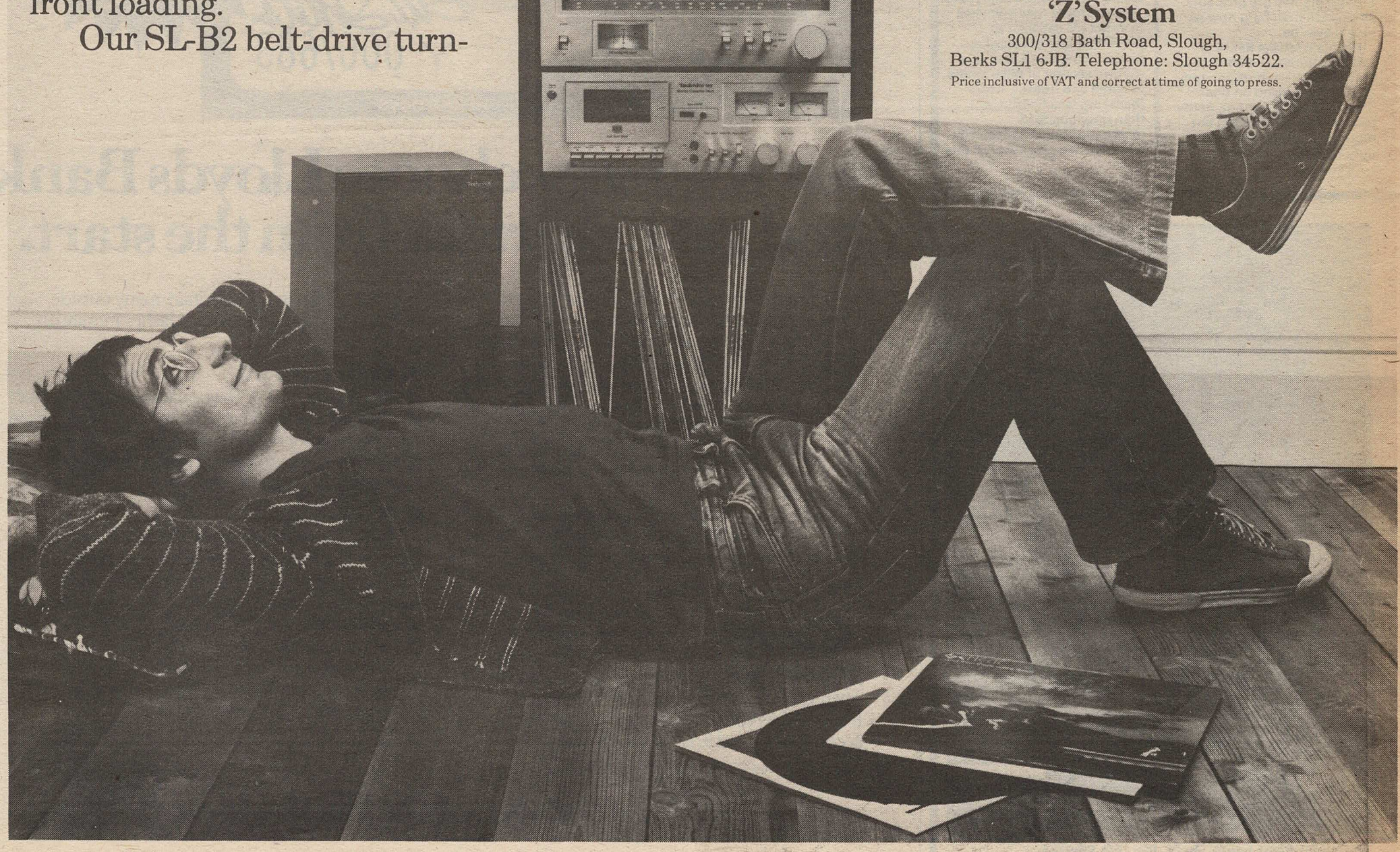

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Pic: Nobby Clarke.

Bernard Futter looks at 'superdiscs'

THE disc most often found in hi-fi demo rooms is probably The Floyds 'Dark Side Of The Moon'. Its technical excellence is just the thing to showcase what hi-fi is all about.

Imagine my delight then when a package turned up containing original Master Records of 'Dark Side' together with Earl Klugh's 'Finger Paintings' accompanied by claims of sonic superiority over their more widely available counterparts. These came via Lentek Audio, a St. Ives, Cambridgeshire, based manufacturer/distributor of hi-fi esoterica who are the UK importers of Mobile Fidelity superdiscs from California. In case you're thinking that the record industry has taken long overdue steps to remedy the generally appalling pressing quality found these days, I should point out that Mobile Fidelity are not in the volume stakes. Because of the scrupulous care taken in the production of their discs and the high take in royalties, prices are certainly on the expensive side — £14.50 for a single album and £22.00 for a double. It is to be hoped that some of Mobile Fidelity's pioneering work will have beneficial knock-on effects that will improve quality standards overall.

What Mobile Fidelity have done is to approach the world's leading record labels with a licensing deal to allow them to produce a limited number (maximum 200,000) copies from the first generation master tape of albums from big selling artistes. At the moment there is a restricted catalogue available in the UK which includes 'Hot August Night' Neil Diamond, 'Abbey Road' Beatles, 'Aja' Steely Dan and 'Thankful' Natalie Cole. Material selected must be to a high standard technically and some best sellers have reluctantly not been proceeded with when the master tape has proved of insufficient quality.

Mobile Fidelity's crucial first stage of production is to ensure that the absolute maximum of audio information is retrieved from the master tape. To facilitate this they employ a unique half speed mastering process. The disc cutting lathe is driven at a constant 16⅔ rmp and is fed by the master tape playing at half speed. This effectively means that the cutting stylus has *twice* as much time to cut a highly accurate groove. Another benefit conferred by this method is that the cutting amplifiers require considerably less power. This extra 'headroom' ensures an excellent top and response and handling of transients. The normal 'deadening' limiting, compression and equalization applied to conventional discs to make them sound better on grot radio is eschewed by Mobile Fidelity. Making the metal master, mothers and stampers is currently undertaken to the most exacting of specifications by the Victor Company of Japan. The pressings themselves are also produced from the same source utilizing a high grade and pure Super Vinyl originally developed from quadrophonic discs. This material is harder and more resilient than conventional vinyl and contributes to quieter and flatter playing surfaces and a longer useful life. The albums are presented with similar sleeve art to the originals in anti-static covers. Listening took place in my usual reference rig of Quad Electrostatic speakers, Quad valve amp and Linn Sondek/SME/ADC turntable combination.

With 'Dark Side Of The Moon' one is immediately struck by two things. First there is a total absence of the breakfast cereal noises one has come to expect. And secondly the headshell moves sedately as if tracking a mill pond.

The sound quality from the Mobile Fidelity version in a series of A/B comparisons with the conventional version was an absolute revelation. The quality that struck me above all others was the clearly defined stereo image. Starting with the keyboard opening on 'Speak To Me' the sound was clearly emanating from a pin point source rather than from somewhere vaguely from the left speaker. The complicated effects that characterize 'Dark Side' can now be more easily resolved into their component parts.

One passage that really brought home the difference in light and shade on the Mobile Fidelity version was the chiming clocks at the start of 'Time'. On the conventional disc they had a fizzy metallic characteristic while on the Mobile Fidelity disc each had its own distinctive 'rounded' timbre.

Moving over to Earl Klugh's 'Finger Paintings' I unfortunately did not have the original disc to make A/B comparisons. Although there is less 'production' in this work than 'Dark Side' the results were even more impressive. Klugh's distinctive guitar work came across with tremendous realism with top end cymbals etc. resolved with real bite. Perhaps this is the antithesis of what hi-fi *should* be all about, but I found listening to 'Finger Paintings' a refreshing aural experience.

Are Mobile Fidelity discs worth their price? In sheer value for money terms the answer has to be no. Obviously they're not three times better than the conventional offering in the same way as a Jaguar is not eight times better than a Mini. However they do offer a very significant improvement and if one of your faves figures in the catalogue I'd recommend you buy it and find out what it must have sounded like when it was recorded. That's got to be worth a heavy premium!

Mobile Fidelity Original Master Recordings are available from better hi-fi outlets. For further details and full list of titles available in the UK contact:
Lentek Audio Ltd., Edison Road Industrial Estate, St Ives, Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire.
Telephone: St. Ives (0480) 62225.

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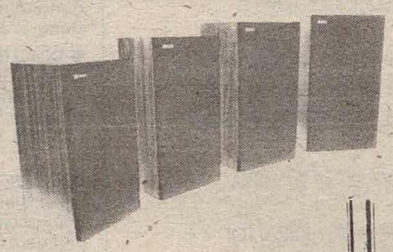

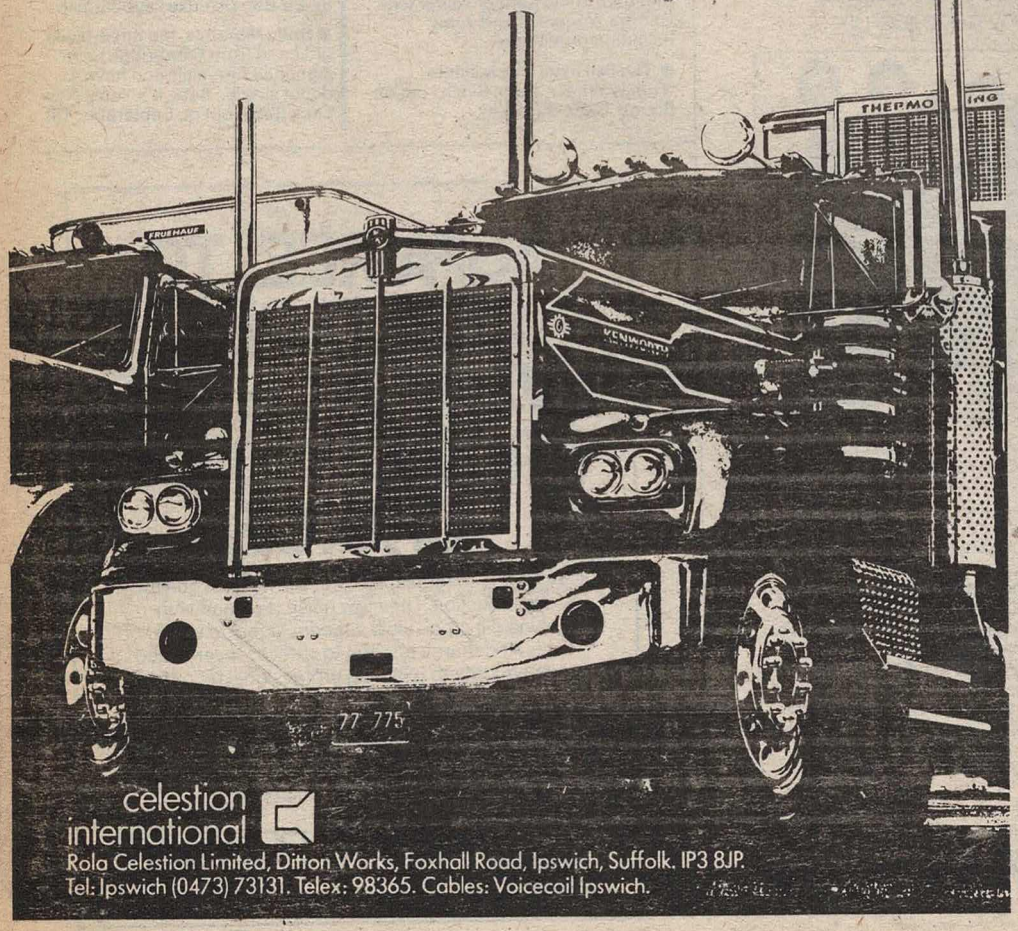

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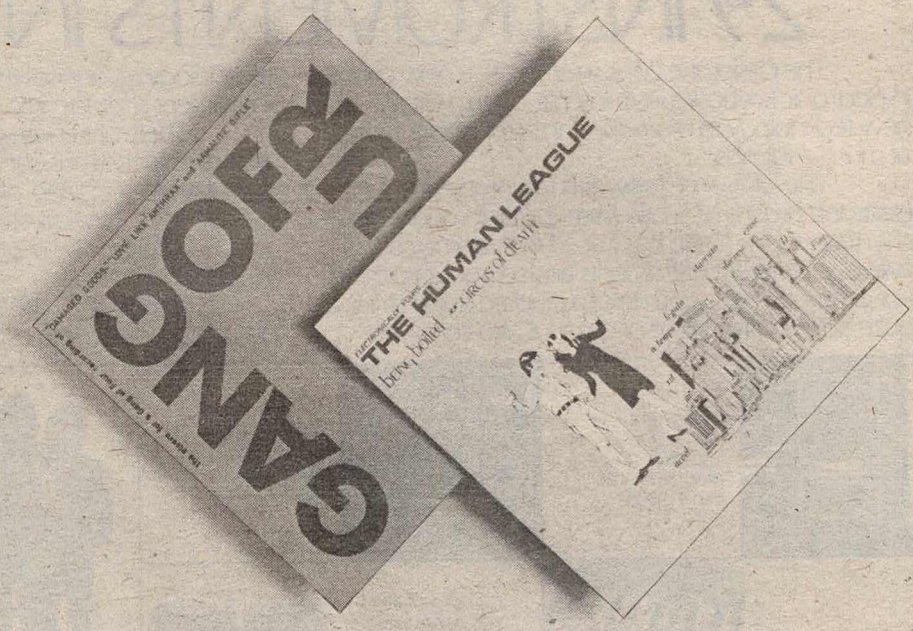

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A Naive Advertisement

GARAGELAND

By Adrian Thrills

HERTFORDSHIRE group **The Bees** have their debut single released on the **Paw Records** label. Titled 'Leave Willie Alone' it is available from Terry Friend, Paw Records, 18 North Avenue, Letchworth, Herts.

South coast independent **Shattered Records** release their fourth single 'Love To Hate You' by Worthing five-piece **The Corvettes,** a band comprising former members of Nicky And The Dots, The Lillettes and Peter And The Test Tube Babies.

A triple A-side 'Armchairs' / 'Trends And Relations' / '20 Lines' is on the first single from north London group **Take It,** available on **Fresh Hold Records,** 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8.

Also out this week:

The Balloons: 'Jean Paul's Wife' **(Earwacks Records,** 5 Norroy Road, Putney, London SW15).

■ **The Bombay Ducks:** 'Sympathy For The Devil' **(Complete Control,** 215 St Margarets Road, Twickenham, Middx).

■ **X-Press:** 'Junked-Up Judy' **(Express,** 105 Broadway, Fulford, York).

■ **Twig And The Kicks:** 'The Boy Who Sold His Dreams' **(Majorette Records,** c/o Danny Smith, 27 Mayesbrook Road, Dagenham, Essex).

■ **AD 1984:** 'The Clockwork Generation' **(Voyage International).**

The Passage, l to r: Lol Hilton, Dick Witts, Tony Friel. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

EXPERIMENTAL Manchester rock trio The Passage are finally releasing their debut LP — almost two years on from their formation in 1978. The 13-track album, called 'Pindrop' is due out on Steve Solomar's Object label in late September.

The group — formed around the axis of former Fall bassman Tony Friel and classically-trained percussionist Dick Witts — have not performed live for over three months. A road accident in which Witts suffered arm injuries put paid to any summer gigs, but the band are hoping to be out of traction and back in live action by the autumn.

Cassette boom

THE diversification of the independent cassette boom continues with the news of a couple of rock poets getting their verse on tape.

'Another Book Of Boring Poetry' is the first C60 from **Ferenc Aszmann** and is available for £1.60 from 1A Chatterton Road, Finsbury Road, London N4. A blank cassette and an SAE is all it takes to secure a copy of psychotic folk minstrel **Rapaniel's** debut single 'The Aldwickbury Music Workshop Revisited', available from Raspo himself at 17 Willow Way, Harpenden, Herts.

Two more cassette albums 'Ollie At The Cupboard Cringe' and 'Mi Keg Rant' are available for a C90 plus SAE from **Nick Barnes,** St Marys Vicarage, Vicars Close, Fishponds, Bristol.

The debut tape from north Wales experimental duo **Tempodex** is called 'Blue Light' and is produced by **Working Men's Tapes,** 18 Edwards Henry Street, Rhyl, Clwyd.

The first cassette single from **Chris Riger,** 'The Lodestone', is available from 16A Alexandra Road, Stoneygate, Leicester, for 50p.

Pinpoint's Arturo Bassick. Pic: Walt Davidson.

EX-LURKER Arturo Bassick re-emerges in the vinyl stakes this week with the second single from his band Pinpoint. Titled 'Waking Up To Morning', the 45 comes in a full-colour fold-out sleeve on the Albion label.

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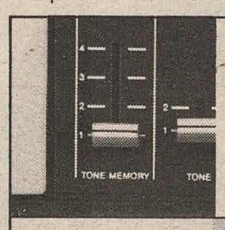

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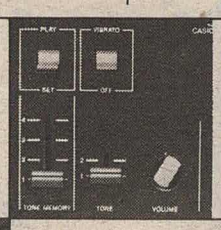

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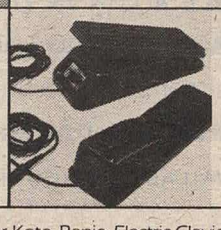

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CASIO
WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

RECORD NEWS

● **Robert Wyatt, Steve Miller, Fred Frith, Kevin Coyne, Robert Fripp, Mark Perry, Dave Vanian, Ollie Halsall, John Otway, George Melly, Quentin Crisp, Pete Seeger, The Residents, Stinky Winkles, Lol Coxhill, Ralph Steadman, Ken Campbell, David Bedford, Neil Innes, R.D. Laing, Metabolist** and **David Cunningham** are just some of the names who have contributed to 'Miniatures', a 51-track album produced by one-time Mott The Hoople keyboardist **Morgan Fisher.** The album is to be released on Fisher's own Pipe Records label in October and will be available through Cherry Red.

● **Mike Oldfield's** forthcoming single, released September 12, features his version of Abba's 'Arrival', the instrumental which concludes the album of that title. The singles comes in a distinctly Abba-like sleeve.

● **Fingerprintz's** next single, 'Houdini Love' / 'All About You', comes out on September 19. The A side is taken from the band's 'Distinguished Marks' album but the reverse is a previously unreleased track penned by Jimme O'Neill and produced by Nick Garvey.

● **Sadao Watanabe's** 'California Shower' album has just been re-released by Miracle Records, following renewed interest in this 1977 Japanese jazz-funk item. A 12" single, 'Nippon To The Dance Floor', which features tracks by Watanabe plus other Japanese bands, **Something Special** and **Eastern Gang,** is also available.

● **Diana Ross'** follow-up single to 'Upside Down, will be 'My Old Piano', another lift from the 'Diana' album. Available in both 7" and 12" versions, it will be out on September 8.

● **The Shirts'** third Capitol album, 'Inner Sleeve' is now scheduled for September 8 release. It was recorded at the Capitol Tower with George Wadenius and John Palladino producing.

● **The Fall** have a new single, 'Totally Wire' / 'Putta Block', out on Rough Trade this week.

● **Patrick Moraz** has a new solo album, 'Co Existence' out on Carrere this week. A musical piece in four movements, the album features the Moody Blues keyboardist in the company of Syrinx — a pan flute players.

● **Madness's** latest single, 'Baggy Trousers' / 'The Business', gets a September 5 release on Stiff. An album and tour follow shortly.

● **Vardis** have a debut single on Logo released on September 12. Titled 'Let's Go', a special free live single will be contained in the first 10,000 copies sold. The band's first album, '100 m.p.h.', comes out on October 17. The first 10,000 copies will contain a special poster.

● **The Sound,** support band on the forthcoming Echo and The Bunnymen tour, have signed to Korova Records and have a single, 'Heyday' / 'Brute Force' released this week. An album titled 'Jeopardy' is due shortly.

● **Zaine Griff's** debut solo album 'Ashes And Diamonds' is released on Automatic Records this week. The album was produced by Tony Visconti and features the talents of Hans Zimmer (synthesisers), Steve Bolton (guitars) and Andy Clarke, ex-Be-Bop De Luxe keyboardist.

● **Dolly Mixtures,** the three-piece girl band from Cambridge have signed to Chrysalis and have a debut single, 'Baby It's You' / 'New Look Baby' out on September 19.

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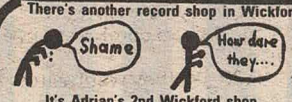
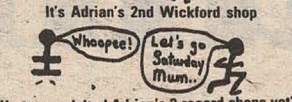


It's Adrian's 2nd Wickford shop



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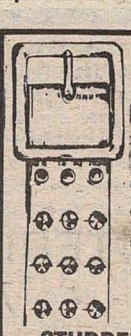

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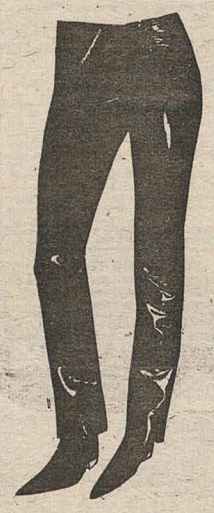

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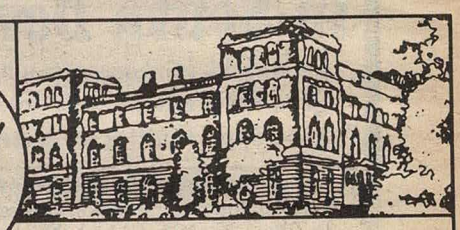

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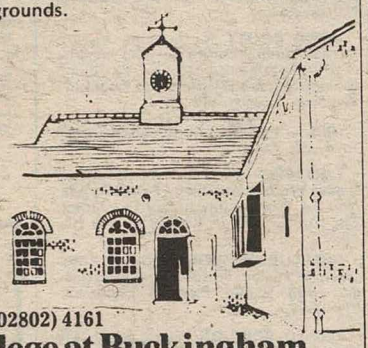

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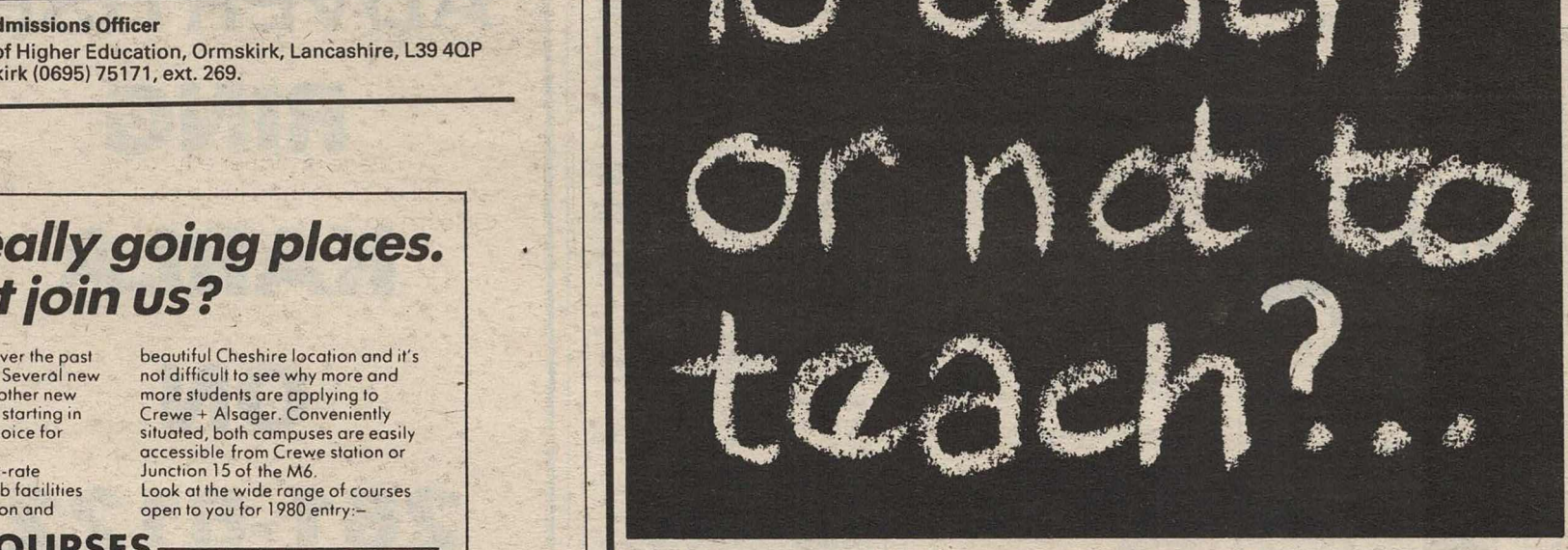

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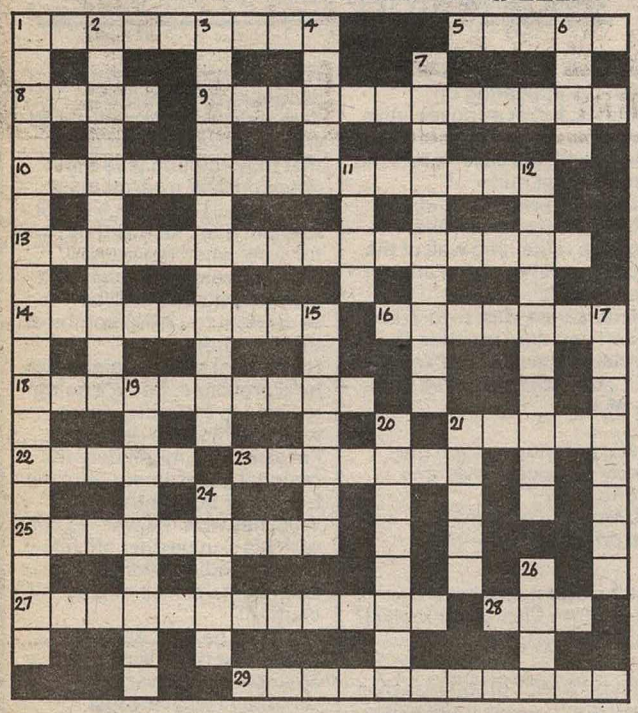

ACROSS
1 Rockabilly rebels; last week's thing (5,4)
5 Upstart very nearly a superbrain!
8 Seaside music?
9 Co-writer of 'Up The Junction' (5,7)
10 Police album (9,6)
13 Dave Edmunds' 1970 No 1 (1,4,3,8)
14 Kate Bush LP
16 Virgin subsidiary for Martha & Muffins, Revillos etc
18 Left it late for remodelling! (6,4)
21 'Stars' of this year's Reading Thrash
22 As prats go, they have a certain majesty!
23 & 17 US contributor to 10 across
25 The hit from (yawn) *Breaking Glass* (6,3)
27 Rich twat's ale (anag. 2 words)
28 Lip up Johnny!
29 Yes R., I'm jumpy (anag. 2 words)

DOWN
1 Unlike that bloody awful Watford strip, eh Elton? (9,9)
2 1974 top tenner for the Hues Corporation (4,3,4)
3 Maybe it was because Steve's a Londoner? (7,5)
4 Loses Control?
6 Desires a slice of US label
7 Veteran Jamaican artist who starred in *The Harder They Come* (5,5)
11 Irish 'songthrush' who won't have *NME* in her house!
12 Small Face who didn't join in the abortive reunion (6,4)
15 Post-*Saturday Night Fever* Bee Gees 45
17 See 23
19 Mod band of seemingly limitless musical prowess (3,6)
20 Massive selling 1970s Carole King LP
21 See 24
24 & 21 down Is/isn't Cher in Blondie?
26 Show affection for unlovable US rock monstrosity!

LAST WEEK ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Where's Captain (Kirke)'; 8 Grace Jones (anag Jags encore); 9 '(Hurry Up) Harry'; 10 Iron Maiden; 13 Coasters; 14 T Rex; 15 'Angelo'; 16 'Nutbush City Limits'; 18 Lou Reed; 19 (Nile) Rodgers; 22 Bob (Geldof); 24 John Lennon; 25 Eric (Clapton); 26 Terry Hall (anag all try her); 28 'Fire'; 29 Ellen Foley; 30 '(Nutbush City) Limits'; 31 (Lou) Reed.

DOWN: 2 Hugh Cornwell; 3 'Ready Steady Go'; 4 Stevie Wonder (anag Western Video); 5 'The Long Run'; 6 '(Where's Captain) Kirke?'; 7 (Jimmy) Savile (anag I slave); 10 'I Shot The Sheriff'; 11 Matchbox; 12 Nile (Rodgers); 17 Iggy Pop; 20 Searchers; 21 Bill Haley; 22 Brian Eno; 23 (Bob) Geldof; 24 Joe Tex; 27 'Layla'; 28 'Fame'.

Jello Biafra, aka, Dead Kennedy. *Pic: Mike Baess.*

INFORMATION CITY By Fred Dellar

HOW many records by The Dead Kennedys are available in Britain?
K. REYNOLDS, Bury St Edmunds

● Fast released 'California Uber Alles' / 'Man With The Dogs' (Fast F-12) a short time ago, and Cherry Red have just come up with a single 'Holiday In Cambodia' / 'Police Truck' (Cherry 13) and an album, 'Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables' (BRED 10). Apart from those, the only Kennedy tracks I know — apart from skid marks on a certain bridge — are the three that grace an import album known as 'Can You Hear Me? — Live At The Death Club' which Rough Trade used to distribute but haven't seen for months.

COULD you tell me if there is any book available that provides a history of '60s West Coast rock? Also, can we expect a Byrds biography soon?
C. J. MACE, Bradford.

● Frankly, there are very few literary works that deal wholly with the West Coast scene. Probably the best book on the subject was the late Ralph Gleason's *The Jefferson Airplane And The San Francisco Sound*, Which surfaced on Ballantyne Books in 1969 and still occasionally turns up. It deals not only with the Airplane but also with Big Brother, The Dead, QMS, The Family Dog and other aspects of S.F. rock, ending with a hefty list of winners and losers that includes Curley Cook's Hurdy Gurdy Men, Edsel Buggy, Pipe Joint Compound, Peter Wheat and The Bread Men, Melvin Q. Watchpocket and Transatlantic Chicken Wicken No. 5. In 1977, *The West Coast Story — The '60s Rock Revolution* by Rob Burt appeared via Hamlyn's but if memory serves me well, this one left a lot to be desired. Meanwhile, a biog on The Byrds is definitely on the way. Apparently it's being pieced together by John Rogan, the guy who's been providing the sleeve notes for recent CBS Byrd reissues. As he seems to know his Parsons from his dobro, all bodes well for a worthwhile read in the near future.

IS there a soundtrack album to George A Romero's film *Zombies — Dawn Of The Dead*, the music to which is credited to Dario Argenta and The Goblins?
W. GEESON, no address provided.

● A soundtrack album is available as an import on the U.S. Varese Saarbande label. Goblin, an Italian rock quartet who, at the last count, comprised Claudio Simonetti (keyboards), Massimo Marante (guitars), Fabio Pignatelli (bass) and Agostini Marangolo (drums), were also responsible for the very effective score to 'Suspiria', the soundtrack of which was released in Britain on EMI EMC 3222, in 1978.

I RECENTLY laid eyes on a copy of the 'Nuggets' double-album and, on studying the sleeve, noticed that the album was a reissue. But on studying the track listing, I seemed to remember that the original, on Elektra 7E-2006, issued in 1972, was somewhat different to this more recent version on Sire. I believe that the original included The Amboy Dukes' 'Journey To The Centre Of Your Mind' along with the Quo's 'Pictures of Matchstick Men'. Can you confirm that there are differences — or is it all part of my imagination?
A. S. BENNETT, Northfleet.

● Sorry, but you're obviously still suffering from the after-effects of psychedelic radiation. For various reasons, which I won't go into here, I have the Sire recordings in the Elektra sleeve, so I can readily assure you that the track listings on both are identical, the only item featuring the guitar of Miss Nugent being 'Baby Please Don't Go'. Incidentally, while we're still on the subject, 'Nuggets' freaks will be chuffed to learn that 'The Barbarians', the Laurie album which spawned 'Moulty', the track that pays tribute to The Bars' one-arm drummer, was reissued on Rhino's Golden Archive Series just a short time back. A trip to the local import shop is therefore imperative.

HOW MANY pop charts hits did R&B pioneer Louis Jordan have? Also, is there a good book around that deals with his life story?
JOHN PHILLIPS, Buxton.

● There were no British charts when Jordan was at his peak, though records like 'Choo Choo Ch'Boogie' and 'Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens', were tremendously successful in the U.K. and among the best-sellers of their day. In the State, where the history of charts stretches back further, the jivin' Jordan, who sang and played altosax, logged eight Top 30 entries in the *Billboard* charts, these being 'G.I. Jive' (1944), 'Is You Is Or Is You Ain't' (1944). 'Caldonia' (1945). 'Buzz Me' (1945), 'Choo Choo Ch-Boogie' (1946), 'Open The Door, Richard' (1947), 'Run Joe' (1948) and 'Saturday Night Fish Fry' (1949). 'Choo Choo Ch-Boogie' was later covered by Bill Haley, who based his whole style on that of the Jordan Tympany Five. Though I know of no Louis Jordan biography, Arnold Shaw's flawed but still essential 'Honkers and Shouters' (Collier Books) is dedicated to the Arkansan and contains a couple of chapters on him, one of which is based on an interview which took place in July, 1973 — about 18 months before Jordan's death.

IS IT possible to obtain a catalogue of records released on such old labels as Motown, Stax, Chess, etc.?
MARK ORCHARD, Cowes.

● I dunno about obtaining Stax and Chess listings, but a guy named Paul Pelletier did publish a number of collector's books a few years back and many of these are available from such shops as Rock On, 3 Kentish Town Road, Camden Town N.W.1, Compendium, 234 Camden High St, London N.W.1, Moondogs, 400a High Street North, Manor Park, London E.12 and similar establishments. If my memory serves me well, the series included listings of such labels as Top Rank, Motown, London-American, Coral, Triumph, Palette, Felstead, Sue and Capitol.

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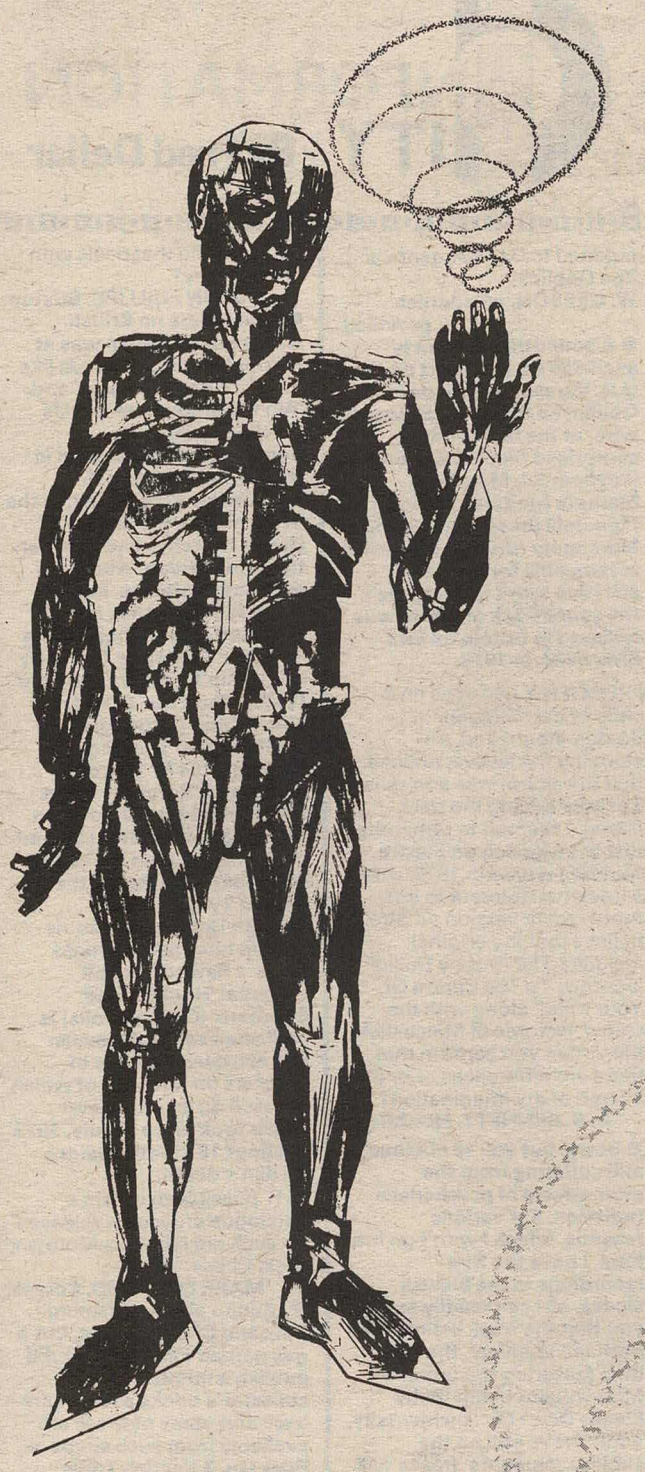


GASBAG

Nuke Kid In Town

Aim your missives at GASBAG shelter, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

YOU NO doubt noticed from the postmark that this comes from that land across the seas — your favourite — America. And, barring the possibility of one of an infinite number of monkeys having banged it out, the letter is indeed written by (gasp!) an American.

Reading *NME* for the past two years or so, I've heard nothing from your lot except that we're a sorry mess indeed, musical and otherwise. Coming from the land that regularly pays chart homage to the likes of Shirley Bassey and Showaddywaddy — well, I'm really moved to take the criticisms to heart. Sure, we all wear wide-bottom flares, drink lots of cold Bud and listen to the Charlie Daniels Band day and night; and blacks love that chicken and watermelon, the Irish are dirty and smelly and women are second-class citizens. All bullshit, of course.

It might do you folks some good to stop dumping on people who support you. Only those who shell out $1.75 an issue — three times what you pay — are able to read your sweeping attacks on anyone who says elevator instead of lift. Believe me, for the most part you're right on target — but you've pinned the target on the wrong people. Spend some cash and buy some space in *Rolling Stone* or *Creem* if you want your attacks to have any real meaning.

We Americans may churn out the shit but a good number of your people buy it. By the way, how are plans coming along for the Kiss tour? Snide enough for you? Just lay off the true believers and aim at the real enemy. And when you've got them in the cross-hairs, you'll know what to do.
Tim Windsor, Baltimore, Maryland.
Not sure I quite understand your banter, old boy. You Americans seem to be so sensitive — you must realise that British humour is soundly based on robust vulgarity and mindless abuse, and your lot are peculiarly susceptible to that. But — honest — we lovesya, baby *(Is this enough? Tart it up if you like. — M.S.)*

I think it is somewhat narrow-minded of people to criticise *NME* for including "Waste of space articles which in no way pertain to the musical panorama on which your publication is based" (letter to *NME* August 9). I can't recall any magazine/newspaper of an equivalent circulation devoting so much space to the issue of the Government's decision to purchase Trident missiles. This is a matter which concerns *everyone*, we should all care about this decision and be fully aware of its implications. Ultimately it doesn't matter whether these articles are printed in *NME, Women's Own* or *Penthouse*, what matters is that they *are* printed so that people can read, if they aren't already aware of what is going on in this country today. To be quite honest if people can't see why *NME* prints such articles then I feel genuinely sorry for them because they unwittingly are 'working for the clampdown' and not even putting up a token struggle.

I applaud *NME* for not confining its journalistic expertise to the transient musical forms that people like Jim Matis evidently live for.
Dave Burges, Grangetown, Cardiff.
Thanks, Dave. But — hark! — there's another missive from Maryland . . . — M.S.

I feel terrible after seeing your reply to my letter (August 9) and you calling me a bigot. I could fully understand if you attacked me on the premise of my deep admiration for The Fall, Wire, Scars and Gang Of Four; but when you denunciate me because of my critical comments which are offered as suggestions — well, then I can see that it's all just flash.

As for the suboptimal, culturally assimilated American, "British mans' burden" rubbish, well I don't buy it. I'm about as responsible for the current state of affairs here as you are for the H-Block. Who's the ethnocentric bigot? And what's more . . . But why bother? It's probably falling on 'deafer' ears than mine.

Monty, we're both too young for this trash. While we're waiting we could both stand to learn more from Jon King, Mark E. Smith, Colin Newman and Robby King.
Jim Matis, Ellicott City, Maryland.
Maybe you could, Jim, but you're from Maryland. (This is a joke. Admittedly, not a very good one, but it's British.) — M.S.

Paul Morley's review of the Dirty Looks album (August 23) scared me. Never having heard a note by this band, I am not a 'How-dare-you-call-my-favourite-group-crap' writer. This isn't an 'I-hate-Morley' letter either; he promotes music that *is* "full of new styles and possibly unlimited scope." He promotes music that stops pop becoming sterile and stagnant.

It doesn't matter if Dirty Looks are useless or not. What frightens me is the stance from which Paul chooses to criticise the group. He assumes that the only form of pop music which deserves to exist is made by the groups he champions. He does this all the time.

Pop music is like a ball — it needs to go forward, but it can be just as good if it bounces up and down in the same old place, providing that it bounces harder and higher than it did before, in the same place, years ago. The sounds of the '60s (or '50s or whatever) are just as relevant as they were, provided you do something magical with them (e.g. Flamin' Groovies, Cramps).

All the 'great blind men' of history believed that theirs was the one true path to righteousness; all unbelievers will be cast out into the void where there will be a wailing and grinding of teeth.

Paul Morley is too sharp to preach that kind of reasoning — isn't he?
Phil Suggitt, Hatfield, Doncaster.
Most of the time. — M.S.

I confess to no more than a passing interest in The Beat; I wondered what all the fuss was about when my friends raved about the early Specials concerts; something about black and white gangsters called Rudy, or something. Ha!

But now, please give Paul Morley a raise. I read his article on The Beat and it made me feel really happy, as I was lying ill in bed. A timely event. Exit Pink Floyd. Enter The Beat. Stand together, 'idren, this is the future.
An enlightened soul, Edinburgh.
P.S. What does 'idren mean?
It's the brother of the dragon in *Ivor The Engine*. — M.S.

It's not as if Floyd are my favourite group but I think I'll stop buying *NME* if all I get is one view of a subject. For all I know you'll get Bowie next.
Quasimodo, London.
That's not a bad idea. — M.S.

On the cover of Dexy's new LP, it says the bass player had the complete Stax collection under his arm. I don't know the exact amount that constitutes or even if singles duplicated on LPs are included, not to mention material appearing on Atlantic, but at a conservative estimate . . . presumably along with his bass he had the entire sheet music of Holland-Dozier-Holland, the Memphis Horns hardware, and the remaining wall of the Torch under his other arm for balance.
Major Lance, Stoke-on-Trent.
Don't you dare mention the remaining wall of the Torch . . . not until I've looked it up. — M.S.

Let's hurry up and get the Dexy's backlash over and done with.
B. Mused, London E18.
I'll drink to that. — M.S.

Isn't it about time for a Creedence Clearwater revival?
P. Doelman, Delft.

Maybe *NME's* problem is that they don't realise there exists inside the record companies folk just like themselves who want to hype records into the charts.
Chris R, Aberdeen.
Bitch. — M.S.

TOP SECRET!! Extract from Coronation St script: A bustling Rovers Return . . .

Annie Walker: Where were you yesterday, Alf?

Alf Roberts: Oh, I couldn't come out — my wife got burnt.

A.W.: Not badly I hope?

A.R.: They don't piss about at the crematorium.
Ted 'T' Taddy.

Instead of purchasing a hi-fi system I've decided to buy some planks of wood to board the windows up. When the riots start I'll be OK — you lot at *NME* are destined to become political prisoners. Tough luck.
Butch Subtle, Manchester.
P.S. How come every time I open the *MM* I get the impression that it's a Tory paper?
Excellent question. — M.S.

You should remember that the decision-makers are mature, responsible and well-educated adults and that they have a comprehensive understanding of the nuclear situation — unlike ourselves. I must be wrong of course, but I have a nasty, lurking suspicion that the ultimate objective ties in with their advancing years; if they have to die, they're going to make damn sure we don't outlive them.

Many thanks for a first rate article.
C. A. Ashton, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

Let's just suppose the Anti-Nukes are successful on a worldwide scale — new ways will be found to commit genocide. It doesn't matter in the long run what type of bomb it is if it drops through your bloody ceiling, it's still zappo for you. And what if Britain got rid of its nuclear arms? The Reds would still let us have it, if only because we are the 'decadent West' and for our alliance with America in the past. E. P. Thompson is either stupid or naive, and I can't believe he's stupid
Colin 'mushrooms with everything' Robinson, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.
Thompson's not stupid, but you are. You're falling for the increasingly seductive media coverage of nuclear conflict, its causes and consequences. The unimaginable is getting more acceptable by the day, isn't it? You whitewash your windows, mate, and you'll be OK. — M.S.

I find the attitude of some people so pathetic and demoralising especially those who say, like Stephen Beard, that they couldn't give a shit about nuclear disarmament. OK, he's not going to 'Protest And Survive' but one thing's for sure, when the bombs drop (current estimate is that the nuclear attack will be equivalent to 13,000 bombs of the type dropped on Hiroshima) he'll certainly wish he'd protested. So he's going to listen to the radio. There won't be much to dance to, I'm afraid. He might hear the regional government transmit from their bunker that the West has won the war — I bet, with his skin peeling off, his gums bleeding and his hair falling out, he'll be mighty chuffed!

It must be said, and said again, that there is no defence against nuclear war.

Perhaps what is most important is that the Cruise and Trident missiles have not yet been deployed. We have three years to oppose Cruise, possibly ten in the case of Trident. The only way we are going to stop their introduction is by PROTESTING. Don't write off organisations like CND — one has only to stand in the street petitioning against these weapons to know the depth of feeling they arouse. Help CND by joining them in the demonstration on October 26.

Me? I'll dance, dance, dance when the world gives up nuclear and other weapons of mass destruction.
John Turp, Portsmouth CND.
Some people would think you live on cloud cuckoo land. Me? I weep for the vicious lunacy of our so-called leaders and keep my legs crossed that every sane person will protest, in the strongest manner possible, against the introduction of this nuclear filth here, there and everywhere. — M.S.

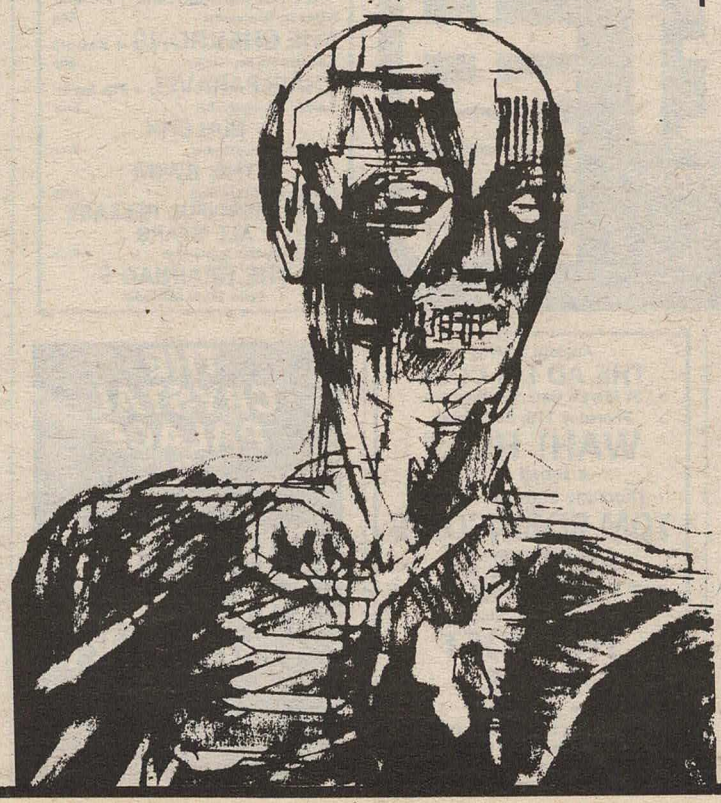
At least Trident can reach Washington D.C.
John Smith, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

I'm writing to you because I think you've got a larger readership than *Sounds*, though I'm probably wrong.
(No, you're right. — Circulation Manager.) Your paper, and the others, are getting too political. There's political rags for all that stuff and nonsense. How about an interview with Molly Hatchet (preferably unbiased)?
Ste (Up The Tories).
Would you, and your ilk, kindly crawl back to wherever it is you came from and leave us folks who're interested in higher life forms than Molly Hatchet and Maggie Thatcher to get on with it? Thanks. — M.S.

After reading all your articles on nuclear war and Armageddon time, I've decided to stop buying *NME* and to save my 25ps to buy a fallout shelter.
W. Whitelaw, Westminster.

Instead of spending millions on atomic weapons, increase our dole money and we'll fight them with our bare hands.
Dave Unknown, Poole, Dorset.
Who said this nation lacked spunk? — M.S.

I'd just like to thank Ian MacDonald for this 1984 piece. It cheered me up no end.
Roger Waters, London SW1.
I've a feeling this correspondence has only just begun. In fact, we're holding the 1984 letters for an upcoming Big Brother Bag. — M.S.



Readers turn on, tune in and fall out with Monty Smith

Naked Illustrations by Ian Wright

T-ZERS

Pics: Lisa Haun

PSYCHIC POWERS OF THE STARS (first in an occasional series)

JOE JACKSON, famous pop star, astounds the audience at Asbury Park Convention Hall, New Jersey, by first levitating a running shoe and then eating it. His singularly pained facial expressions attest to the extraordinary will power involved.

WIZENED OLD spendthrift **John Lennon** is all over the place this week, making news with every drop of his well-lined wallet. In the same week that a weasel was found not guilty of biting a policeman in Bournemouth (and later acquitted with costs) and stranded British holidaymakers on the French main were reduced to cooking and eating the second mate of a Sealink hovercraft, ex-**Beatle** John was back in New York recording his first album since 1973.

Inside the hit factory all is strictly schtum, with **Yoko** heaving unwanted visitors like **Ahmet Ertegun** oot the door rather than have them listen in on the Mersey Misery's raucous doodlings. But the man who puts the creamer in the Hit Factory coffee machine rang this desk to tell us that two of the songs on the record are called 'Beautiful Boy' (about Lennon's kid **Sean)** and 'Silver Horse' which, according to Loco "deal with explorations of love fantasies experienced by both men and women" (but not weasels). Jack, an alternative way of saying John, just bought Sean £62,500 worth of plane for the wee lad's birthday and threw in a pilot and hostesses to boot. Seems that Lenn is worth approximately a hundred million smackers (£100 million) these days, what with his real estate, furs, jewellery and pedigree cows (expensive things cows) . . .

As the deep green of unbridled envy subsides to puce and then goes unexpectedly back to green we learn that **Phil Lynott,** no stranger to these columns, and wife **Caroline** have just produced their second off-spring. You don't need a calculator or a digital abacus to work out that that's fast work. Worse, the new **Thin Lizzy** album 'Chinatown' is complete and ready for October ejection. People close to the Lizzy camp who attended a playback and reception (guests included Lynott and **Peter Cook)** reckoned that 'Chinatown' was "a real nose-bandage. That's to say it's absolutely brilliant, probably the best thing they've ever done. Well, maybe not but it's alright. Sort of" . . .

And it's hard to stifle a yee haw when you know that veteran Texicali hollerer **Doug Sahm** has just reformed the original **Sir Douglas Quintet** and that **Joe Ely** has finally upped and split for Austin from Lubbock leaving his ornery critter of a band behind him . . .

BACK IN the smoke blissome **Toyah Wilcox** goes legit and gets to forge a RADA certificate (no class but highly recommended) for her first appearance at the Royal Court. She co-stars in *Sugar And Spice,* a new play by **Nigel Williams,** playing the role of **Sharon** . . .

And thank **God** that the goddawful *Jesus Christ Superstar* has finally been nailed. This abomination, entirely supported by religious fanatics and coachloads of heathen German tourists, has given way to **Rodgers** and **Hammerstein's** latest offering *Oklahoma!* . . .

Don't look behind you now but that herbert in row 347 B might be **Paul McCartney, Kate Bush, Elton John** or **Jack Nicholson,** all of whom were spotted in the Wembley Wonderdrome queue recently nabbing tickets for **Stevie Wonder's** little show . . .

Up and coming rubbish from Ralph Records includes **'The Residents** Commercial Album' (40 songs, each one minute too long) and new singles from **Fred Frith** and **Snakefinger** . . .

Keep this under your hats but our mole in TV land tells us that BPI public relations man **Richard Robson,** tried and failed to bluff his way into a preview of the *World In Action* hype special by posing as a music journalist. It is thought Robson had injunctions on his mind, the issuing of which would have delayed or even banned transmission. Better luck next time, Dickie . . .

And what was a funny little man from the Inland Revenue doing at the Venue last week during **Marsha Hunt's** much publicised come back gig-ettes? *T-Zers* is not in a position to say, unfortunately . . .

Readers who have just eaten or are suffering from dysentry, food poisoning or even prone to mild bouts of dyspepsia are strongly advised to skip the following item and leave the country pronto.

Karen Carpenter recently married **Tom Burns** in Beverley Hills. Nothing extraordinary in that, even though Burns is a far-Right Republican, member of **'Bonzo' Reagan's** Finance Committee and on the Commission of California. Of more vomit-inducing interest however was the affair itself at which brother **Richard** crooned a nauseating dirge he'd written for the couple called 'Because We're In Love'. Before you could say rig up the stomach pump, Doc, the bride's brute of a brother was wafting into a medley of Carpenters' most-hated songs. Amongst the guests were **Mr** and **Mrs Hugh Gibb** (responsible for **The Bee Gees** — all of 'em), the **Mancinis, Nelson Riddle, Captain and Tenille, Dean Paul Martin, Olivia Newton John** and **Herbert Alpert** . . .

PUBLIC SERVICE Corner: **The Ruts'** drummer **Dave Ruffy** had a Triumph 2000 stolen last Thursday in Market Road, London N7. Although the motor is replaceable, the photos inside the boot are not. They include a lot of negatives which were to be used on the inner sleeve of The Ruts' memorial album 'Grin And Bear It' as well as material that was to be incorporated in a video for the 'West One' single. Anyone with any information etc, can call the press office at Virgin Records and no questions asked . . .

That same company just subjected Glasgow to its very own Megastore, the second in the land. Scottish group **The Skids** opened the store in driving rain, playing a lengthy set with singer **Jobson** on the roof and the band sequestered on various floors of the five storey monstrosity. Locals are already calling it "an unwanted McEye sore." Virgin boss **Richard Branson,** noted for his ready wit and repertoire of side-splitting japes, was on hand to spray the posers with a fire extinguisher. Miraculously, nobody punched him on the nose . . .

"I was **Bob Dylan's** cuddly teddy bear," ran the headline in last week's *News Of The Screws* as that rag scooped the world with a tawdry tale of steamy sex courtesy of shapely starlette **Dana Gillespie** (48). After spilling the beans on **Jimmy Page** ("always dressed in black . . . something of an Olympian"), **Keith Moon** (pleasure boats, Battersea's infamous Tunnel of love, Keith was "rampant, could go on for hours"), one of the **Searchers,** an **Animal,** but not **Elton John,** Dana describes her hot nights of lust with the Minneapolis mouth harpist: "He was half my size with a big nose and an untidy mass of hair but I loved his music." And more: "I can remember one night when Dylan and **Paul McCartney** spent all night playing each other's . . ." That's quite enough of that sort of smut . . .

Chris Stein (pronounced Christine) was less than thrilled with **Lester Bangs' Blondie** book. "We consider the text to be really condescending and it tends to distort the facts." Shame, that . . .

Bob Marley slopes back to Babylon on September 19 when he plays Madison Square Garden . . .

HOLD ON to that paper! **The Talking Heads'** next and soon to arrive album is called 'Remain In Light'. The titles are 'Born Under Touches (The Heat Goes On)', 'Cross Eyed And Painless', 'The Great Cure', 'Once In A Lifetime', 'Houses In Motion', 'Seen And Not Seen', 'Listening Wind' and 'The Overload'. The band are augmented by musicians from **Earth, Wind And Fire** as well as **Funkadelic** and are taking their nine or ten piece group around America. At the recent Central Park gig **Elvis Costello** apparently refused to follow Talking Heads.

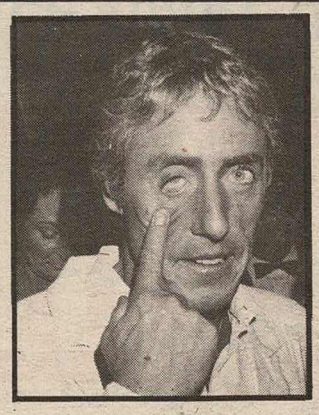
Human League not displeased that the EMI reissue of original Virgin/Fast product 'Being Boiled' is gathering healthy airplay since Virgin have refused to put out a new single or any League album at all in the USA. Although relations twixt Humans and **Drapers** are straining there is *no* label split in the offing . . .

Reformed nonentities **Atomic Rooster** are too damn chicken shit to listen to their own strangulated garabage and guitarist **Vincent Crane** admits that he winces every time he plays a note as he stands behind the speakers. Drummer **Ginger Baker** also comes out of the closet and opines that "It can be unpleasant . . . I don't like it much . . . it gets too loud." But Vince isn't about to let that stop the Rooster, whoever they are. "Head-bangers like to feel the, uh, music, err, y'know, like, knock 'em about and that, Barry . . ."

Finally, fun-loving neophyte **Brian Ferry,** 34, told the *Sun* last week that he prefers dumb blondes **(Simon Puxley?)** and that he is a romantic. "I'm a romantic, Brian, and still open to offers, but I don't know how people in the rock business can sustain a regular marriage. It's very difficult to find someone to fill all the roles — wife, mistress, nurse, mother, hostess, companion. God knows I've tried but I can't seem to find an apron in the acceptable pink. But maybe, somewhere in the world, I'll find someone who can fill the Rolls. Maybe . . ."

How about **Dana Gillespie?** Or a nice weasel . . .?

Completely clean-shaven mere seconds before this photo was taken, JEAN-JACQUES BURNEL causes hair to sprout beneath his lower lip by focussing his chi (or 'inner strength') in a titanic effort of will.



ROGER DALTREY shows that several weeks in an elaborate mock-up of Durham jail have left the whites of his eyes completely unmarked.

Red Indian chic makes an unlikely appearance at Liverpool's Brady's Club courtesy of PETE BURNS of Dead Or Alive. Just who the band are and why Mr Burns has gone Pocahontas *T-Zers* is unable to explain.

Pics l & r: F. Mellina. Centre: Alan Guisbrook

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BETTER BADGES

This Weeks	Last		
1	(1)	Joy Division — Closer	20p
2	(2)	Joy Division — Unknown Pleasures	20p
3	(4)	Dead Kennedys — Cambodia	20p
4	(3)	S.L.F.	20p
5	(6)	Crass — Fight War Not Wars	20p
6	(5)	Joy Division	20p
7	(—)	Dead Kennedys	20p
8	(10)	Jam — Tube Station	20p
9	(7)	Crass — Anarchy & Peace	20p
10	(8)	Jam — Going Underground	20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Jam Start; C30, C60, C90, Go; Tea Set; Martian Dance; Fad Gadget; Pere Ubu; Plasmatics; The Spectres; Digital Dance; Rev — Up; Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business; Lemon Kittens; The Beat Just Can't Stop It; Magazine Correct Use Of Soap; Androids Of Mu. Sector 27.

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